

S BING CROSBY SECRETLY MARRIED?

FEB. 20c

modern screen

ESLEY & DEAN
Great
COLOR PINUPS

DELL

B 646730

MAY 1 - 1957

How
Latalie
handles
Boys
and
older men



You're **Prettier** than you think you are
...and you can prove it with a Palmolive bar!



Here's Proof Mild and Gentle
Palmolive Care Cleans Deeper!



1. Hidden dirt is a beauty thief! After ordinary, casual cleansing with your regular soap or face cream, rub your face hard with a cotton pad. Smudge on pad is hidden dirt you've left behind. It hides your natural prettiness.



2. Beautifully clean after 60-second Palmolive facial! Test again after washing the Palmolive way. Pad stays snowy-white...proving that mild and gentle Palmolive care cleans cleaner, deeper...without irritation!



Be Palmolive Soft
and Clean All Day
It's Wonderful for

New complexion beauty in just one minute? Yes, fair lady, yes! Because Palmolive care removes beauty-robbing hidden dirt that casual cleansing misses. And only a soap as mild as Palmolive can cleanse so deeply without irritation. Start Palmolive care today, and see your true complexion beauty come through!

PN1993
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THIS TIME IT'S

for real!



Nothing can come between them now. Polly was heartbroken when Bruce stopped dating her . . . it took her weeks to discover why he did. That's the sad thing about halitosis (bad breath). You can offend . . . and never know. Luckily, Listerine stops bad breath instantly.

Germs often cause bad breath—no tooth paste kills germs like Listerine

The most common cause of bad breath is germs. No tooth paste kills germs the way Listerine does, because no tooth paste is antiseptic. Listerine kills germs by millions . . . stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste. Gargle Listerine full-strength morning, night, before every date.



LISTERINE

ANTISEPTIC . . . stops bad breath 4 times better than tooth paste



"Is Tampax really that comfortable?"

JOAN: "It certainly is! I'm not even aware I'm wearing Tampax. It's so comfortable, so convenient, that I simply couldn't ever imagine using anything else!"

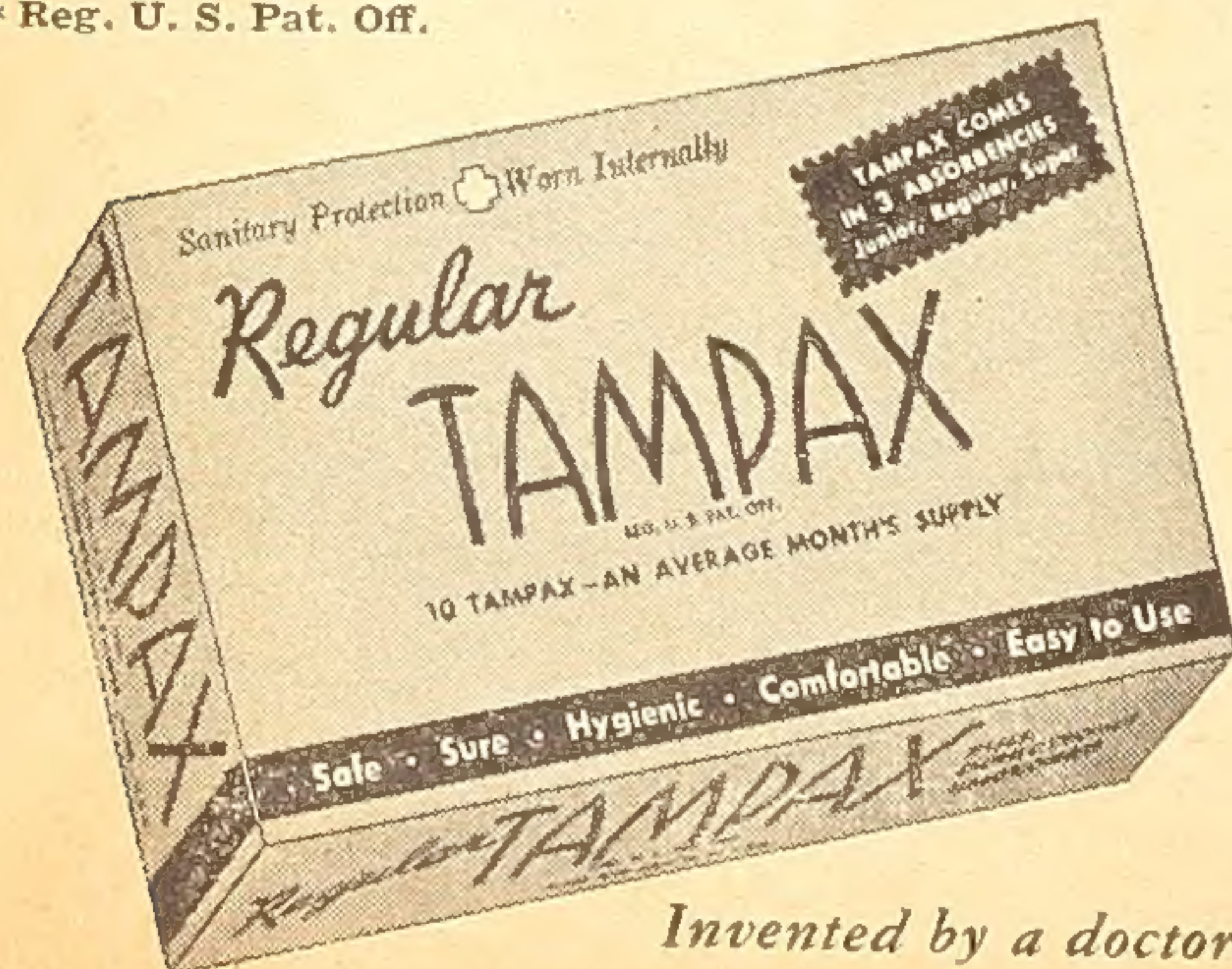
PAM: "Jane told me she almost forgets about 'her time'!"

JOAN: "I do, too! Why, I'm hardly conscious of a difference in days of the month! Tampax gives so much freedom! Poise! Confidence! It's so modern. Really wonderful..."

PAM: (laughing) "All right! I'm sold. I'll try it this very month!"

Only by actually trying doctor-invented Tampax* internal sanitary protection, can you discover all its many advantages. Joan might have added... Tampax is made of surgical cotton, in disposable applicators. Easy to insert. Hands need never touch the Tampax. No chance of odor forming. It's convenient to carry "extras." Tampax comes in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Sold at all drug and notion counters. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Invented by a doctor—
now used by millions of women

FEBRUARY, 1957

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

ELVIS WINS 27

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*Color portrait of Natalie Wood on the cover by Tom Caffrey of Globe.
Watch for Natalie in the Warner Bros. film *Bombers B-52*.
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APR 18 1957

A GREAT LOVE STORY

The "Many Splendored"
star more beautiful
and romantic than ever!

*Oh, Robert do you know
what you've done for me?
I wanted to live eagerly
desperately, passionately—
but only because life
meant you... you! The
sight of your face, the
sound of your voice and
the touch of your hand
Oh and so much more
than that Elizabeth*



M-G-M presents
JENNIFER JONES
JOHN GIELGUD

BILL TRAVERS · VIRGINIA MCKENNA

IN
THE BARRETTS
OF
WIMPOLE STREET

M-G-M's NEW CINEMASCOPE AND METROCOLOR PRODUCTION

Screen Play by JOHN DIGHTON · From the Play by Rudolf Besier · Directed by SIDNEY FRANKLIN · Produced by SAM ZIMBALIST
AN M-G-M PICTURE

Mary's DISMAL



PERIODIC PAIN

Menstruation is natural and necessary but menstrual suffering is not. Just take a Midol tablet, Mary, and go your way in comfort. Midol brings faster, more complete relief from menstrual pain—it relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues."

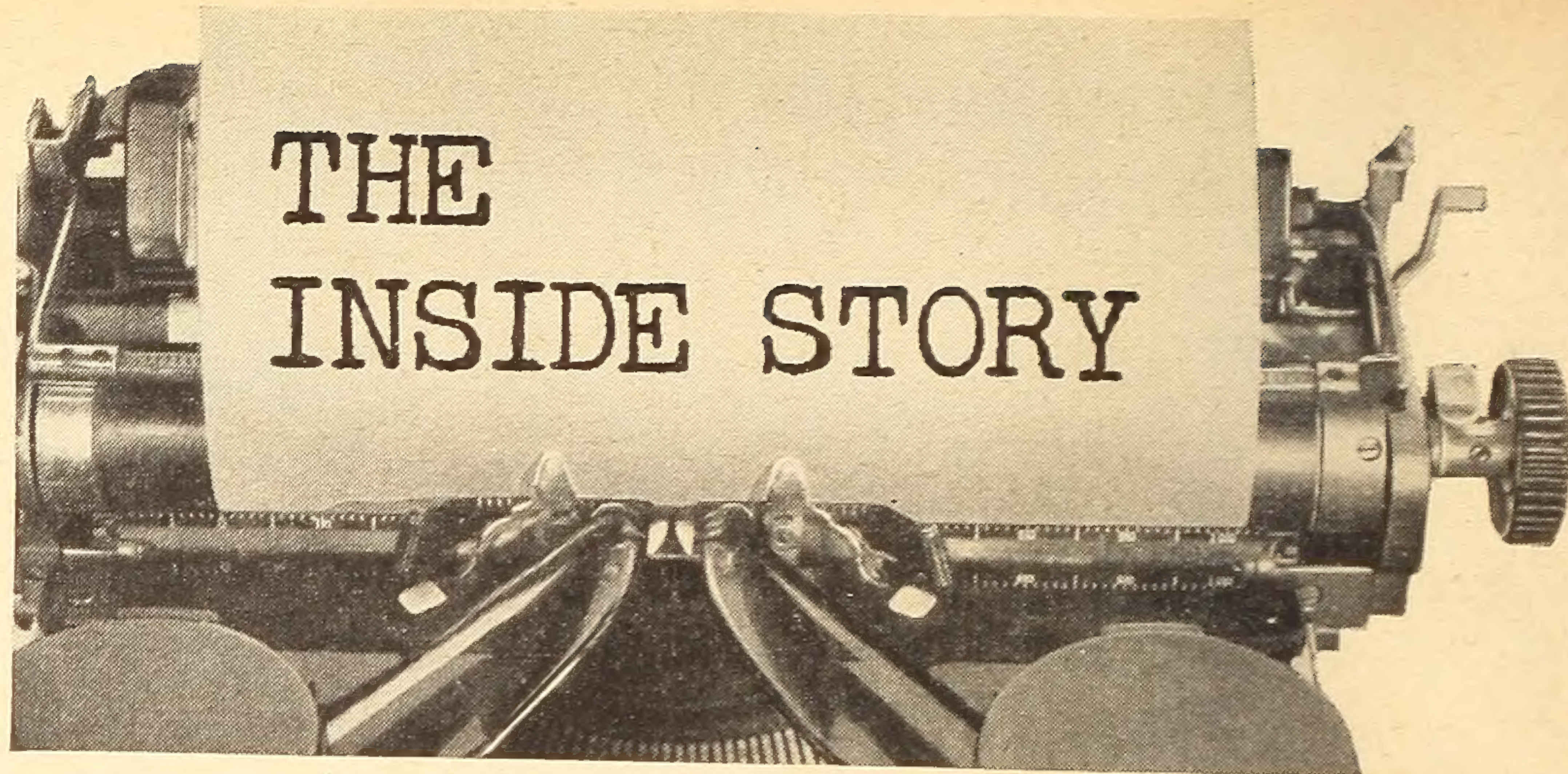
"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW"

a 24-page book explaining menstruation is yours, FREE. Write Dep't F-27, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper).

Mary's BRIGHT WITH MIDOL



All Drugstores
have Midol



Want the real truth? Write to **INSIDE STORY**, Modern Screen, 10 West 33rd Street, New York 1. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. Will Diana Dors marry Rod Steiger?
—G.K., N.Y.C.

A. *There is much to be settled between Diana, her husband, and Rod Steiger before this comes to pass.*

Q. Liz Taylor says she never wanted to become an actress, that she hopes to retire after she marries Mike Todd. True?
—B.S., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. *It's true that she never wanted to become an actress, and was, in fact, spurred on by her mother. Her retirement, if it ever comes to pass, will probably be temporary.*

Q. How much older than his first and second wives is Gregory Peck?
—R.L., ROCHESTER, N.Y.

A. *Peck is two years younger than his first wife, sixteen years older than his second.*

Q. Does John Wayne really get \$650,000 per picture? Doesn't this make him the highest-priced actor in the world?
—G.L., DALLAS, TEXAS

A. *Wayne gets \$650,000 a picture but several actors have received more on a percentage arrangement. Cary Grant, for example, will receive \$750,000 for his role in To Catch A Thief.*

Q. I've been told that Michael Rennie dated more than 300 different girls during 1956. Is Rennie a greater lover than Frank Sinatra?
—H.F., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A. *Rennie is currently regarded as Hollywood's number one Casanova.*

Q. Does Dana Andrews drink too much? Several whisper magazines say he does. What's the truth?
—F.G., LOUISVILLE, KY.

A. *Dana is a man of good spirits.*

Q. Is Russell Birdwell, Ann Baxter's ex-beau, in love with Prime Minister Winston Churchill's daughter, Sarah?
—O.P., WINCHESTER, VA.

A. *They have been seeing a good deal of each other.*

Q. Can you settle this argument. My husband says Audrey Hepburn got

\$350,000 for doing *War And Peace* but had to pay her agent \$35,000 commission. I say she didn't have to pay her agent one cent, that Paramount Studios paid the agent's commission of \$35,000. Who is right?
—R.S., NEWARK, N.J.

A. *You are.*

Q. Is Jayne Mansfield publicity-crazy?
—A.V., BOSTON, MASS.

A. *Yes.*

Q. I've read that Marilyn Monroe cannot make a motion picture unless she has a drama coach beside her every minute telling her what to do. What's the truth about this?
—M.R., MIAMI, FLA.

A. *Marilyn feels more confident when she has a drama coach nearby.*

Q. My brother, who is stationed in Japan, tells me that Marlon Brando was very disliked by Japanese newspapermen during the production of *The Tea-house Of The August Moon*. What did he do?
—F.F., AUGUSTA, GA.

A. *Japanese news photographers say he refused to pose.*

Q. Is it on the level about Ann Sheridan and that Mexican actor? Haven't attempts been made to hush the whole thing up?
—D.V., MEXICO CITY

A. *Yes.*

Q. When Natalie Wood spent some time with Elvis Presley in his Memphis home, weren't the two of them alone?
—E.L., JACKSON, MISS.

A. *No. Mr. and Mrs. Presley and Elvis' grandmother were constant chaperones.*

Q. Is there really a long-term feud between Joan Crawford and Arlene Dahl?
—C.M., SANTA FE, N.M.

A. *Yes.*

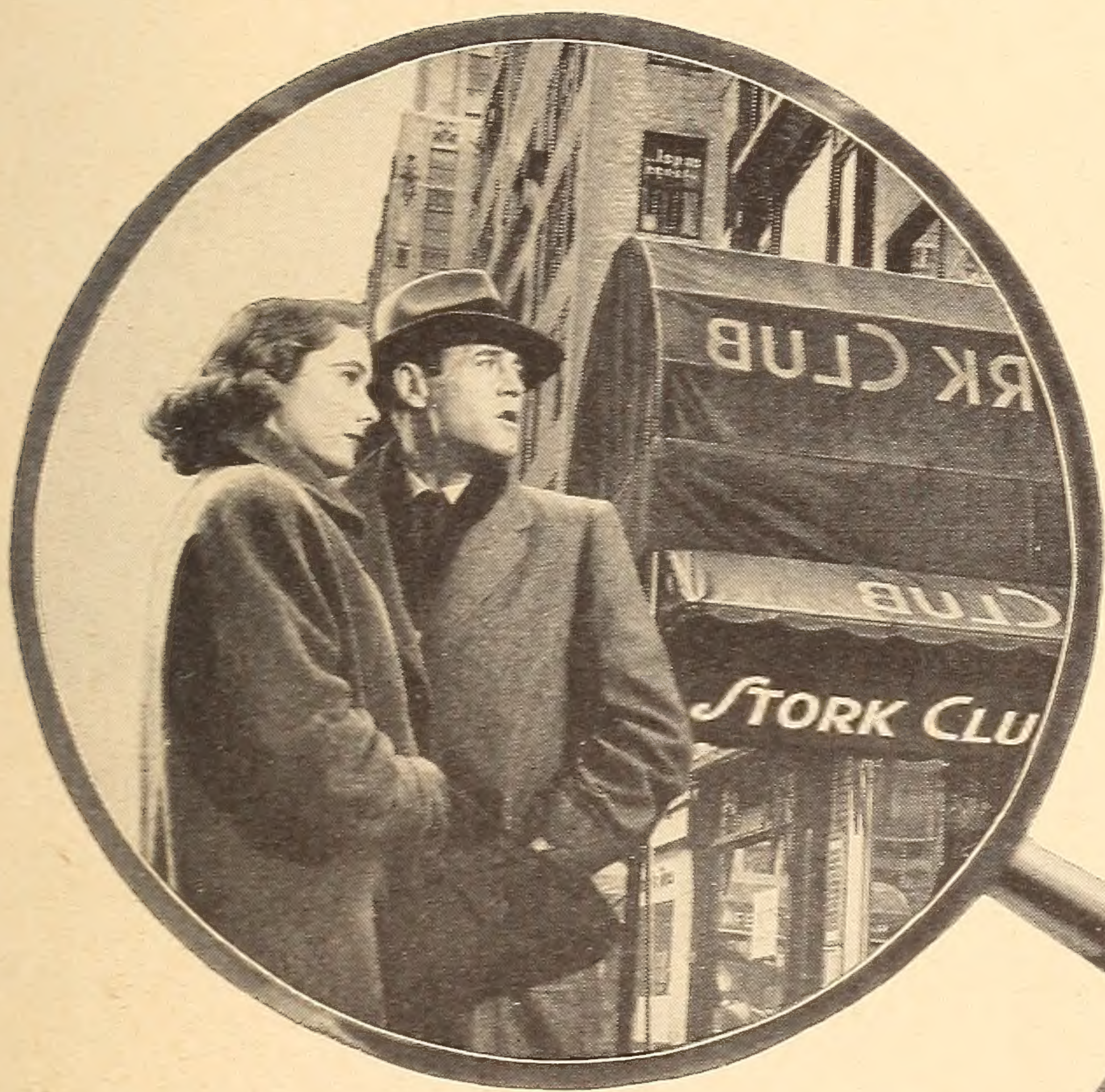
Q. The affair between Rita Hayworth and writer Peter Viertel—is this more serious than the affair between Rita Hayworth and Jack Lemmon? Who is Rita's steady beau these days?
—N.I., ITHACA, N.Y.

A. *Rita says she has no steady.*

For the first time Alfred Hitchcock goes to real life for his thrills! It's all true and all suspense -- the all-'round biggest Hitchcock hit ever to hit the screen! Warner Bros. present **HENRY FONDA, VERA MILES** and the exciting city of New York in ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S

The Wrong Man

Somewhere...
somewhere...
there
must be
the right
man!



also starring ANTHONY QUAYLE • Screen Play by Maxwell Anderson and Angus MacPhail
MUSIC BY BERNARD HERRMANN • Directed by ALFRED HITCHCOCK

CHALLENGE! If you don't believe that this weird and unusual story actually happened, see the records of Queens County Court, N.Y., Apr. 21, 1953 Indictment #271/53, "The Balestrero Case"



LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood



louella parsons



Pier Angeli and Vic Damone are awaiting the second addition to their family.



Frank is no longer an ache in Ava's life. She has a new love.

IT COMES STRAIGHT as a string that **Ava Gardner** has flipped her heart completely over good looking Italian actor **Walter Chiari** who, among all her suitors, may have discovered just the right way to handle this tempestuous belle.

This young man, it appears, blows hot and cold where *la Gardner* is concerned, kissing her hand one minute and then taking a walk when and if she becomes temperamental.

It must be the right system because if Ava goes through with her present plans she'll head right to Mexico to get a divorce after she arrives in New York sometime in January.

Methinks **Frank Sinatra** will have something to say about that. Now that Frankie is a solid business man with his holdings in California incorporated, he'll want a divorce that will stand up legally in his home state.

IT WAS REALLY A GROUP of glamorous invalids among the movie queens presented to a real queen, lovely **Queen Elizabeth**, at the recent Command Performance in London. Her Highness couldn't help but have received the impression that movie queening is an unhealthy job.

Marilyn Monroe arose from a sick bed and three days off from *The Sleeping Prince* to make her bow. **Anita Ekberg** had a bad cold, and her décolletage wasn't helping it any. And **Brigitte Bardot**, the sex kitten of France, had postponed a Riviera rest trip for

jangled nerves in order to be presented to the Queen.

THE PARTY OF THE MONTH: And certainly the largest, was the two-tent wing-ding given by agent **Henry Willson** in honor of the first anniversary of **Phyllis** and **Rock Hudson**.

Henry told me that two hundred guests were invited but it seemed more like five hundred turned out to wish the newlyweds well after their first year.

Wandering musicians presented background music before **Bernie Richards** and his orchestra took over after dinner and cocktails, which were served from four buffet tables and four bars. The garden was decorated with huge urns of red roses, and lights played on the lilies floating in the swimming pool.

The evening reached its most sentimental point when Rock and Phyllis danced "The Anniversary Waltz" with the only other couple on the floor being Rock's parents, the Joe Olsens of Arcadia. Right after the waltz the love birds cut a towering cake of white and pink that stood six feet tall!

Phyllis Hudson really looked lovely in one of the new bouffant hair-dos and wearing a beige satin gown; she really had cause to beam, because Rock hardly left her side all evening.

Rocky (Mrs. Gary) Cooper came with **Prince Henry of Hesse**, grandson of

the past King of Italy, because **Gary** is in France on his picture *Love In The Afternoon*. Her gown was ballerina length in k green taffeta.

Another bride, **Dana Wynter (M. Greg Bautzer)** looked like something of *My Fair Lady* in a floor length white chiffon sheath with a long chiffon train.

Jennifer Jones also chose the new popular floor length style in white lace satin made along Grecian lines.

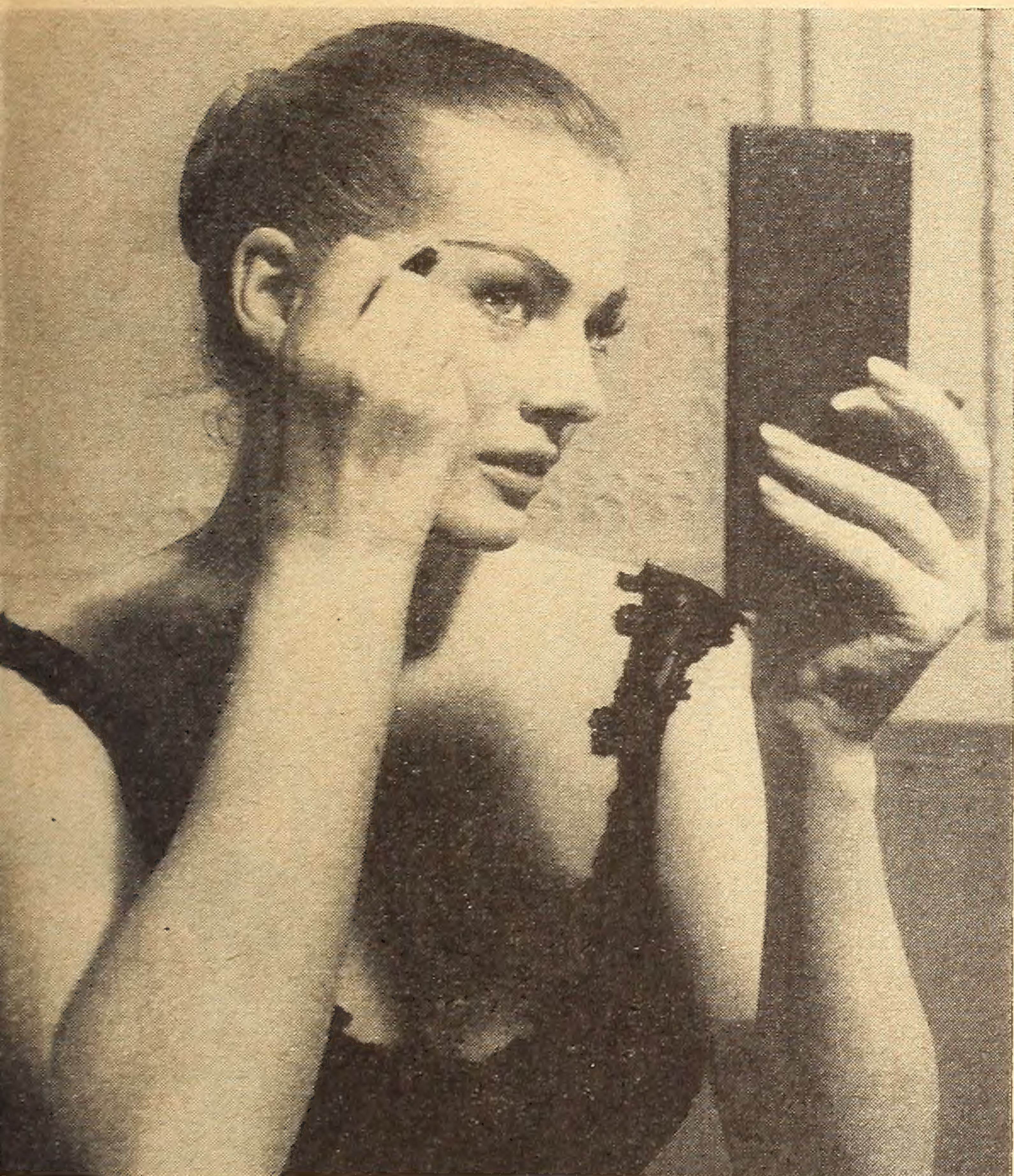
The only girl wearing an evening hat was **Marie Wilson** in a jeweled pill-box chapel.

Ginger Rogers was a vision on the dance floor in a red strapless gown and when she arrived and departed the other girls were *oh-ing* and *ah-ing* over the full-length white satin coat lined in red that went over it.

Other lovelies I saw on the arms of the favorite beaux were **Martha Hyer** in a light pink satin, with **George Nader**, an old flame; **Mrs. Keith Andes** in a red strapless satin with rosebuds of the same material forming panels; redheaded **Rhonda Fleming** in cornflower-blue and white chiffon, and **Diana Lynn** in a black dress trimmed with white satin petals.

Diana Dors was there. It was the night before her departure for home and husband in England, but no one pushed anyone in the swimming pool—this time. Her escort was **Rad Fulton**.

GOOD NEWS



Ekberg is caught in the act, pointing those eyebrows 'way up.



Queen Elizabeth meets movie stars Marilyn Monroe and Vic Mature.

was a big, big night for a very nice
e and we wish Phyllis and Rock many
happy anniversaries.

RIGHT RED DRESSES were all over
place at the gay BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL
hosted by **Mary** and **Jack Benny**
ring **Johnny Green** and his new album
teen hit songs. Red is certainly the hit
with the Hollywood gals these days.

Bebbie Reynolds, looking like a little
te bundle of joy, couldn't have been
in a red taffeta cocktail dress. **Gracie**
n, with her devoted **George Burns**,
another belle in red. So were **Janis**
e and **Mrs. Bill Holden**.

ardly recognized **Danny Kaye**. He has
orty pounds since his recent illness and
y was never plump to begin with.

usan Hayward came with her agent
n French—despite all the talk that her
belongs to good looking **Dr. Frederick**
er, mentioned elsewhere in this depart-

ne Allyson and **Dick Powell** were
y surrounded by relatives. Dick's
er was visiting here from way down
and June's mother, Mrs. William Bren-
and her stepfather were making their
isit to Hollywood in thirteen years. They
so excited about meeting all the movie
"Mother just doesn't think of me as a
star," laughed June.

WE WERE ALL SO SAD to hear of
the tragedy suffered by **Pier Angeli** and
Vic Damone. They lost their expected baby.

Pier had valiantly tried to save the baby
by staying in bed, but even this proved un-
successful.

Her doctor had to rush Pier to the Cedars
of Lebanon Hospital.

They have one baby, fourteen-month-old
Perry, named after their close friend Perry
Como.

Pier and Vic hadn't picked out any names
yet for their expected second child, but they
had hoped it would be a daughter to join
their son.

Pier and Vic have told me so often how
much they wanted a b-i-g family, and all of
their many friends join me in wishing a quick
recovery for this young wife and mother who
wanted her little girl so much.

PERSONAL OPINIONS: **Carol Oh-**
mart turned down the lead in *The Ninth*
Wave and the second femme part in *Peyton*
Place on the unusual grounds that the stories
were too immoral. This, mind you, with most
actresses dying to play shady ladies. . . .

Is it true that **Janet Leigh's** doctor
doesn't want her to have another child for
several years? Janet suffered much illness
before the birth of Kelly Lee. . . .

It won't be **Natalie Wood's** fault if she
doesn't get *Marjorie Morningstar*. She walks

around the Warner lot with a copy of the book
in her hand and flashes it in the face of every
executive she meets. . . .

Anita Ekberg doesn't seem as beautiful
to me since she started slanting her eyebrows
upward, Oriental style, as she was when they
were in just their natural line. . . .

Elizabeth Taylor always gains weight
when she's happy. She's happy these days....

How do you like this? **Pat Boone**, the
singin' rival of Elvis Presley, held off signing
his movie contract with 20TH until he found
out he could transfer from COLUMBIA UNI-
VERSITY in New York to either USC or UCLA
in Los Angeles and complete his education!...

You can't beat **Alan Ladd** for being a
smart business man. It was written in his
Boy On A Dolphin contract that if he didn't
finish the picture in Greece by Christmas, his
children would be sent to Athens at the ex-
pense of 20TH CENTURY-FOX!

OH, LET'S GIVE **Diana Dors** and
Dennis Hamilton the benefit of the doubt
and say they reconciled in England because
they are still in love! Several columnists came
right out in print and said that Diana couldn't
afford to divorce Dennis after that property set-
tlement that gave him so much of what they own.

The London papers reported that they ap-
peared ecstatically happy after the kiss-and-
make-up bit—and I like that version better.

Continued on page 10

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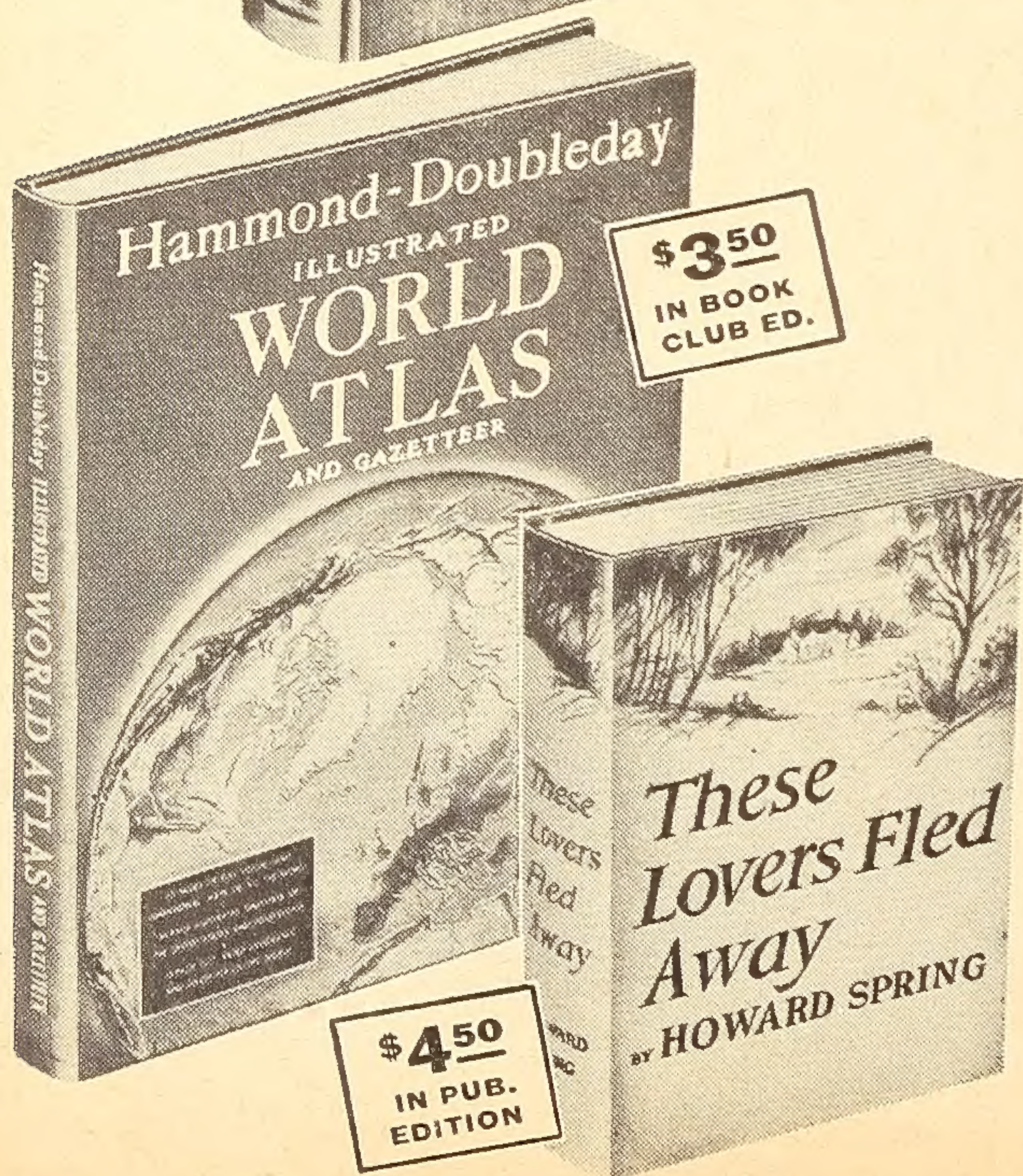
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LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood *Continued*

New loves—and old—put a sparkle in the eyes of your favorites and mine.



TONY PERKINS ANSWERS L.O.P.:

Recently in this department I wrote an Open Letter to **Tony Perkins** accusing him of careless dress. So eager was he to answer that he tore out a page of the script of *Lonely Man* and penned the following on the back: Dear Miss Parsons,

I read with interest your critical, but friendly, Open Letter to me in *MODERN SCREEN*. To come to the point, I never arrived in Chicago wearing blue jeans and dirty tennis shoes with a bandanna around my neck.

My wardrobe is limited enough so that I remember quite easily what I did have on. Specifically—slacks and loafers, a sports shirt and, because it was hot, my sweater over my shoulder. I don't own a bandanna. I think you wouldn't have disapproved of this outfit.

Seriously, I guess I have gone barefoot in Hollywood on occasion—as you said. But the Chicago description was kind of irritating!

However, as long as I'm writing, many thanks for all the nice things you have said about me and I honestly hope I don't disappoint you often.

It was nice having lunch with you that day at the *BROWN DERBY* and sharing your melon. By the way, I looked pretty neat that day, didn't I?

Hoping to see you again real soon,
Sincerely,
TONY PERKINS

HAS SUSAN HAYWARD FOUND

the love of her life at last? That's the talk all over town about my lovely redheaded friend Susie and young **Dr. Frederick Mayer**, thirty-five-year-old professor of philosophy at the UNIVERSITY of REDLANDS. Dr. Mayer is also an editor of the very high-brow magazine *WISDOM*.

There's little doubt but that the charming Doctor has fallen hard for Susan. When he was asked by a mutual friend if their romance was serious, he replied, "From the bottom of my heart, I hope so."

Well, I've known Susan a long time and I know her to be a girl who reads avidly and who is always seeking the answers to the real and important meanings of life. She's always had great respect for intellectual men.

On many occasions recently, she has accompanied Dr. Mayer to his lectures. Can't you just see her cutting a swath in the professorial living rooms of REDLANDS?

ELVIS PRESLEY, VISITING IN LAS VEGAS, dropped backstage to visit **Liberace** after one of Mr. Piano's shows at the RIVIERA. Said Elvis to Liberace, "May I call you 'Lee?'"

"Certainly," replied Lee, who has much more humor than he's credited with, "if I may call you 'Pres.'"

WHEN I CALLED JEANNE CRAIN to check the happy gossip that she and **Paul Brinkman** were on the verge of a reconciliation, which I certainly hoped to be true, she hedged, "Oh, Paul and I have taken the children out to dinner on several occasions and he frequently comes for Sunday brunch with the family. For the sake of the children, I think it is best for us to be friendly. But that's all there is to it."

I don't quite believe her. One of Paul's best friends, a young socialite bachelor of Los Angeles with whom Brinkman made his home for a short time following his bitter parting from Jeanne, told me: "No matter what they say, Jeanne and Paul are still in love and eventually, when their pride isn't involved, they'll get together again. Just mark my words." I'll be glad to!



Leslie Nielsen is MGM's new dreamboat.

HEARD A FUNNY ARGUMENT about whether or not **Leslie Nielsen**, the new dreamboat at MGM and leading man of *The Opposite Sex*, is truly a graduate of THE ACTORS STUDIO, alma mater of **Marlon Brando**, **James Dean**, etc.

First Voice: "He can't be."

Second Voice: "Why?"

First Voice: "He wears clean shirts!"

I NOMINATE FOR STARDOM—Felicia Farr: And, I can't resist adding—this lovely, independent-minded Miss will go Farr! Already, she's beginning to give **Kim Novak** a run for top doll honors at COLUMBIA, where both are under contract.

Where Kim is blonde and reserved, Felicia is brunette—not too dark—and forthright. She's been called a female **Marlon Brando**. "If by comparing me to Brando, they mean my acting talent, I'm flattered. But if they mean that I deliberately try to be different, that isn't true. I just have a mind of my own," snaps Felicia.

At one time, when things were very bleak financially for Felicia, her sick mother and younger sister, the pretty Farr girl took a job as a waitress at DuPar's restaurant in Los Angeles. She served a late night snack to a famous agent who gave her his card. And she knew he wasn't a wolf because she recognized his name. Result of that meeting was that she did two or three bit roles in movies, but nothing important.

Her real break didn't come until an executive at COLUMBIA went to the *PLAYER'S RING*, a local amateur theatre, to see its version of *Picnic*, which COLUMBIA was making into a movie. He came away deeply impressed by Felicia's performance as *Madge*. After an interview and a test at the studio she was put under contract, and within a year was cast opposite Glenn Ford in *Jubal*.

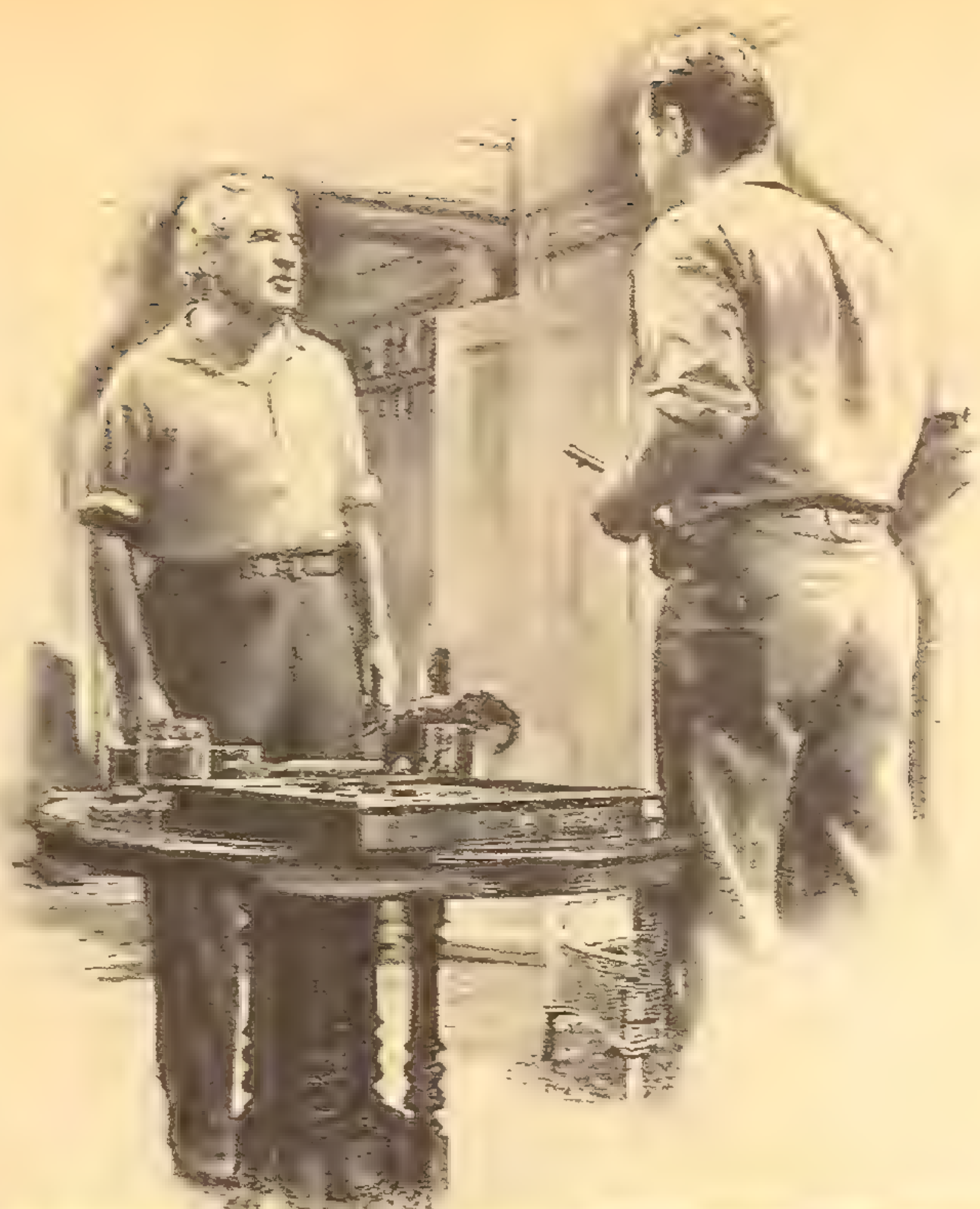
After several important loanouts—to 20TH for *The Last Wagon*, for one—she was recalled to the home base to co-star with Glenn, this time in *Three-Ten To Yuma*. The order is out to the publicity department to build her fast.

A native of Pennsylvania, she majored in



A Felicia Farr admirer is Cliff Robertson.

"LEAVE THEM ALONE, SON!
*Your sister's got to have her minute
 of happiness—with him
 talkin' quiet and his hand
 touchin' her face! And if you
 go out there and shorten the
 time they have together—I swear I'll
 come after you with a whip!"*



BURT LANCASTER · KATHARINE HEPBURN



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Directed by Joseph Anthony · Screenplay by N. Richard Nash Based on his play produced on the New York stage · Music Score by Alex North · A Paramount Picture



LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood *Continued*

Hollywood's stars were all on hand to welcome a great drama—*The Ten Commandments*.



Debbie and Eddie Fisher tore themselves from baby Carrie. Gable and so-healthy-again wife Kay got the fright of their lives when they arrived.



Charlton Heston, Yul Brynner congratulate each other. That's Charlton's wife.

drama at PENN STATE before going to New York to try her luck on the stage. But her mother's illness brought her to California—and movie fame.

NEVER THOUGHT I'D LIVE to see the day, or night, when **Clark Gable**, that big he-man, would literally look scared out of his wits because of a mere female. But that's exactly what happened at the Hollywood premiere of *The Ten Commandments*.

Clark and his beautiful **Kay** were about the last to arrive, probably hoping they might slip into the theatre without a lot of fanfare. That's what they hoped!

Instead, just as he stepped from his limousine, a large middle-aged woman ducked under the restraining rope and literally tackled Gable! She flung herself at him headlong, grabbing his knees, pawing and clawing him—and if the police hadn't dashed up post haste, poor Clark might have wound up prone in the street! Never in his long career has The King been so flustered, and understandably so.

It was the only unseemly action to mar an otherwise big, big night for **C. B. DeMille** and the showing of his \$13,000,000 Biblical spectacle.

Yul Brynner, one of the stars, really persists in keeping his family in the background. He created a minor stir when he arrived in solitary splendor in a chauffeur-driven car all by his lonesome.

As usual, **Debbie Reynolds** seemed to let **Eddie Fisher** take most of the bows



because *you* are the very air he breathes...

Aren't you glad you're a girl? Isn't it a *fabulous* feeling... to know he'd rather be close to *you* than anyone else in the wide, wide world? Don't let anything mar this moment. Double check your charm every day with VETO...the deodorant that drives away odor...dries away perspiration worries. (Remember, if you're nice-to-be-next to... next to *nothing* is impossible!)

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in more ways than one*



Cream



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Stick



or Mist



deodorant

*dries away
perspiration worries!*



This is the scene from Baby Doll that will be plastered on billboards across the nation. In my opinion, good talent was wasted in this picture.

That Princess makes the news once more, and it's so very nice to hear about her again.

and do most of the talking on the tv interviews. Isn't Debbie a little too self-effacing?

The girl who, to me, gave the best of the feminine performances, **Yvonne De Carlo**, slipped in hurriedly with real modesty.

When all is said and done, perhaps the most nervous gentleman of all was the beloved De Mille, who, although his masterpiece is nearly four hours long, entered the theatre an hour and a half ahead of time "because it's better to wait here than to pace the floor at home!"

I'M ON MY SOAP BOX TO SAY that I think the movie *Baby Doll* should never have been made, that it's a complete waste of **Elia Kazan's** great directing talent—the acting talent of **Karl Malden**—and that the fine young actress **Carroll Baker** is unfortunate in making her starring debut in such an unsavory story.

The picture has been banned in Memphis, Tennessee, the stamping ground of that former most ferocious censor of all time, Lloyd Binford. And now, even without Binford's hawk eye, *Baby Doll* comes up too raw for even the more lenient censors to pass.

I believe I have a far-flung reputation as a defender of Hollywood and Hollywood pictures, and I'm proud of it. But this time I'm on the side of the censors.

To me, the story by **Tennessee Williams**—and he's a local Tennessee boy, too—is just beyond the pale. What surprised me most, after seeing the picture, is that it had been accorded so much 'arty' praise. If this is art, just give me sentiment or corn or whatever you want to call wholesome entertainment.

Obviously, it was an attempt to pattern after some of the morally loose and objectionable films made in Europe. If this is the sort of thing favored in Europe, I say let them have *Baby Doll* and let us keep our fine, high, moral standards in American movies.

As for Carroll Baker, hailed as the discovery of the 1956 year, she was delightful as the wilful daughter in *Giant*. But I hope she soon gets another movie which will make us forget the mud she's surrounded with in *Baby Doll*.

THE ONLY PERSON IN HOLLYWOOD Princess Grace Kelly Rainier contacted during her recent visit to her family

in Philadelphia, President Eisenhower in Washington, and friends in New York—was MGM publicity man, **Morgan Hudgins**.

It was Morgan who just last April escorted plain Miss Kelly on her boat trip aboard the SS *CONSTITUTION* to Monaco where she became the bride of Prince Rainier.

Let it be said for the Princess that she does not forget her old friends. Soon after her arrival in New York she called Morgan long distance and they talked a fortune's worth.

But he prizes most a note Grace wrote him as she once again sailed on the *CONSTITUTION* headed for her tiny monarchy—this time as an expectant mother:

"I am writing this from the ship's bar 'n' bottle club where we spent so many gay hours on our crossing last Spring," Grace wrote. "Now my cup of happiness runneth over. I am supremely happy. It is late as I write this and not many people are here. Just a few little 'ghosts' of that first crossing smiling at me from a familiar nook or cranny. Does it seem strange that I can hardly remember that girl who used to be? It seems that life really started for me with my marriage." And the name she signed was just Grace.

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Greatest Washday Discovery in 100 years! Not a soap, not a detergent, not a water softener. STA-PUF is a totally new *kind* of washday product. All you do is pour a little STA-PUF into your final rinse water and presto!—everything comes so soft and fluffy that you can hardly believe your eyes! Harsh, "boardy" bath towels fluff up like magic!

Wash-stiffened baby clothes and sweaters lose their irritating scratchiness in a jiffy! And even muslin sheets come out feeling like percale! STA-PUF is perfect for use in tubs, automatics or regular washing machines. And clothes come off the line almost wrinkle-free—are far easier to iron. Much of your flat work dries so beautifully smooth it needs no ironing at all!



You SEE the Difference! The bath towels on the left were rinsed the ordinary way—while the towels on the right (rinsed with STA-PUF) are more than *half again as thick*. This is visible proof of the washday wonders that STA-PUF performs.



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Princess Grace took time out during her homeward voyage to write a letter to an old friend. There were many memories on board ship for the lovely actress-turned-Princess.



One of the nicest sights around Hollywood these days is the happiness that lights up Jack Webb and his wife. They decided they loved each other enough to try once more.



No, that isn't a turkey stuffing that Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger are cooking up. They've yet to manage Thanksgiving together in their six years of marriage to each other!

For some, marriage has brought joy—And for others, there's little but tears.

GOOD FOR JACK WEBB and **Dorothy Towne**, who are starting the New Year right by calling off their divorce. At least as this is written, the love birds are again billing and cooing.

Dorothy and Jack have never said they weren't in love. She's just complained that he works so hard and is so absorbed in his career that he doesn't have the time to be a good husband. You can't blame a girl for wanting a little social life. On the other hand, a successful career is a hard taskmaster.

Anyway, everybody's glad that the Webbs have called off their third attempt at a divorce.

POOR JEAN SIMMONS and **Stewart Granger** were married six years December 20—and have never yet spent the holidays together! By some perverseness of production schedules, Granger is either in Europe or on location at Thanksgiving and Christmas time while Jean is parked in Hollywood making a picture.

This year was no exception. Stewart spent six weeks in Northern California shooting *Gun Glory*, and Jean couldn't leave the baby or her own picture *This Could Be The Night* at MGM to fly up to join him.

Jean told me, "Looks like we'll be eating our Turkey dinners together around Valentine's Day."

THE LETTER BOX: *I want to thank you many fans who wrote me how much you enjoyed my articles on Ingrid Bergman both in MODERN SCREEN and in my newspapers. Not all of you agreed that Ingrid should be welcomed back to the American screen. But there was little malice in your comments. I'm extremely grateful for your comments about the way I handled the Bergman question, just as a reporter. Thank you, again.*

"Isn't Elizabeth Taylor being a little silly rushing from the arms of one man she says is too old for her, Michael Wilding age forty-seven, into the arms of a man she's now passionately in love with, Mike Todd age forty-eight?" asks MARIA DOUGHERTY, DETROIT. Not a bad question, Maria. I don't know how Liz would answer that.

Lots of mail about Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis this month, but not as a team! CATHY RIVES, PEMBROKE, KENTUCKY, opines: "Dean Martin is the best looking, best singing and best acting man in show business. He can more than stand on his own!"

From COLUMBUS, OHIO, 'Vivian' writes: "I hope Jerry Lewis isn't worried about losing Dean Martin. Jerry is the greatest comedian since Chaplin. He has a better chance to show off his talents without Dean Martin." So there.

Sixteen-year-old JANIS RIPLEY, BROOKLYN, is disappointed in Love Me Tender as Elvis Presley's screen debut: "He should be cast in lover roles," wails this Miss. Oh me, oh my—here we go on Elvis again. Now it's the movie producers doin' him wrong!

That's all for now. See you next month.

EDDIE AND DEBBIE

IN THEIR FIRST MOVIE TOGETHER!



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**NEW
SONGS**
...and
wait 'til
you see
them
DANCE!

RKO Radio Pictures presents

EDDIE FISHER • DEBBIE REYNOLDS **BUNDLE OF JOY**

Co-starring

**ADOLPHE MENJOU
TOMMY NOONAN**

with NITA TALBOT • UNA MERKEL • MELVILLE COOPER
BILL GOODWIN • HOWARD McNEAR

Produced by EDMUND GRAINGER • Screen Play by NORMAN KRASNA,

ROBERT CARSON and ARTHUR SHEEKMAN

Story by FELIX JACKSON • Directed by NORMAN TAUROG

Musical Numbers and Dances Staged by NICK CASTLE

Lyrics by MACK GORDON • Music by JOSEF MYROW

HEAR EDDIE SING

"Lullaby In Blue"

"Worry About Tomorrow, Tomorrow"

"All About Love"

"Some Day Soon"

"I Never Felt This Way Before"

"Bundle Of Joy"

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by *florence epstein*

WORTH
SEEING
THIS
MONTH

FOR DRAMA

Anastasia

Three Brave Men

FOR LOVE

The Barretts Of Wimpole Street

FOR SUSPENSE

Love Me Tender

FOR LAUGHS

Everything But The Truth

The Great American Pastime



Elvis' brother (Richard Egan) doesn't know it yet, but that gal (Debra Paget) just isn't his for carrying away—on account of she done married Elvis while Richard was off fighting the war.



Elvis is real happy during this scene, just singin' and playin' all over the place.



Then Elvis finds out that there's more than met the eye between his brother and his wife.

LOVE ME TENDER

Elvis Presley's first

■ Elvis is here, and to say anything else is probably superfluous. But he's here, and of course he sings—four songs. And his guitar is here. Elvis has been home on the farm these several years while his big brothers (Richard Egan, William Campbell, James Drury) have been fighting for the South. On their last fight they divested some Union soldiers of 12,000 dollars cash. Unknown to them, the war was over. The brothers and their buddies—Neville Brand among them—sit down and decide to split the loot since the General they were going to deliver it to doesn't have an army to spend it on. Richard Egan can use the money because also home on the farm are his mother (Mildred Dunnock) and his intended (Debra Paget).

Unknown to Egan they think he has been killed in the war and Debra has married Elvis. "Love Me Tender," Elvis sings on the front porch the first night the family is all together, and Richard can hardly stand it. He decides he must go away or his love for Debra will eat at him. But there's the money which the Union has come to claim. Hand it over, the U.S. Marshal (Russ Conway) tells Egan, and we'll drop all charges. He's willing to hand it over, so are his brothers, but their buddies—mainly Neville Brand—refuse. It's while Debra is helping Richard collect the money that Neville turns Elvis against them. Elvis becomes insanely jealous. He nearly shakes Debra to death and shoots, but does not kill, the brother he always loved. Then he comes to see that he was wrong. His acting—in this, his first picture—is as good as anyone else's. CinemaScope—20th-Fox.



THREE VIOLENT PEOPLE

passion in Texas

■ Anne Baxter has a talent for seeming to be a southern lady, but Ruby La Salle (Elaine Stritch) and the men who frequented Ruby's saloon in New Orleans know better. Only one who hasn't known is violent Charlton Heston, proud son of Texas who is returning home after the Civil War. He has merely to look at equally violent Anne—in three times at most, before he proposes. Better forget about him. Ruby warns her. The minute he finds out what you really are he'll toss you out on your heels. But Anne has always been dreaming of a better life, and she lives it for a while in Texas. But wouldn't you know that the officers of the Provisional Government (Bruce Bennett, Forrest Tucker) not only plan to take away Heston's ranch, but also have a weapon in their employ who recognizes Anne from way back. They plan to let this weapon make Anne in front of Charlton hoping that Charlton will reach for his gun, at which time the provisional officers will fill him full of lead. But it doesn't work out that way. The way it works—Charlton tosses Anne out on her heels. She is pregnant so he generously offers to buy the child at birth. Charlton has a younger brother (Tom Tryon) whom he hates, and vice versa, and Tom plots with Bruce Bennett to take over the ranch by killing everyone on it. But it doesn't work out that way, either. Because, try as he may, Tom can't kill his brother. And his brother, try as he may, can't kill his love for Anne. Gilbert Roland is here, too, giving as usual, a fine performance. Vistavision—Para.



ANASTASIA

a drama of identity

■ Beautiful Ingrid Bergman is back in a most satisfying drama. It seems that when the royal old Russians were taken from their palaces and murdered in 1918, a young Grand Duchess named Anastasia survived. At least, that was the rumor. But if she is alive—now, in 1928—only the Empress (Helen Hayes), who is her grandmother, can give her public recognition. The Empress has had several candidates brought before her by a man named Bounine (Yul Brynner), whose motives are a mixture of politics and money, and she is not about to see anyone else. Ingrid, who has spent some time in an asylum and in wandering around Europe, isn't sure she is Anastasia. Brynner doesn't think she is, but he figures he can drum her background and history into her since she looks the part. She doesn't want to play (Continued on page 20)

UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PRESENTS

ROCK HUDSON IN BATTLE HYMN

A Story of Love and Undying Courage!



The true story of
Col. Dean Hess, clergyman
turned fighter pilot.
Told in the heroism of
battle's hell...
cherished in the hearts
of those who loved him...
living forever in the
happiness of the
once-forgotten children
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as told in his
best-seller...

co-starring

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Directed by DOUGLAS SIRK Written by CHARLES GRAYSON and VINCENT B. EVANS Produced by ROSS HUNTER



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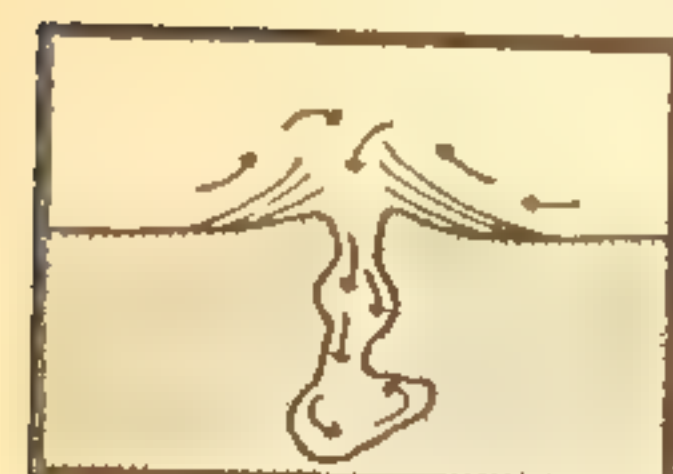


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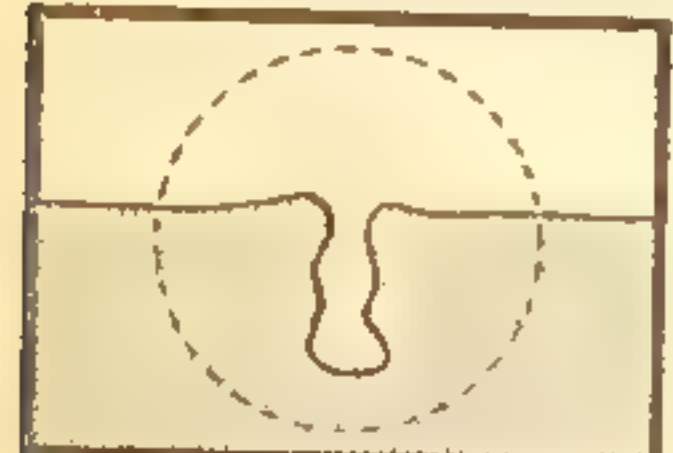
SKIN-COLORED . . . hides pimples while it works.

At last! Science discovers a new-type medication especially for pimples, *that really works*. In skin specialists' tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were *completely cleared up* or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL.

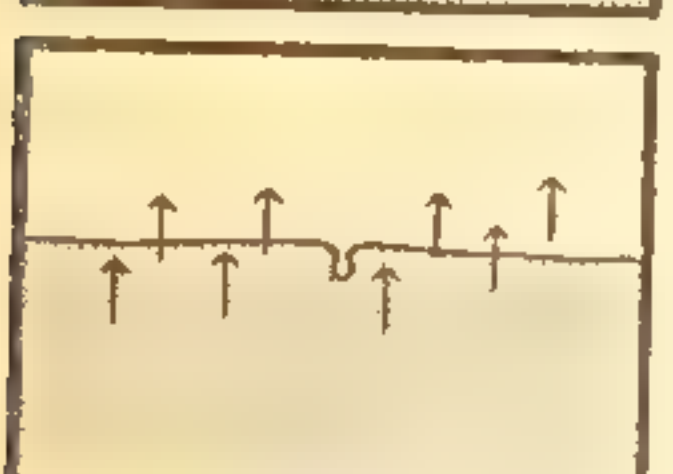
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action of this new type medication
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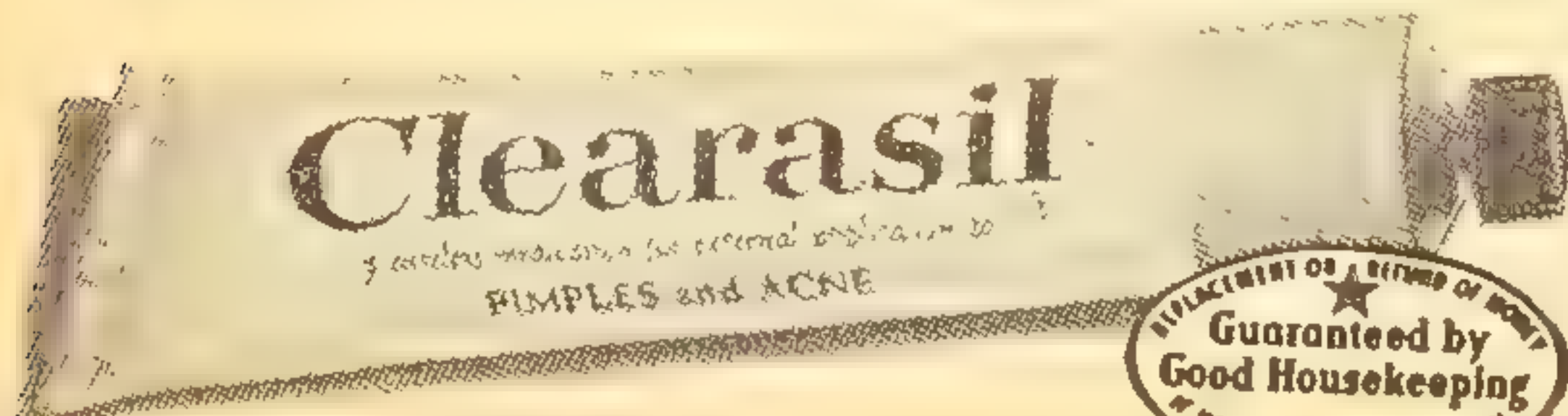
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ASIL's famous dry-up action
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**Largest-Selling Pimple
Medication in America (including Canada)**

movie previews (Continued from page 19)

his game, but she is sick and nearly starving to death, and he is quite forceful. He installs her in rooms, buries her under family portrait albums, fills her head with the memories Anastasia would have had. But she has the memories without his prompting. With it, she becomes in turn more doubtful or more convinced that she is Anastasia. All the while she grows more regal every day in every way. The Empress *does* see her—but does she claim her? Cinema-Scope—20th-Fox.



REPRISAL!

intolerance out west

■ We're back with frontier justice again, and you know what that is—a rope, a tree and a dangling man. Two dangling Indians, in this case, who were hanged for trespassing on white man's land. The Shipley brothers (Edward Platt, Michael Pate, Wayne Malory) were responsible for the justice and hardly a citizen in Kendall, Oklahoma, wants to call them guilty of murder. So you know how most folks feel about Indians in Kendall. From the look of Guy Madison who has just come to town to buy a spread—that's property—adjacent to the Shipley spread, you can't tell anything. He doesn't seem to be *for* Indians or *against* them. Felicia Farr, the land agent's daughter, is for Guy, but she's real mad about that lynching and worries at the lack of social conscience in him. If only she'd wait a minute she'd find out that Guy is half Indian himself, can't legally own land, that his Grandpa (in braids and blanket) will try to reclaim him and that she, herself, isn't as democratic as she thinks. Especially when a fiery squaw (Kathryn Grant) comes up with a cosy alibi for Guy the night one of those Shipley brothers is murdered. Technicolor.—Col.

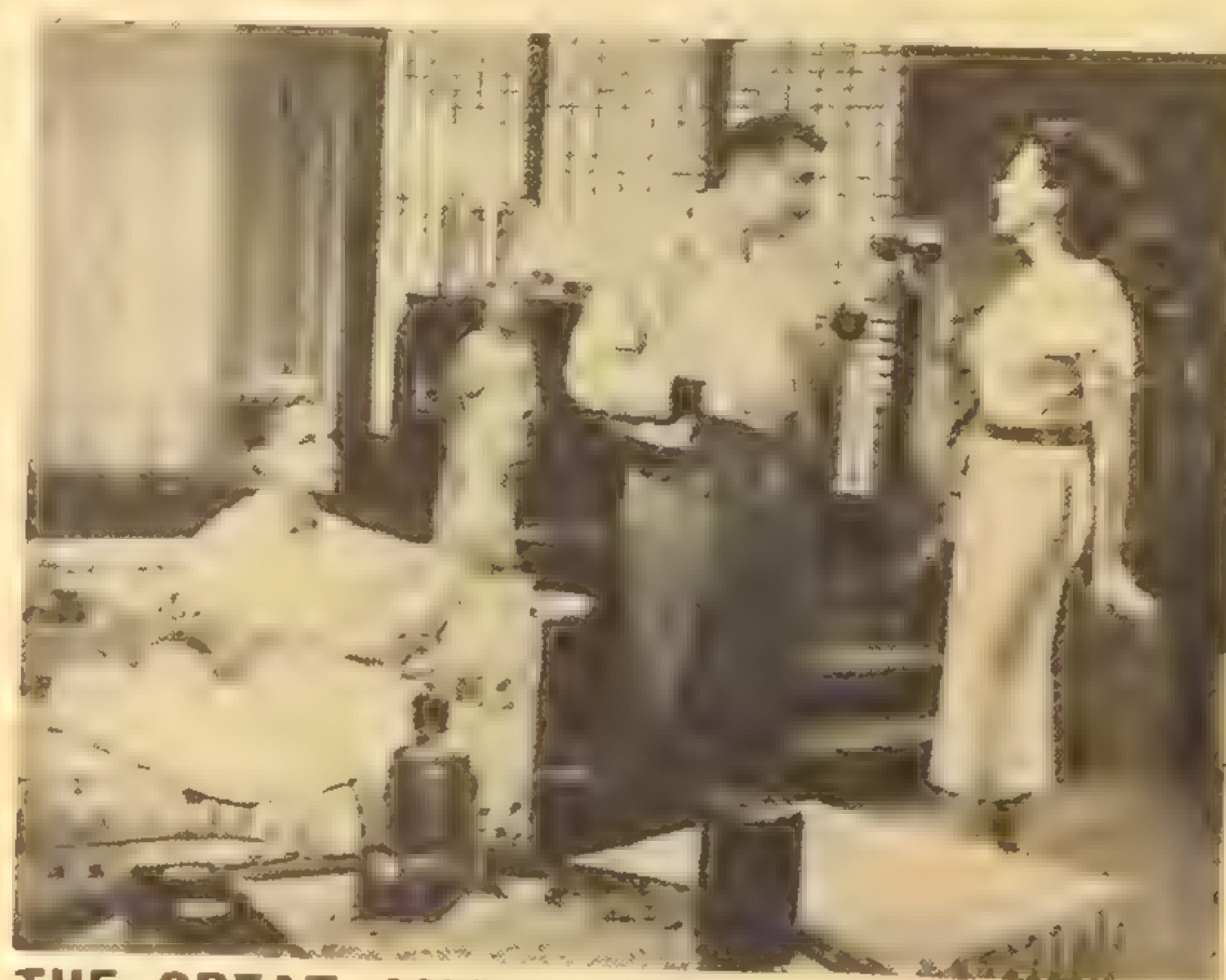


THE GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND

Tab Hunter in the peacetime army

■ Tab Hunter is a rich college boy who wants to marry co-ed Natalie Wood and not be drafted by the army. If she could, his mother (Jessie Royce Landis) would write a nice letter to the army telling them it was inconvenient for her boy to report, but there are some things even Mama can't do. Off Tab

goes, disgruntled and determined to get the better of that vast organization. He manages very well, succeeding in alienating all his buddies' affections and whatever tender feeling a rather tolerant and amusing southern sergeant (Murray Hamilton) harbors for him. When Tab's assigned to clean grease traps in the kitchen, Mom arrives for a visit and gives all those nasty army officers what for. Tab finds himself with a two-day pass which he spends with Natalie Wood. Way back she'd broken their engagement on the grounds of immaturity—his. Now, without any apparent reason for her to change her mind, she does. Back at the army Tab is offered a dishonorable discharge which he is only too happy to accept. But something happens to change *everything*—Warners.



THE GREAT AMERICAN PASTIME

no, it isn't necking . . .

■ It's baseball that makes the world go 'round—and 'round and 'round in Tom Ewell's head. He was a man who liked his beer, his wife (Anne Francis) and his young son (Rudy Lee) but could never get as close to the latter two as the psychology books advised. Opportunity comes in the form of little league baseball. Baseball in any form bores Anne, but she reforms. That is, Tom takes over the management of one little team during the summer. Unfortunately, his son gets on a different little team that whacks the stuffings out of Dad's team. But the real problem is Ewell's philosophy of life. The other managers terrify, browbeat and wheedle their teams into winning. Tom always sends his team out with a 'gentle speech about sportsmanship. The boys don't mind losing half as much as their parents do. One parent, Ann Miller, in an attempt to solidify her son's position as pitcher, has turned on an amount of charm to enrage Anne and convince Ewell that he's the most wanted man in suburbia. It's an amusing, unusual movie with bright dialogue by Nathaniel Benchley.—MGM.

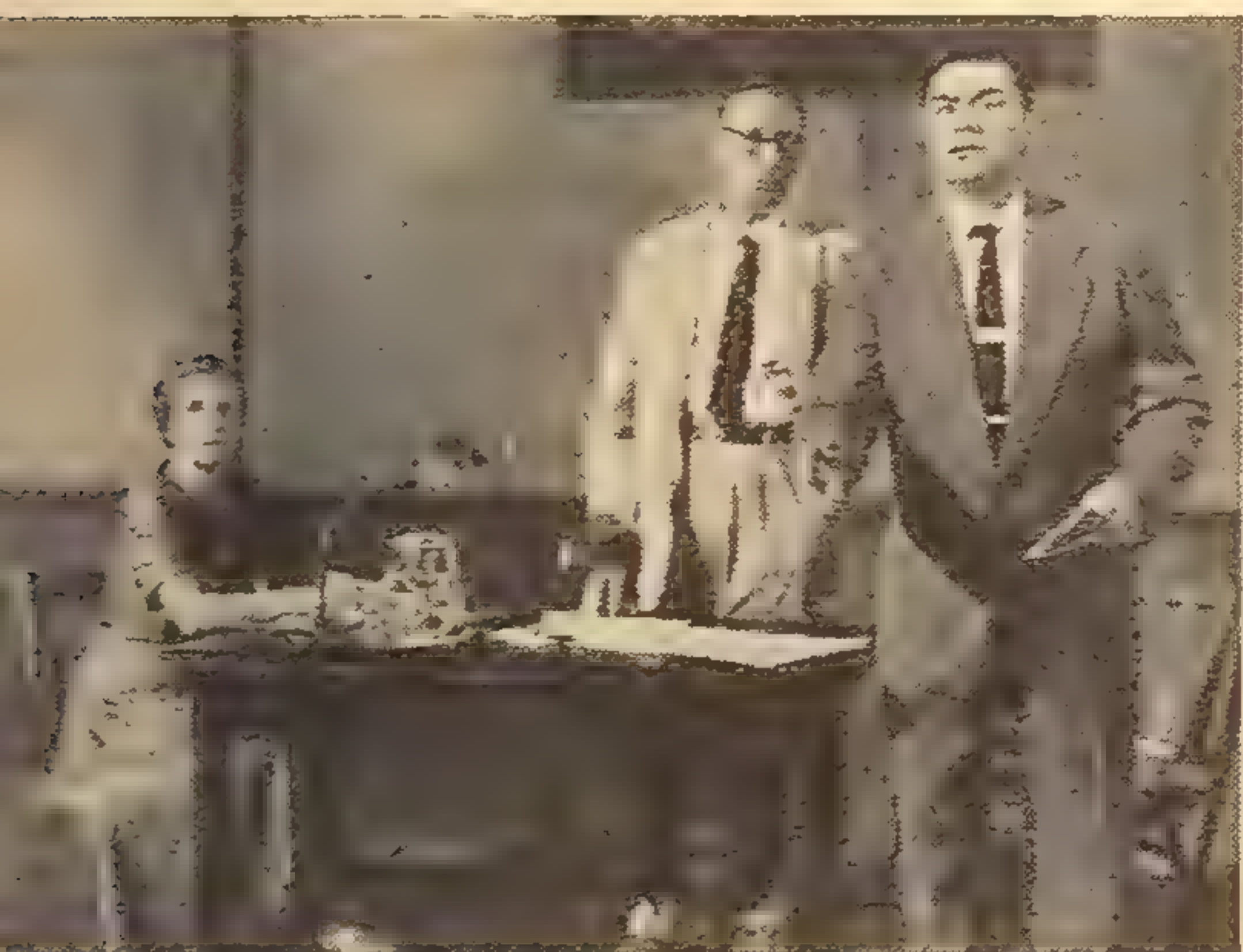


THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET

an unforgettable love story

■ One of the most romantic true love stories, that of the poets Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning, has been turned into a tender movie. Imprisoned with two

sisters and six brothers in the Victorian home of a tyrannical father (Sir John Gielgud), Elizabeth (Jennifer Jones) finds escape only in writing poetry and in her correspondence with Robert Browning (Bill Travers)—whom she has never met. Bed-ridden, with little hope of recovery, she is never likely to meet him. But Browning is an impulsive and active fellow. He finds his way to 50 Wimpole Street; Daddy is out, love is coming in. Elizabeth's startled doctors watch her bloom and encourage her to leave London for the warmer climate of Italy. Browning is elated and wants to elope; Poppa is furious. Elizabeth, in the habit of yielding to him, finds strength when she sees him force another sister (Virginia McKenna) to break off contact with a perfectly innocent and pleasant young man, and when she realizes that Gielgud's love for her is unhealthily possessive.—MGM.



THREE BRAVE MEN

drama of a man's good name

This movie is based on some Pulitzer Prize-winning articles by Anthony Lewis, and on actual events. It's the story of a family man (Ernest Borgnine) who was employed by the navy for twenty-two years and suddenly discharged as a security risk. Seems that a few people in his hometown of Riverview, Maryland, had a grudge against him and informed the government that he was a Communist. Many of his neighbors turn from him and his wife (Virginia Christine) and family (Diane Jergens, Warren Berlinger plus two smaller fry) in revulsion. But others—like the mayor (Edward Andrews), the police chief (James Westerfield), a minister (Andrew Duggan) and a sizable amount of intelligent folk want to fight to clear his name. It's quite a fight—with the burden of proof resting on Borgnine and his lawyer (Ray Milland). Seems that Borgnine made a couple of mistakes in the past—unwittingly subscribed to a Communist-backed newsletter, attended a political meeting—but he let his subscription lapse and attended no more meetings when he discovered their politics. However, at a navy hearing presided over by Frank Lovejoy and with cross-examiner Nina Foch, friendly witnesses can't produce real evidence and Borgnine's character is not enough proof! Postman Frank Faylen turns the tide with his knowledge of who's out to get him. And Borgnine is cleared. But he doesn't get back his job because the Secretary of the Navy (Dean Jagger) still considers him a security risk. The fight's not over yet. It isn't over until after another hearing, when the Navy apologizes and Borgnine is reinstated. The three brave men—Borgnine, Milland, Jagger—by their love of truth and justice secure future protection for the innocent. It is a moving and informative drama, although its effect would have been more powerful if it had been produced several years ago. CinemaScope—20th-Fox.



EVERYTHING BUT THE TRUTH
off-beat comedy

What little pitcher with big ears (Tim Hovey), overhears from his uncle and (Continued on page 22)



1. Is your feminine daintiness well protected at all times ?



2. Can the rush of nervous perspiration be controlled ?



3. Is there a sure way to put an end to ugly perspiration stains ?



4. Is one bath a day really enough for an active girl like you ?

Girls who know the answers use Arrid —to be sure!

You owe it to yourself to get 100% on this test. It's a cinch you will, too, if you're smart enough to use Arrid daily.

For Arrid is the most effective deodorant your money can buy. Doctors prove that Arrid is 1½ times as effective against perspiration and odor as all leading deodorants tested.

Why? Only Arrid is formulated with the magic new ingredient Perstop.* That's why more people have used and are using Arrid to protect against odor and perspiration than any other deodorant.

What's in it for you? Just this!

1. Rub Arrid in—and you rub perspiration and odor out. When the cream vanishes you know you're safe. And approachable any hour of the day or night. Tropical heat-wave weather included!

2. Arrid protects you against all kinds of unexpected perspiration. It keeps

you dry even when anxiety or excitement cause your glands to gush perspiration.

3. Arrid, used daily, keeps your clothes safe from ugly stains. It keeps your underarms so dry, soft and sweet there's never a hint that the situation's getting warm. Not even on hot, sticky days.

4. Arrid's "rubbed-in" protection starts on contact—keeps you shower-bath fragrant up to 24 hours. Rub it in right after your daily bath and you can forget about perspiration and odor. No wonder gals "in the know" are steady Arrid users.

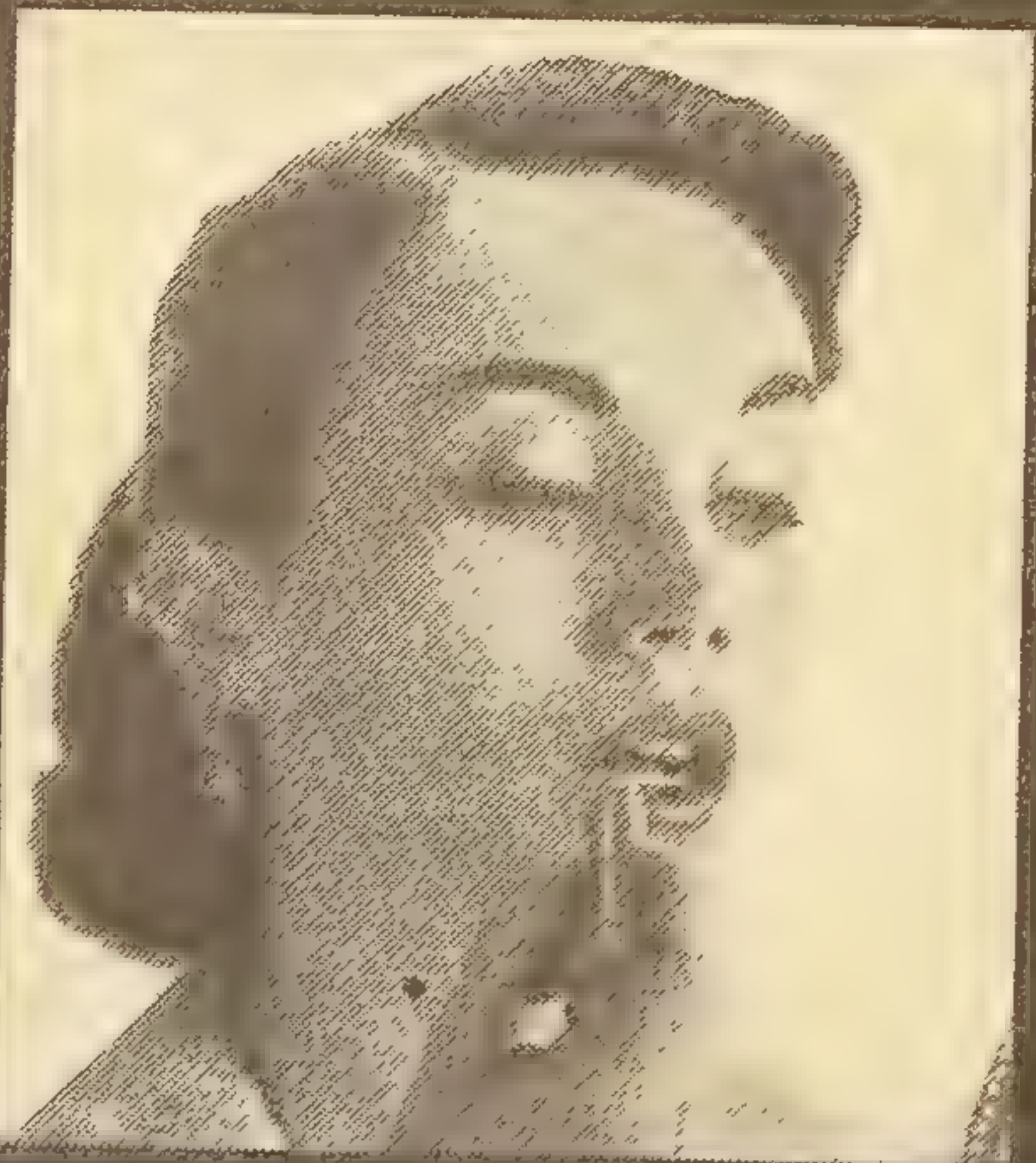


Don't be half safe.
Be completely safe.
Use Arrid . . .
to be sure.

43¢ plus tax.

*Carter Products trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants.

BECAUSE
you are a woman,



you owe yourself
complete assurance

Protect your beauty? Of course you do—with everything from daily baths to special creams and lotions—just as you play it up with the right dress, the perfect hat, the prettiest shade of lipstick. You'd hardly be a woman if you didn't!

Protect your daintiness, too! Fastidious women make a "Lysol" douche a regular part of their beauty routine. Internal cleanliness is as important to them as any other kind . . . and "Lysol" is their safeguard against even the possibility of "embarrassing odor."

A "Lysol" douche protects your daintiness because it kills bacteria rapidly on contact—the very bacteria that are a primary cause of "embarrassing odor." Its cleansing and deodorizing action spreads into folds and crevices—to give complete internal cleanliness.

Enjoy this lasting sense of security—douche with "Lysol". Get a bottle of new, mild-formula "Lysol" brand disinfectant. You owe it to yourself!

Write for free booklet on medically-approved methods of douching. (Sent in plain envelope.) Send name and address to "Lysol", Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. DM-572.



"Lysol"
Brand Disinfectant

Also available in Canada

movie previews (Continued from page 21)

guardian' (Barry Atwater) makes a crook out of Uncle and the mayor (Walter Abel). What Tim can't dig is that when the truth hurts them, most adult people don't tell it. Only his teacher (Maureen O'Hara) stands by him, even when he's expelled from kindergarten—or possibly, third grade. She plans to take his case higher up, and on a train meets journalist John Forsythe whose fearless typewriter made him rich and complacent. Using certain female wiles and a doorknob—without the door—for protection, she gets the story of Tim's exposé and subsequent persecution onto the front pages. Forsythe stirs up nation-wide interest, an epidemic of strikes by school-children and quite a hornet's nest in Tim's home town. Fortunately, Tim has total recall and an incorruptible honesty. But when Congress sets up a hearing he also has mumps. It's a delightful movie. Technicolor—U-I.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS (Para.): The film, which is three hours and thirty-nine minutes long, is based on an abundance of historical books and *The Old Testament*. It traces the life of Moses from the time of his birth through his forty years of wandering in the Wilderness to his leave-taking from his people, who enter the Promised Land without him. Charlton Heston gives a fine performance as Moses, the son of Jews who was brought up by an Egyptian princess (Nina Foch), loved by another Princess (Anne Baxter) and envied by Prince Rameses (Yul Brynner) who wanted to be—and became Pharaoh. It is only after Moses grows up that he learns his true identity. And it is only after he has been exiled, cast into the desert and survived this to marry a daughter of the Midians (Yvonne De Carlo) that God sends him to lead the Israelites out of bondage and out of Egypt. Some of the photography is magnificent and the miracles—of the burning bush, the green pestilence spreading through Egypt, the opening of the Red Sea and its subsequent closing over Pharaoh's armies, the finger of God writing The Ten Commandments in flame—are events not left to the imagination. Among the cast are Edward G. Robinson, John Derek, Debra Paget, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Vincent Price, Eduard Franz. The film is produced and directed by Cecil B. DeMille.

GIANT (Warner Bros.): This film sprawls over that quarter of a century when cattle gave way to oil, and traces the profound changes this wrought on the lives of Rock Hudson, his wife Elizabeth Taylor, his sister Mercedes McCambridge and James Dean. This movie is based on Edna Ferber's best-seller and also stars Dennis Hopper, Carroll Baker, Sal Mineo, Chill Wills and Jane Withers.

JULIE (MGM): A spine-tingling thriller starring Doris Day as Julie, Louis Jourdan as her mad husband and Barry Sullivan as her friend. It's an unusual thriller that's bound to make you nervous.

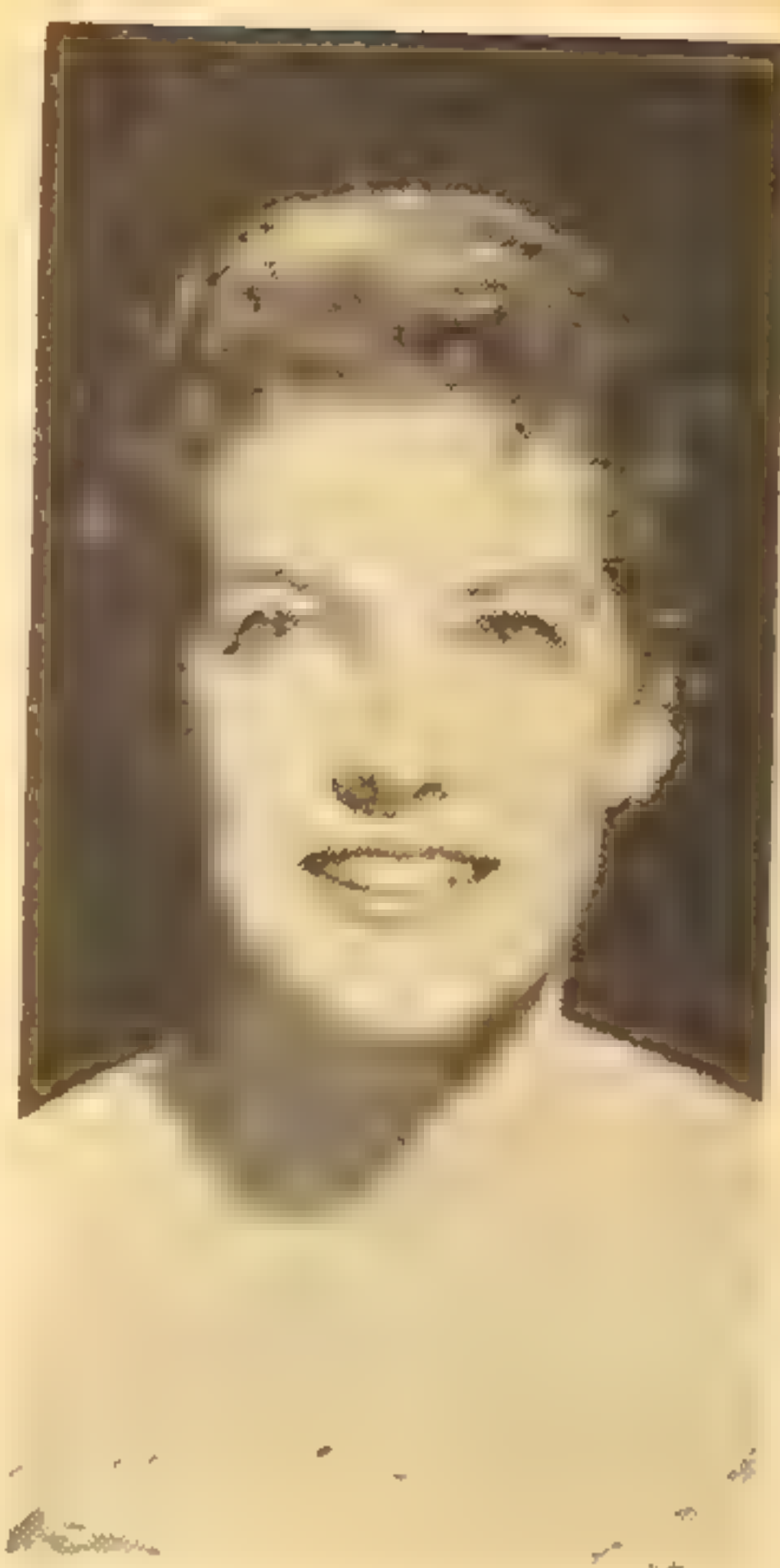
WAR AND PEACE (Para.): Brought to the screen in a three-and-a-half-hour adaptation, Tolstoy's novel stars Audrey Hepburn as Natasha, Mel Ferrer as Prince Andrey and Henry Fonda as Pierre. The story of the nobility in Old Russia and of how their lives were changed when Napoleon invades Moscow is done magnificently. The film also stars Anita Ekberg, John Mills, Helmut Dantine, Oscar Homolka and Herbert Lom.

BUS STOP (20th-Fox): Marilyn Monroe is delightful as the 'chantoosie' from the Ozarks who gets caught in the arms of cowboy Don Murray. Arthur O'Connell taught Don everything he knew—which excluded women. In Phoenix for a rodeo, Don falls for Marilyn. She's understanding but has no intention of settling for him. The rest of the movie deals with her frantic efforts to escape the boy who refuses to be refused. Film also stars Eileen Heckart, Betty Field and Robert Bray.

TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON (MGM): Adapted from the play that won all kinds of awards, this movie is about a village in Okinawa occupied by American troops. Glenn Ford and Marlon Brando are superb.

THE OPPOSITE SEX (MGM): There are the women and the men about whom the women revolve. You'll enjoy this happy comedy, with music yet, starring June Allyson, Dolores Gray, Ann Sheridan and dozens of others.

LUST FOR LIFE (MGM): Here is the life story of the great artist, Vincent Van Gogh, whose need to paint was exceeded only by his need for love. Kirk Douglas gives a vivid portrayal of an eccentric, tortured personality, supported by Anthony Quinn and Pamela Brown.



**Nicola Michaels:
LOVE ME,
LOVE MY
FRECKLES**

■ Nicola Michaels, the young actress who made such a favorable impression in her initial screen role as Robert Taylor's fiancée in *The Power And The Prize*, has finally learned to live with her freckles—in fact, now she almost likes them.

Not so many years ago Nicola hated them. So she tried all known remedies.

Her first attempt to get rid of the freckles was with soap and water. She scrubbed and rubbed, but all she got for her trouble were red welts. Facial soap didn't help; laundry soap was worse; scouring powder was awful.

"If I can't wash them off," she thought, "I'll hide them." So Nicola's allowance was spent on a succession of powders and creams and ointments.

Then the miracle happened when she was in high school. She overheard two boys talking in the hall. One of them, a boy on whom she had a secret crush, told the other, "The thing I like best about Nicola is that she's so . . . so natural." That night as she examined her freckles, she smiled. They did make her look . . . natural.

When Nicola first appeared on the set for the screen test that won her a featured role in *The Power And The Prize*, the cameramen burst out laughing when they saw her. "Young lady," one of them said, "You're supposed to go to the make-up department before you show up here."

Actually, Nicola already had been to the make-up department and they had been just as surprised at her as the cameramen were. They didn't believe her hair was naturally red, and warned her that it might fall out if she continued dyeing it. Nicola had to show them the hair roots before they accepted the fact that red was her natural hair color.

They wanted to straighten her hair. She refused.

They wanted to cover her freckles with special make-up. She refused.

Remembering the compliment the boy in high school had paid her years before, Nicola insisted on no changes. She likes looking natural!

FEBRUARY BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday is this month, your flower is a violet and your birthstone is an amethyst! And your birthday might fall on the same day as your favorite movie star.

February 4—James Craig
 February 6—Gigi Perreau
 John Lund
 February 7—Keefe Braselle
 February 8—Jack Lemmon
 February 10—Robert Wagner
 February 11—Leslie Nielsen
 February 13—Kim Novak
 February 16—Vera-Ellen
 February 17—Carlos Rivas
 February 18—Jack Palance
 February 22—Guy Mitchell
 Robert Young
 February 27—Elizabeth Taylor
 February 29—Arthur Franz



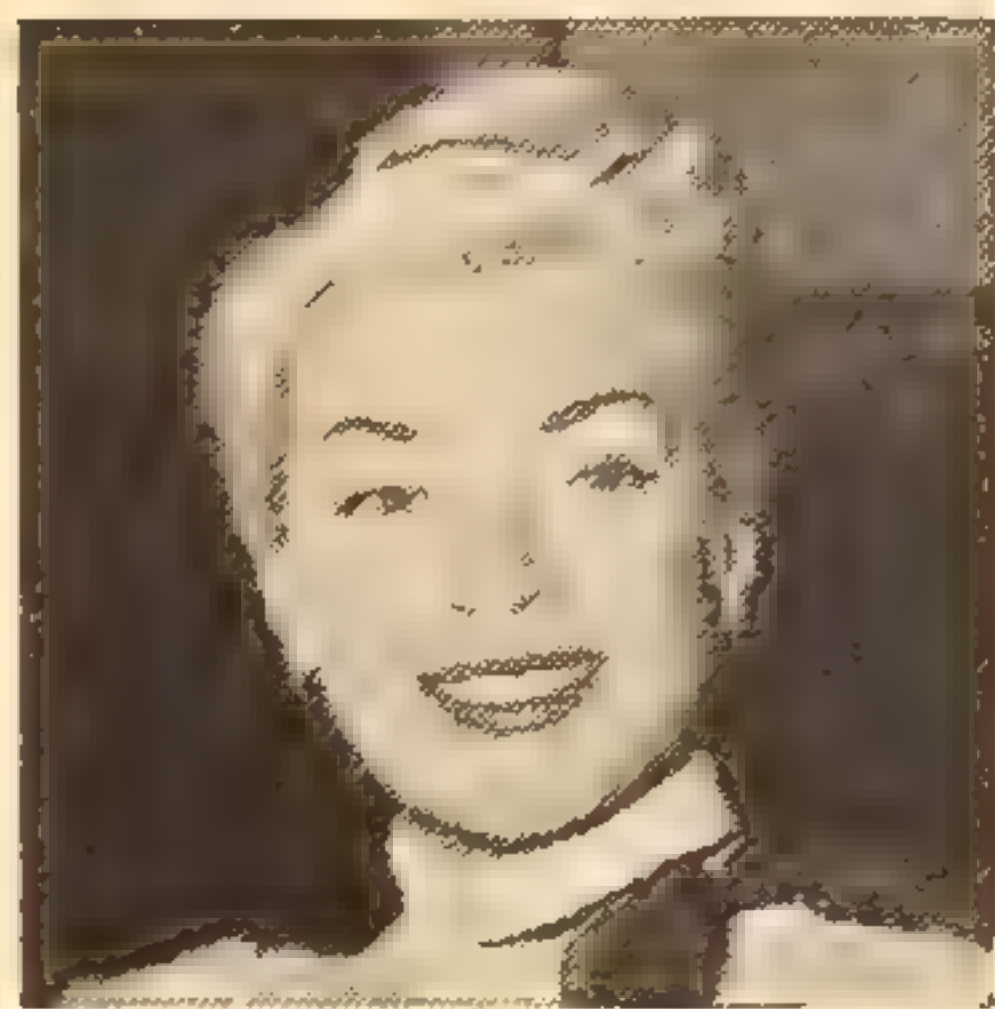
Clark Gable
February 1



Zsa Zsa Gabor
February 6



Ronald Reagan
February 6



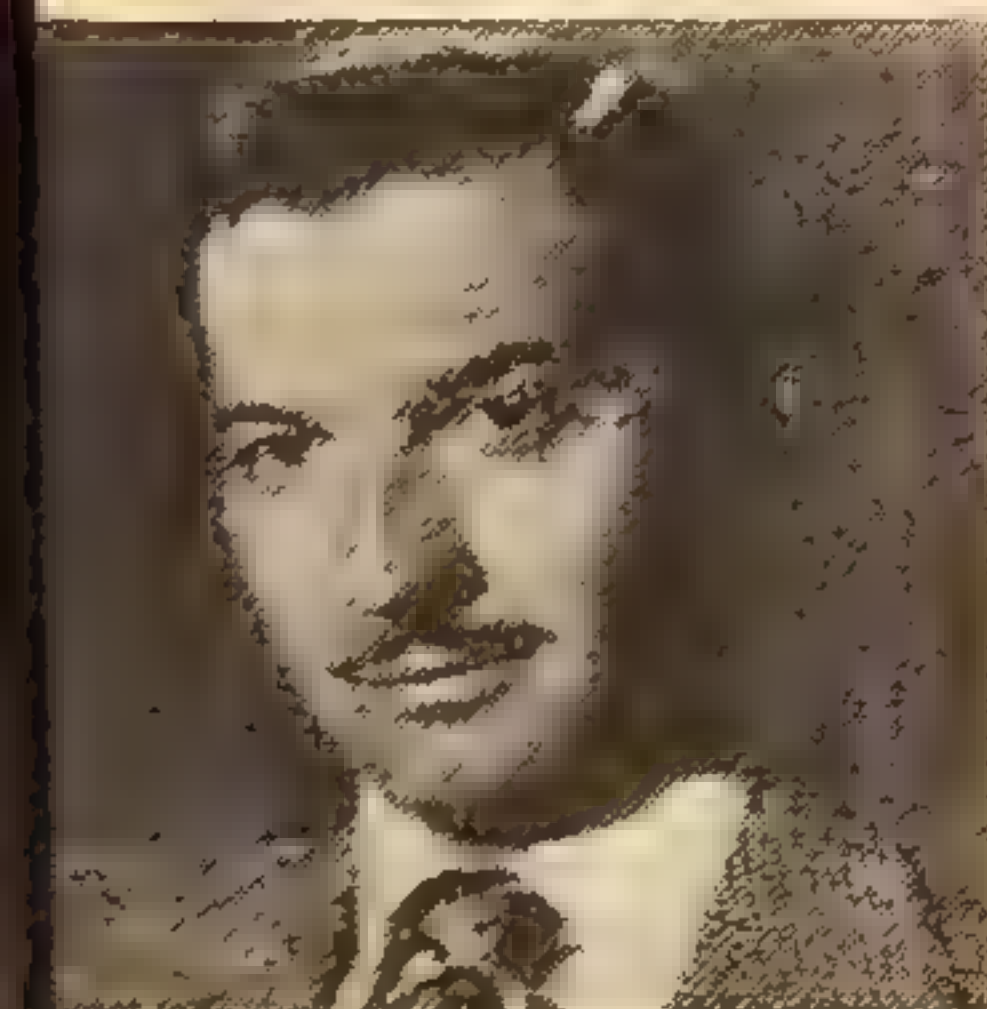
Lana Turner
February 8



Kathryn Grayson
February 9



Cesar Romero
February 15



Zachary Scott
February 21

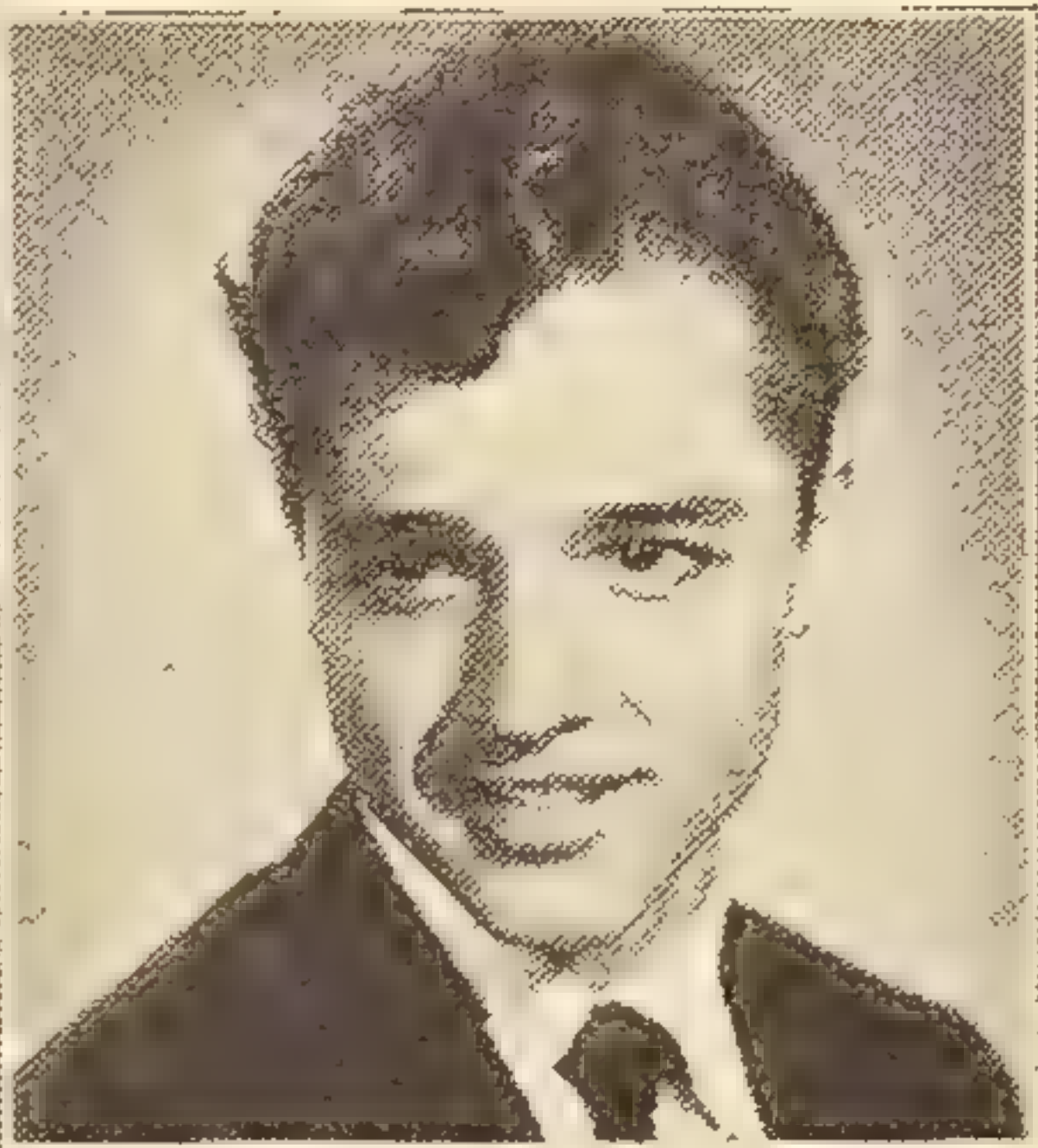


Joan Bennett
February 27


If you want to send your favorite stars a birthday card, write to them in care of their studio. If you're not certain which studio they are with, write the stars c/o SCREEN ACTORS GUILD, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California.

ROCK, PRETTY BABY • HOT ROD • KOOL KID • WHAT'S IT GONNA BE • JUKE BOX ROCK • LIGHT BLUE • DARK BLUE • KOOL KID • ROCK • THE MOST

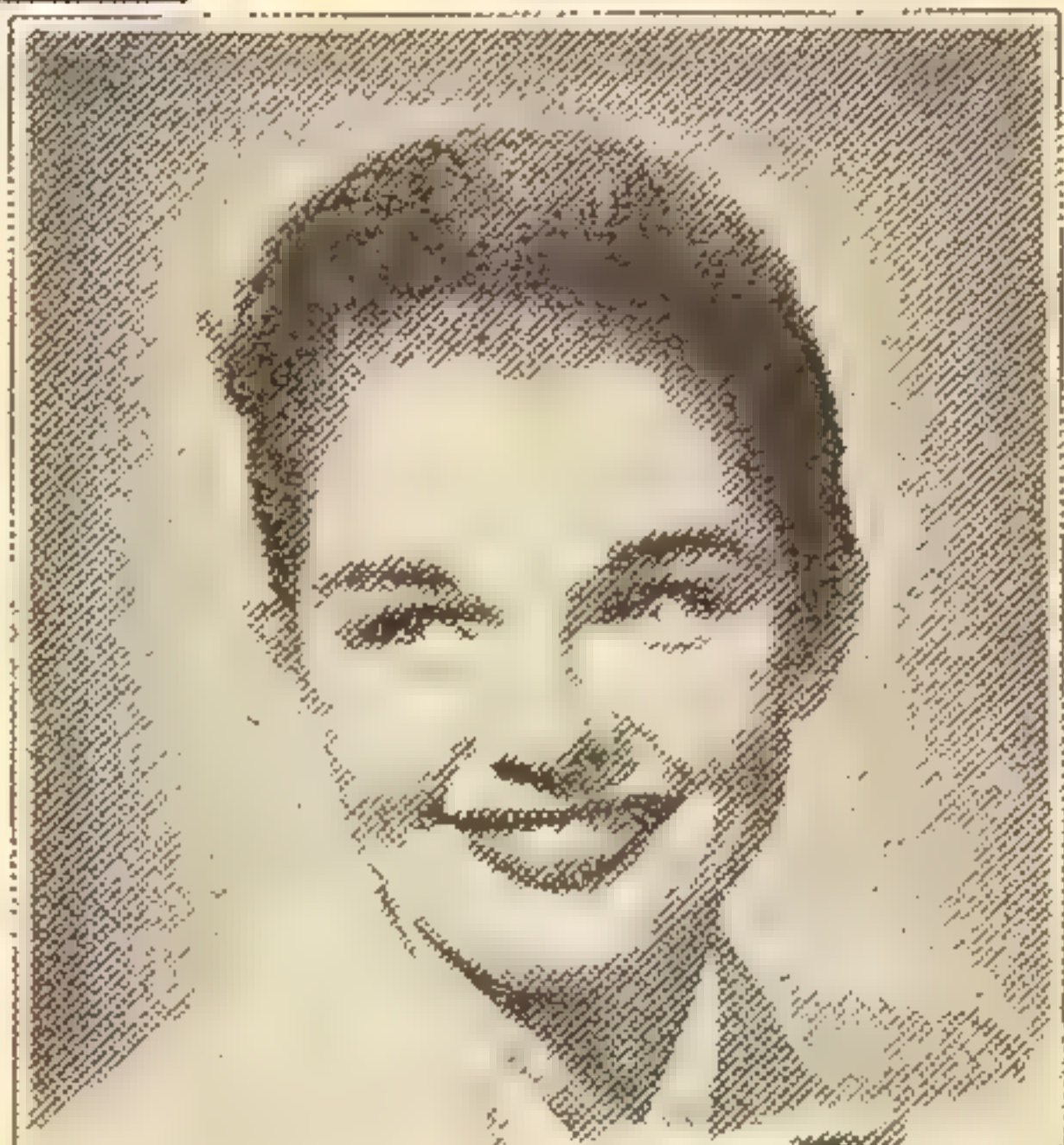
JUST LIKE THEIR MUSIC...
THEIR LIVES ARE
THEIR VERY OWN!



SAL MINEO
 ...as great as he was in "Rebel Without a Cause" and "Giant"!




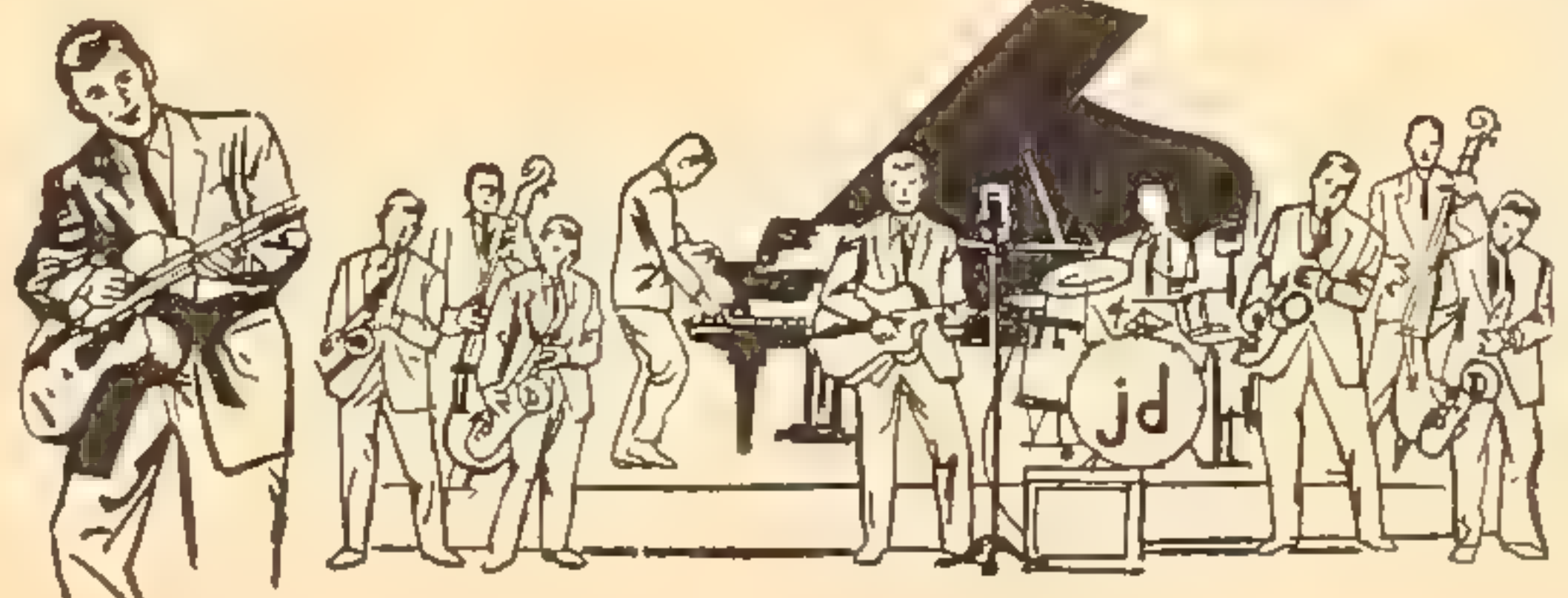

JOHN SAXON
 ...the sensational new star of "THE UNGUARDED MOMENT!"



LUANA PATTEN
 ...the year's brightest, most exciting new find!

The whole wonderful story of today's tempestuous teen-agers told the way they want it told... with all the excitement of rock and roll, with all the laughter and heartache of growing up!



A Universal International Picture starring

SAL MINEO • JOHN SAXON • LUANA PATTEN

with EDWARD C. PLATT • FAY WRAY • ROD McKUEN

Directed by RICHARD BARTLETT Written by HERBERT MARGOLIS and WILLIAM RAYNOR Produced by EDMOND CHEVIE

• CAN I STEAL A LITTLE LOVE • PICNIC BY THE SEA •

*Siobhan McKenna's snood . . .
Walter Winchell and the
'quack-quack' ; . . TV's
look-alikes . . . the Betty
Furness approach . . .*

TV TALK



Judy Garland feels best this way . . .



Right at home is lovely Marlene Dietrich.

Siobhan McKenna is one of the most tele-genic actresses in town. Although obviously not a raving beauty, as she'd be the first to say, she does look much prettier on the screen than on the street. She spends very little time in private life fixing herself up. She even goes out in the evening without a hint of make-up on her face. And of course she had to spend so many months keeping her hair the way she wore it in *Saint Joan*—it was kind of a soup-bowl cut—that she couldn't have looked glamorous if she'd wanted to. She was forced to wear all-enveloping snoods to hide the hair-do. Most effective on stage, it was a horror off. And she even had to shave some of her hairline. Siobhan, incidentally, does not usually talk with as much of an Irish accent as she did on *Person To Person*. . . . It's perfectly true that **Judy Garland** prefers being fat. She really does feel better when she's hefty—and she doesn't give a hoot what people say. . . . **Kim Stanley** has a new baby—her third—and a new apartment, this one up on Riverside Drive in New York. It's not the chic part of town, but Kim had to have a lot of room for herself and the children. She's separated from her husband, and she just plain couldn't afford seven rooms on the East Side. Not all stars live in splendor. Kim even has to use her oldest child's bathroom basin when she washes her hair because the plumbing in her own is just too old. She had her problems on vacation, too. She had planned for a long time to luxuriate in the New Mexico mountains last summer, and was all settled in a cabin looking forward to two months of DOING NOTHING when her doctor told her the altitude was bad for her and she had to leave immediately. . . . Speaking of babies, the **Walter Cronkites** are expecting their third, and Walter's hoping it will be a third girl. . . . **Jane Froman** is, as you know, very fond of elegant gowns. She also loves satins and laces in her home. Her bedroom, for instance, is just about as feminine as you can get: beautiful antique laces on her sheets and pillowcases even! One surprising thing about Jane that you'd never guess from all her poise in front of the cameras—she stutters, and very badly. She also has a phobia about telephones. She just hates to answer the phone, and stutters more when she's talking on it than at any other time. But the minute she's on stage, she can glide right through every sentence and every song. . . . Don't believe all the innuendoes you read about **Douglas Fairbanks Jr.** being snobbish or just too, too British. He is as pleasant, polite, and unassuming as anyone you'll ever meet. . . . **Pamela Garroway**, Dave's new wife, goes in for the Chinese motif in nearly all of her evening clothes. Her coats are

sweeping satins and brocades, often embroidered with Eastern designs. And her dark hair is usually pulled tightly back and up. One night she topped off the effect by a rhinestone cap that hardly covered anything except her center part! Very effective. . . . Some tv writers who work on serials have a cute little trick. If they don't care for a certain actor, they figure out plots and dialogues that leave him with little to do and less to say. They can't cut him out completely, of course—that's the producer's province—but they sure can cut his part down. . . . You remember when **Ed Sullivan** said his old enemy **Walter Winchell** was a "dead duck?" As you may know, Winchell then put ads in the trade press and ended them "Quack Quack"—just to prove he was far from dead, very much alive, and up in his tv ratings. Well, he also goes around town sounding like a live duck. Says "quack quack" all the time! He'll be having a conversation and suddenly he stops and quacks! Winchell, by the way, is very much like his arch rival Sullivan in one way: he, too, is the boss on his show. Neither one leaves much besides details to his staff. . . . Some stars look pretty much the same whenever you see them. **Marlene Dietrich**, for instance, *always* looks marvelous. Guess if she ever has a cold and a red nose, she just stays home and hides it, because she's never been seen out with one. Other personalities are more like you and me. **Buff Cobb**, for instance, looks like one person one day, an entirely different one the next. Some days she's chic and pert, and sometimes she very frankly needs a trip to the beauty parlor. She even bites all her lipstick off and forgets to put more on. . . . It seems strange, but **Terry Moore** and **Gale Storm** are look-alikes. . . . **Rosalind Russell** is not only the toast of the town because of her terrific performance in *Auntie Mame*, she's also the envy of every female in

the audience. Her clothes are just about the most dramatic ones ever seen on a stage—and there're so many of them! Roz has the figure to carry them off, too—lean and lanky. In person, and up close, she's much too thin—her shoulder blades almost jut out. But up on that stage she's a dress designer's dream. . . . **Noel Coward** nearly always has a fresh carnation in his buttonhole. . . . **Celeste Holm's** hair is now silvered, and some nights she dresses in all-silver outfits. It isn't youthful, but it's quite striking. . . . **Edward R. Murrow** prefers that no one know it, but it is well known in the trade that, when money is needed for an important cause, Ed's the first one to sit down and write a check. And not just for charity that comes off his income tax. . . . **Paul Douglas'** hair is almost red! . . . Some of the people who figure out what kind of commercials to put on the air are dead set against 'the **Betty Furness** approach'—hiring a pretty woman to spiel week after week. It's not that they don't think Betty has done a wonderful job with Westinghouse. She has. It's just that, if they hired a girl and then decided they didn't like her it would be too bad. Imagine the protests if Westinghouse fired Betty! Westinghouse is very happy to be stuck with Betty, but other companies are thinking twice before they let any one person do all their commercials. Betty, you know, also does a lot more for Westinghouse than spiel on tv. She travels all over the country talking to dealers and to customers. She not only tells the customers to buy, she tells the Westinghouse dealers what the customers want to buy. . . . **Barry Sullivan** is surprisingly tall, and almost gaunt-looking. . . . **Arlene Francis'** hair is quite a bit lighter than it was. It's a flattering shade of soft chestnut now, and she has a new stole that matches it exactly.



Under the hot lights, Terry Moore dreams on.



Douglas Fairbanks Jr. is not at all snobbish.



Unretouched photo of Mrs. Michyl Veach's hands. Only right hand was given Jergens care.

PROOF: JERGENS LOTION STOPS "DETERGENT HANDS"

You can SEE the difference!

This unretouched photo was taken — so you can see for yourself how well Jergens Lotion cares for hands.

447 women took this test*

They soaked both hands in a detergent three times a day. They applied Jergens to their *right* hands only. In a few days, their untreated left hands were rough and red. Their right hands, treated with Jergens, were soft and white. No other lotion similarly tested proved so effective.

Penetrates deep down!

Jergens doesn't just "glove" hands with a greasy film, but penetrates deep down where the hurt begins. That's why it's so much more effective than lotions that merely coat the skin. Stops chapping, weather damage, too!

Creamy—never sticky

Jergens Lotion feels luxurious on the skin...is instantly absorbed. No wonder more people use it than any other hand care in the world! And it's still only 10¢ to \$1.



* Notice to doctors and dermatologists—for a summary of test, write The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati, Ohio

Hollywood's favorite
**Lustre-Creme
Shampoo...**



Cream or Lotion

Yes, Elizabeth Taylor uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo. It's the favorite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!

It never dries your hair! Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with lanolin . . . foams into rich lather, even in hardest water . . . leaves hair so easy to manage.

It beautifies! For soft, bright, fragrantly clean hair—without special after-rinses—choose the shampoo of America's most glamorous women. Use the favorite of Hollywood movie stars—Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

Never Dries—
it Beautifies!

Elizabeth Taylor

co-starring in M-G-M's

RAINTREE COUNTY

Filmed in M-G-M Camera 65
and Color



ELVIS WINS!



Dear Voters,

Well, you've done it! And it's Elvis!

The votes flocked in—by the hundreds of thousands—and we all went a little crazy counting them. Things weren't made any easier, as far as the counting goes, by our own staff . . . they kept drifting through the counting room getting in everybody's way, trying to find out the latest in the Pat-Elvis election.

So what's surprising? We've got as many pro-Pat *versus* pro-Elvis fans here at MODERN SCREEN as you'll find gathered 'round any juke box.

On page 41 you'll find that full-page color portrait we promised—a full face and profile at the same time! But just to show you we want to give you what you want, and plenty of it, there's also a story about Elvis that *really* tells you what the guy is like. It's written by one of his closest friends—his number one fan, Judy Spreckels. And that's only the beginning, because next month we'll have the second installment from Judy telling more inside info on that *Memphis Flash*.

Now, frankly, when the votes were in and we gave the go-ahead on the Elvis picture and story, we felt a little funny. There was something bothering us, and we couldn't quite figure out what it was. Till it dawned. We were feeling a little conscience-stricken—because the vote has been so close that it didn't seem quite fair to just write Pat off, not with all the votes he got! So . . . look at our issue a couple of months from now, you Boone enthusiasts; you won't be disappointed!

Sincerely

Darrel Boyers

EDITOR

ARE BING AND

Read this story (which we just receive

KATHY SECRETLY WED?



from an inside source) and decide for yourself—

■ One version of the story is that the middle-aged, balding man in the blue jeans and the noisy shirt stood at the window looking out across the lawn of green shrubbery to the silver ripples on the lake beyond, but he didn't see any of it because his mind was on other matters. He was listening to the distant noises in the house—the shuffle of a woman's feet as she moved from room to room and back to a pair of open suitcases on the bed; to the quiet clatter of coat hangers being moved about on a rod and being dropped to the floor—and finally to the sharp snap of the locks on the suitcases as the job was done. Then there was a long period of silence. The sort of silence a woman always indulges in when she has packed as she said she would and she sits and thinks about the finality of what she has done.

The other guests—the chaperone guests—had purposely left the house, so Bing Crosby, the man at the window, and his long-time girl friend, Kathy Grant, were alone to share this parting.

Presently Kathy entered the living room and Bing busied himself banging the ashes from his pipe and refilling it. Kathy stood silently for a moment and then picked up her purse and gloves.

"I'd better be going, I guess," she said, "or I'll miss the plane."

Crosby was casual as always. "Sorry you have to run, honey," he said. "I'll see you in Hollywood."

"Good-bye, Bing," said Kathy.

"So long, honey," said Bing.

The girl left the room swiftly and there were noises again—of baggage being moved and steps on the walk outside and the slamming of a car door and the motor starting and the rubbery crunch of tires on gravel. Then there was silence again. And Crosby went back to the window and stared solemnly at the lake and sighed. It might have been regret, or it might have been relief, or a little of both—but he sighed.

Bing Crosby could look a long way out that window if he wanted to. The career years behind him are many. And they started not far from his Hayden Lake retreat. He was raised in that country and cut his teeth in show business up there. When he started as a college kid Hollywood was just a dream place, a factory town where they made serials and Saturday afternoon westerns. It was no place Harry Crosby would ever go. And when he sang with a group in a GONZAGA COLLEGE band it was for a couple of bucks, and not with an eye to making phonograph records as a career. Even when he left Washington and drifted through the midwest as the kid on the right in a trio, he never dreamed of anything more than saving up enough to go home and buy a cigar store or something. He knew he didn't have the voice for the wax platters or radio and he was positive he didn't have the face for flickers.

It was all an accident. Bing and his two singing partners got a job with a fellow named Gus Arnheim, who was playing at the *Coconut Grove* in the AMBASSADOR HOTEL in Los Angeles. And if you (*Continued on page 60*)

SEX



From the time she was jilted by her first beau to the present split-up with her husband, Diana Dors has found that...

Can be a handicap!

■ She measures 37½-24-35, the view is magnificent—even right up to the wide-eyed smile and the halo of honey colored hair—and even the conversation is surprisingly interesting . . . to those who let themselves concentrate on what Diana Dors is saying.

But she's like a 'poor little rich girl' who is rich only in money, not happiness—this woman who has all the attributes that a woman could have . . . all the physical beauty to get her a prince charming and live happily ever after.

Because Diana got her prince charming, but she isn't (at this writing) living happily ever after with him! Why not?

In Diana's own words, "Sex can be a handicap!"

Because—though Diana hasn't looked at any other man twice since she married handsome Dennis Hamilton, Dennis couldn't remember that. Just because no man can keep his eyes off Diana, that did *not* mean she had eyes for anyone but the man she married!

The break-up of her marriage is summed up in those five words—*sex can be a handicap*.

If you didn't know about her heartache over the broken marriage, this statement from shapely Diana Dors would seem startling, considering that her provocatively distributed 124 pounds have caused world-wide headlines ever since that Monroe-like calendar made her England's number one pin-up, earned her a town house in London, a fifteen-acre mansion on the Thames, a big estate in Beverly Hills, a Rolls Royce, a Lincoln Continental and movie contracts that should keep her in jewels and furs for the next ten years.

Which is all very nice, and Diana is the first to admit it: "The public isn't interested in geniuses. Good (Continued on page 71)"



It seemed as if Diana and Dennis should live happily ever after . . .

by PEER J. OPPENHEIMER



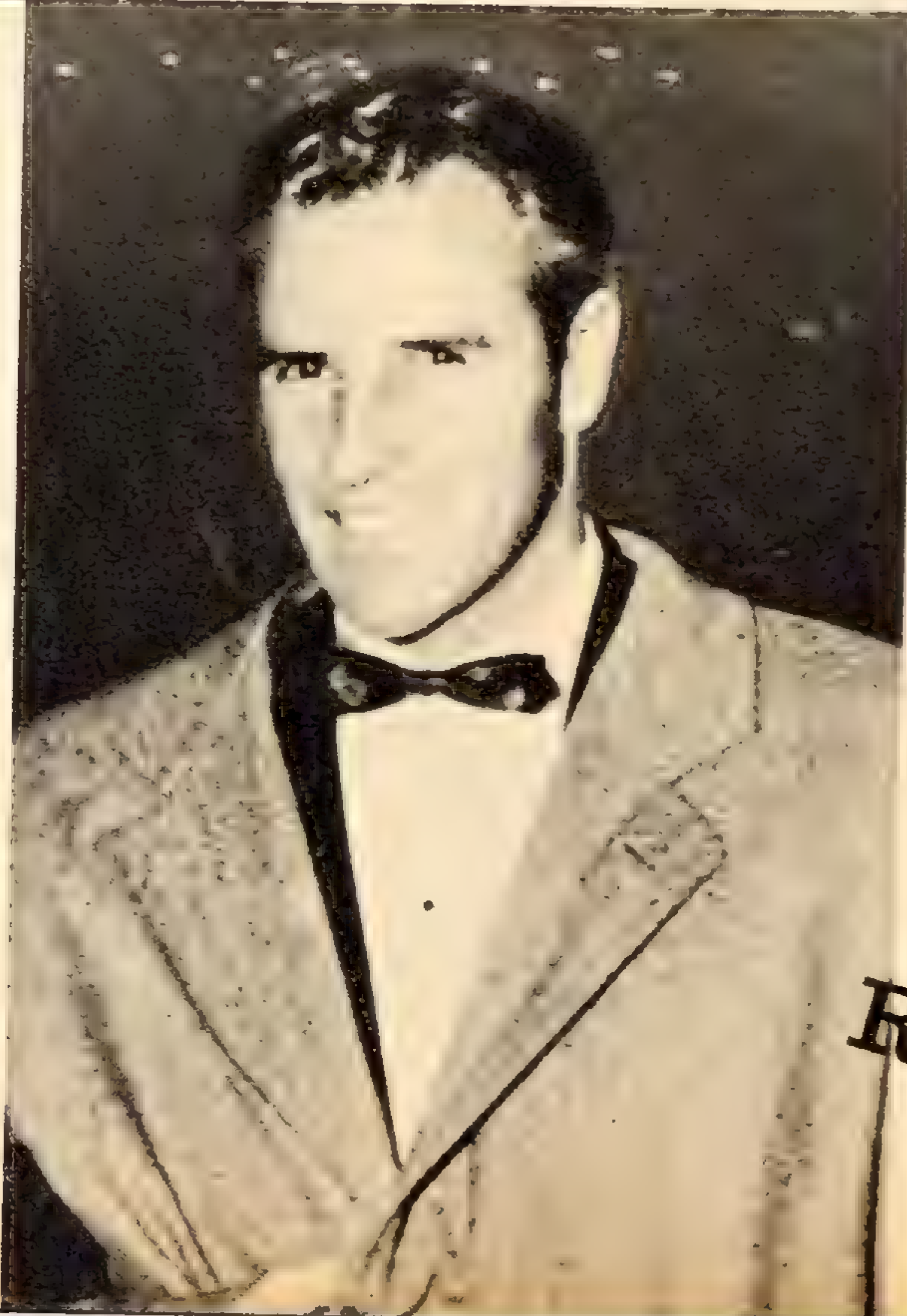




What I went
through trying
to handle
three men!
I was dating
Robbie. Nick was
arriving from
the coast on
Sunday. And
Mickey was due
back Monday!

Paul

Nick



Robbie



Mickey

MY LOVE LIFE

by Jayne Mansfield

as told to Dick Williams

■ It's important to any girl to be loved, but it's especially so for a girl with a career. I'm sensitive, affectionate and loving by nature and I just naturally couldn't exist without it.

My mother and stepfather—my father died when I was three—and my grandparents all lavished love on me as a child and since my youngest days I've had dogs and cats on which to lavish my extra affection. I have always loved children and animals.

I'm only twenty-three, but already life has brought me much love and, regrettably, some heart- (Continued on page 73)

ELVIS AND ME

PART I

by Judy Spreckels, HIS NO. 1 FAN



Elvis calls me "Sugar"—but there's nothing sweeter than listening to him. From the moment we met, it seemed like we had always known each other.

Through my close friendship with Elvis, I know the truth about him... facts that have never been revealed before

Elvis has a personal nickname for me—"Sugar." Of course, when there are strangers around, he always calls me "Mrs. Spreckels." He's ever so proper.

It's hard to say what someone else is really like, so I can only say what Elvis is like to me. Elvis and I are friends; we are good friends. We have fun when we're together and we understand each other, even though our backgrounds are as different as those of any two young people in the United States today could be.

When people ask Elvis about me, he says, "She's my number one fan. She's just like a sister to me." And that's how it is. I don't have a brother, and Elvis is an only child. If I did have a brother, I'd want him to be just like Elvis: handsome, talented, well-mannered and fun.

Not the least bit conceited.

I've followed Elvis' career when almost no one else had ever heard of him. The moment we met, it seemed like we had always known each other. Elvis just shook hands and said, "Hi. Pleased to meet you, ma'am. This here's my Cousin Gene."

Can El do without love?

Once when we were sitting around with a group at a dinner party, he seemed lost in thought, so I said to him, "Elvis, are you going to the movies this afternoon?"

He looked up quickly and asked, "What's the matter?" "Nothing," I said. "There must be something," he replied, "you called me 'Elvis.'" My nickname for him is "El," and that's what I usually call him. I assured him that I only called him "Elvis" to attract his attention away from his day dreaming. But I could tell that he was hurt. He wants everyone, young and old, to like him. He is extremely sensitive.

He's nervous when he comes off the stage, more nervous than when he goes on—because he wants so much for people to like him! If they don't absolutely tear down the house he feels like maybe he wasn't a success. That's why it was a difficult time for Elvis, his first days in Las Vegas. Minors are not allowed in the night clubs, naturally, only at the earlier shows. And Elvis had never worked before an entirely adult audience.

It was such a new experience working for people who only clapped enthusiastically instead of yelling and shouting. He kept repeating after he came off stage, "I don't think they like me, I just don't think they like me." I'd tell him it wasn't true. That adults don't show their appreciation in the same way that teenagers do. "They applaud the way adults do, instead of jumping. They called out numbers they wanted, and they came back night after night to see you—so they (Continued on page 42)



Does it bother Elvis when girls go wi



During an afternoon performance, this real gone fan . . . got carried away by the Memphis Flash. She swooned into an officer's arm

must like you—and not a 'teenager among them! And they ask for autographs for their children, and lots of people tell you they are from your home state. They like you, Elvis, they like you!" And he'd say, "I guess you're right, but you just don't know how it is when you hear those kids scream. Then I just *know* that they like me! It makes me feel so good!" "El, you might not always be playing for 'teenagers," I answered, "so you must learn how to perform for every type of audience, and do your best *every* time you're on." I don't want to give the idea in any of this that I was giving him advice he couldn't get

anywhere else. It's just that we were friends . . . are friends . . . and I'm familiar to an extent with show business.

Every afternoon during his stay in Las Vegas he'd say to me, "Are you going to be at ringside tonight?" And I'd say, "Sure." And he'd answer, "Well, you be sure because it makes me feel good when I see you sitting down there."

I said, "Elvis, you know I'll always be there, because I'm your Number One Fan."

But it wasn't until we'd been in Vegas nearly a week that he said, "You know, I guess they *do* like me, but it still bothers me that they don't show it so much." Every afternoon he'd still say, "Be sure you sit down there so I can see you."

Is El car crazy?

When people make cutting remarks about his having so many cars, it's because they don't understand. One of his cars is used by the boys in the group strictly for business, to travel to the show dates around the country. He has a pink and black sedan for family use. He recently bought an ivory *Eldorado* convertible. And a Lincoln Continental. Cars are his hobby and he's a careful driver. You're never nervous driving with him.

The only time Elvis ever drove fast that I know of was when four of us took a ride

in the desert one day. We drove down the highway, with Elvis at the wheel. Then Elvis saw a side road, turned on it, and suddenly it was as if we were in another world. There wasn't a living thing as far as the eye could see . . . no houses, no people, nothing but our car racing towards the mountains into the sunset. The four of us were alone, suspended in space. After awhile he began going faster. We all had safety belts on and no one thought about anything. Elvis didn't realize it, but he began to push the car faster and faster until we were really sailing. I looked at the people in the back and they seemed a bit disturbed, but no one said anything. I wasn't afraid. Elvis kept right on increasing speed until it seemed that we hardly touched the road. Then, after several miles, we saw a little group of houses ahead. Elvis slowed down. He stopped, looked at the houses, and said he wondered who lived there. "We don't have time to find out," someone replied, and so he turned around and we drove back at a leisurely pace, breathing in the desert air. It was a beautiful day.

As we approached the town of Las Vegas our way was blocked by a long freight train and we began to kid about whether or not it would pass in time for Elvis to get to the show. I don't think any of us will ever forget that day. I can't explain it, but this day seems like a dream that keeps

Contact! Elvis and his real-gone fan meet.



ver him?



... decided better she should look and listen—or maybe . . . get up on that stage and join her real-gone dreamy king of rock 'n' roll . . .

... beating itself. It is something the four of us will never forget, the time when we were young, happy, unafraid, racing to meet the sunset.

What makes El happy?

El remembers what it was like not being able to have what he wanted. Sometimes he thinks he's too generous. He doesn't realize the value of money because it's so new to him.

At an amusement park where we often go, Elvis and some of his friends would ride in the bumper cars. And when he found empty cars he'd look out and see the faces of kids who couldn't afford every ride. He'd say to the man, "Let 'em ride." He'd pay for all the tickets—not to make a big man, but because that's the way it is. He'd make friends of the kids and form teams, crashing into each other. He'd yell, "Hold it, man, here I come!" or he'd smack into somebody. I'd be black and blue. It's a rough sport riding bumper cars, and Elvis likes it. He says, "It's a game where everybody can think and win."

When Elvis is at an amusement park he's always the twenty-one-year-old fellow who knows how to have fun. In the rifle range he loves contests. He's a very good shot. I bet for a girl I'm better than average

because I've done a lot of shooting, which was why he liked to shoot with me. He also liked the machines that light up when you hit a target. On one machine, the best score was 40,000. He started with 10,000 and he kept at it until he hit forty and all the lights lit up. He spent dozens of nickels getting there!

Some afternoons we'd go to the movies instead of riding the bumper cars and shooting. We saw all the different movies. Not just westerns. After the movies we'd be hurrying back so Elvis could get ready for his evening performance. If the movie had one of our favorites, like Rod Steiger, we'd talk a long time about it.

How does El treat his parents?

Somebody said once in my hearing that El was a mama's boy. Well that just isn't true. El is devoted to his parents and I think it is a most admirable quality. He speaks to his parents almost every day by long distance. He tells them what's going on. There's nothing sickly sweet about his parents. He loves them, is proud of them and they're proud of him. And that's the way it should be.

He's done a lot for them, too. Bought them a beautiful home, a swimming pool, sees that they have everything. He feels

they have sacrificed a lot to give him opportunities. And I think that any mother could only be proud to have a son like that. Because his love for his parents is sincere and real and not put on, he doesn't rebel against parental authority. He understands his parents and they understand him.

Uninformed people say El is setting a bad example for the youth of America. I feel just the opposite. I think he sets a fine example.

I think people would be better off if they had sons and daughters as fine as El who



Elvis kisses best girl Mrs. Presley; Dad looks on.

Does Elvis have to wiggle?

didn't drink or smoke and who get fun out of the simple pleasures.

I've been to many of his shows and all that Elvis' singing has ever evoked is laughter and happiness. The screaming and jumping up and down, that's normal.

I've been to Memphis and Tupelo, Mississippi, and the people he grew up with, those from his home town, all spoke well of him.

He lives in a nice neighborhood in Memphis, near a golf course; his home is set back on a wide lawn; there's a puppy on the front lawn.

It's not a pretentious home, just attractive and comfortable.

Is El vulgar?

El's singing style is not an act with him. He feels the way he sings and sings the way he feels, and he's very hurt if anyone says he's vulgar.

He doesn't feel that he is and he's asked me, "Do you think I'm vulgar? Do you think what I do is bad?"

I told him I don't think so.

I've seen him when there was no audience to perform for, just a group of us,

and we all wiggled and jumped around and gyrated because it's that kind of music and it makes you feel good.

I've seen El in some shows where his movements could be interpreted as exaggerated, but I've never heard any 'teenager or any person in the audience say anything pertaining to the idea that the movements might be suggestive.

It surprised me so much to read that some people thought he was vulgar.

When people talk to me I ask if they have ever seen him perform.

Most of them admit that their opinions were formed from what they read.

The people who see him with thoughts in their own minds that don't coincide with the thoughts of the 'teenagers might think he's vulgar, but the 'teenagers have no such thought.

They are not looking for any of the immoral things.

All you have to do is watch the kids—they are happy, smiling, just having a good time and feeling the rhythm of his song. And what kid doesn't jump up and down?

They wouldn't be normal 'teenagers if they didn't, just as Elvis wouldn't be their kind of singer if he didn't rock 'n' roll his songs.



Go, man, go! go! go! go! go!

Elvis and Liberace may trade jackets, but there's no mistaking the one for t'other!



Is El mad for clothes?

Part of my duties was to see that Elvis appeared on time for the dinner show at eight and the late show at twelve. Just before the dinner show I'd drive up to the bungalow where Elvis and Cousin Gene were staying, and I'd hear the phonograph blaring. I'd give a toot and call out, "Come on, El, you're gonna be late!" He'd come around the corner all dressed up and say, "How do I look?" I'd say, "Fine, but do you think green socks go with a purple coat?" And I'd add, "Come on, El, just for me, some other socks."

"Aw, okay," he'd grumble as he went back to change.

Then he'd ask me in and he'd comb his hair.

He combs his hair a lot, not because he's conceited, but because he has a lot of hair and he likes it to look neat when he starts his performance at least.

One day he said to me, "Do you think I'm good looking?"

I walked around him and looked and said, "Wellllll, yes, *maybe*." He laughed and I told him to hurry up.

People ask why he wears such a large coat and trousers.

The answer to that is quite simple: he needs the room to move around in when he's playing the guitar and getting the rhythm of his songs!

Does Elvis need lots of girls?

Will El marry?

I guess that Elvis and I have discovered most every subject that is open for discussion, and not the least of these is girls. I've spent a lot of time talking about

so many girls just love Elvis. Elvis just loves girls. But sometimes it doesn't work too well. Sometimes El has said to me, "What am I gonna do? I already asked so-and-so, and then I forgot and asked so-and-so too." This would be in the afternoon and a little later in the evening he'd say, "Now I'm really in trouble. I've got a lot of girls now." And I'd wonder how he'd handle the situation.

Elvis needn't have worried.

Elvis would go to each one and talk to them. When it came time to go out I didn't notice him with him. I'd say, "I'm going to go out in the street to see a combo." He'd say, "Wait a minute," and he'd come back with three of the girls and we'd pile in my car and away we'd go.

I usually sat next to me because I knew a lot of the people and celebrities, and I'd tell him who they were when they came up. If the other girls objected they

never said so, so I guess they didn't mind.

The nice-mannered, quiet ones were the ones who were asked back again. Those who thought they were making time by taking over the conversation or moving in, so to speak, weren't. At the end of the evening, after we dropped off his dates, we'd talk about the girls and he'd ask what I thought . . . maybe how one girl had acted. Occasionally I'd volunteer my opinion when I thought one particular girl was extra nice or sincere. Elvis never said anything bad to anyone else about even the worst mannered of the girls. Sometimes he'd say, "Didn't little so-and-so look cute? She always looks so neat and pretty." El never devoted all his time to one girl—he's too busy to think about marriage or girls for any length of time. After all, he's only had one two-week vacation in over a year, and he moves from town to town so fast that about one day is all he gets with a girl. I guess you could call him a natural heart-breaker, although he doesn't try to be.

Between El and me there's never any nonsense like that. We're strictly business and laughs. El knows the boy I'm going to marry. They're both from the South, by the way, and when they get together I can't

understand a word out of either of them!

Elvis has said to me, "Sure I'm going to get married, when I find the right girl. But I'm young now. I have to prove myself for the people who have worked so hard for me. When I get married it's going to be forever and I want to be sure that I'm the right fellow for the right girl. In the meantime I'm going to go out with lots of girls. I'm going to play the field for a long time until I'm really sure, and after I've proven myself as an actor and can afford a wife—by that I mean give her a fine home and spend time with her—then I'll get married."

The truth of the matter is that El is not really terribly sure of himself when it comes to the behavior of a young man toward a young lady.

Towards me, I have no complaints. He's a perfect gentleman, although in public he treats me like I'm a hundred, holding out chairs and putting on my wraps. When we're alone with just Cousin Gene around, relaxing, singing, dancing, horse playing, cutting up . . . we're like kids.


JUDY TELLS MORE ABOUT ELVIS NEXT MONTH. DON'T MISS PART II.



Sometimes Elvis found himself with more than one date—and everybody has a good time.



Natalie was alone with Elvis to meet his folks.

Three women in black leotards are captured in dynamic dance poses against a light background. One woman is in the upper left, another in the lower left, and a third, larger figure is on the right side of the frame. The text 'What dancing can do' is overlaid in the center.

What dancing can do



**"Too many of us
use our bodies only
as shells within
which we crouch and
stew, instead of letting
them function as
they were designed,
letting them skip
and leap and twirl
until we fairly sing
inside with the
fun of it..."**

for you by Cyd Charisse



I can eat what I like, and my figure stays slender! I don't have to point out that life led in such an unhampered manner acquires a much richer flavor!

As any mother would be, I am naturally pleased when I go to a dress shop, or anywhere where I have to be fitted, and people comment about my slimness. And they ask, "How do you do it?"

My answer is always the same. "I just work." There should be no particular credit to me. My work is dancing. When I'm making a picture I start dancing at nine or nine-thirty in the morning and I keep it up until five in the evening. And believe me, that does it! But, let me also make it clear that it isn't necessary to really dance for seven or eight hours a day to attain all this. When I'm not in a picture I cut my dancing down to an hour or an hour and a half a day—and that's enough to do the trick. Many women, I feel, should give themselves this much time out of their day for dancing. The rewards are tremendous . . . much more important even than just those I have mentioned above.

Dancing lifts a person, emotionally as well as physically, to a new level of well-being . . . up where things flow smoother, and the events of the day don't jar. Professional dancers know that their personal problems can sometimes be 'danced away.' Why this should be is not clear but it works. It may be because nothing (Continued on page 76)

Confessions



by RORY CALHOUN

f an Expectant Father



Until Lita's third month I was sure my kid was avoiding me! He'd stop kicking every time Lita shouted "Rory, feel the baby." But I finally caught him at it. Since then, life for this pop-to-be has consisted of taking care of my favorite one-and-a-half people!

■ The first thing I did when Lita told me she was pregnant was let out a whoop of joy. The second thing I did was I went out and bought a king-size freezer. I decided I wasn't going chasing out in the middle of the night when my wife got a craving for a pickle. So I bought this freezer. Then I filled it. I got pickles, sweet, sour, and in-between. I got Italian peppers and fourteen flavors of ice cream, and two boxes of strawberries and three different shapes of sausages. I asked a guy on the movie set what did his wife like when she was pregnant, and he told me wild boar meat. It took me three weeks, but I located wild boar meat, bought a hunk, and put that in the freezer, too. Then I slept easy.

In her second month, Lita woke up in the middle of the night. "Honey," she whispered in my ear, "I've got a craving!"

I leapt out of bed, my chest swelling with pride. What will it be? Sausage? Pastrami? Maybe wild boar? "Tell me, sweetheart," I begged.

"Oh, Rory," she said. "I would just die for some dried apricots."

My mouth dropped. "Apricots?" I shouted. "Whoever heard of a pregnant woman wanting dried apricots?"

"Me!" she said, pleadingly. "And maybe some dried peaches and some dried pears—if it isn't too much trouble."

"No trouble at all," I muttered. Then I pulled on a pair of pants over my pajamas and drove thirty minutes in the middle of the night to the HOLLYWOOD RANCH MARKET, which stays open twenty-four hours a day, and bought dried peaches and pears and apricots. Then I drove thirty minutes home again, went up to the bedroom where my wife was by now sound asleep. Then I went downstairs with my dried apricots, and kicked that freezer till my big toe said "ouch."

But the next day I was up bright and early to go househunting. The place we've got is big enough for Lita and me—but it isn't big enough for a baby. This kid is going to have room.

We've got to expand. First of all, we need three bedrooms. One for us, one for the baby, and one for the junk I've been buying. Toys. Encyclopedias. Bicycles. Lita has a (Continued on page 79)

HOW NATALIE



AND OLDER MEN

■ If you're eighteen, and a Hollywood actress, it's not exactly like being eighteen.

Already you've got the Thunderbird, the pool, the ermine jacket. The 'phone rings every minute and the men who call are sometimes old enough to be your father.

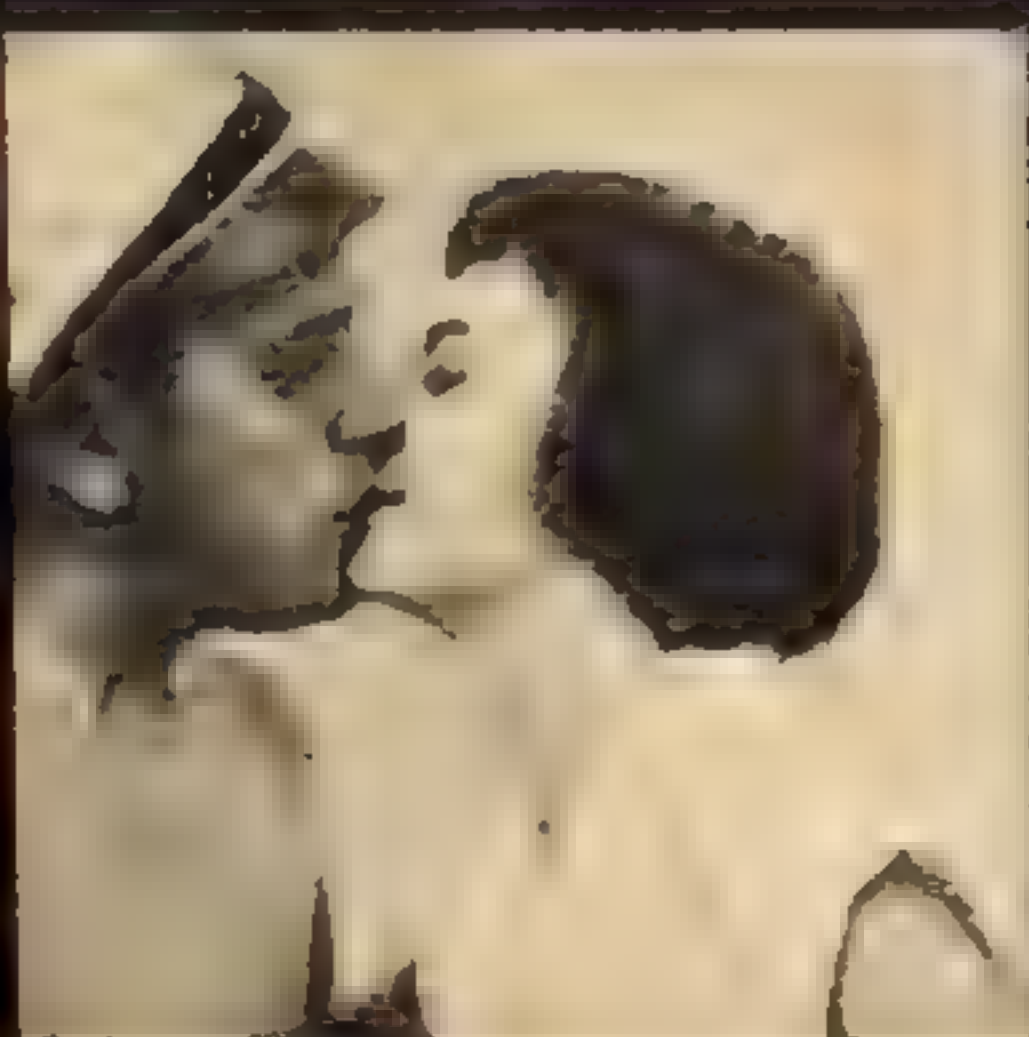
In Hollywood, there are temptations kids don't meet other places. Some young stars can't handle them. A Liz Taylor marries at eighteen, divorces at nineteen, cries herself to sleep because the dream ends so soon. But Natalie Wood is still fresh-eyed, with the ball just beginning. She can handle her job,

her fun, her men, with grace and judgment. In a way, it's a tribute to her family's teachings, in a way it's a tribute to her own good sense.

This, then, is a story about Natalie and men. Natalie likes men. Young men, and older ones. And men like Natalie. She alters to suit the occasion and the escort; she's sophisticated with a suave gentleman at a plushy premiere; she's rowdy with fellow 'teenagers at a beach party. And she's *always* alive, friendly, interested.

Now don't misunderstand. It's not that Natalie starts thinking, "He's such-and-such a type, and I'll act thus-and-

HANDLES BOYS



It's just that she's the kind of gal who has a dozen different sides to her personality. Being a sometimes-sad sometimes-glad, sometimes-bubbly sometimes-serious type of person, she attracts and is attracted to as wide a range of beaux as you could count on a couple hundred years. And being all these things, she actively knows just what to do to keep a wolf from her door—and ringing the phone!

That her romantic life so far hasn't entirely been bliss is an admitted truth. She's been hurt, and she's been scared. There was a boy she loved, and he lost it. That boy was Jimmy Dean. Once

there was a boy she nearly married, but the moment frightened them and they lost it. That was Nick Adams. Once there was "an understanding for the future" with actor Raymond Burr, but her head started talking caution. That romance collapsed under the weight of sheer carefulness: if you can put a love off for five years, you can put it off forever.

The simple fact is that Natalie's not ready for the grand passion yet. "I hate double dates," she'll announce. "What I like is to go out, just me and six men!" The more men, the more attention, the more she loves it. If Elvis Presley and

Nick Adams are *both* with her of an afternoon, that's twice as good as if she were alone with either. And as far as what you read about her being serious with either, well, serious is a word for later.

Or maybe serious is too painful to think about.

Recently she wrote an article which was serious, and it was painful to read. It dealt with Jimmy Dean, and it bared a very young heart. "I can't forget him," Natalie said, "and sometimes I wonder if I'll always have this feeling."

She remembered driving with Jimmy in his little (Continued on page 68)

Please, Ava, please—
Come home—
before it's too late!

■ Near the gates of Madrid, toward the northern desert, under the cloudless Spanish sky, is an oasis: there stand some pine trees and scrub trees and a few white houses. There too, hidden from view and surrounded by a huge iron fence, is a deserted house called *La Moraleja*. It can only be reached by going up the gravel road. It is shrouded in mystery. The Spanish call it 'the house of the witch' because the weathervane, a cast-iron witch on her broomstick, swings in the wind.

At first sight, it hardly seems a place of black magic. It is a sort of low hacienda built on the dunes. It looks something like a California ranch house. But inside, the Spanish wrought iron, the huge modern couches, and the details that are of no country and no time speak of great wealth and taste. And something slightly bizarre. Outside there are massive lawns, tiled terraces and French doors. All this belongs to a woman of beauty so extreme that it chills as it excites. Perhaps because of the witch-like weathervane, perhaps because of her strange life, the Spanish have nick-named Ava Gardner *La Sociere*—The Witch!

We remember Ava too well to be mystified by her. We remember her three miserable marriages and explain her wild extravagances not in terms of the supernatural, but as all too human. Three times her world has proved to be illusion. Is it any wonder she went all the way to Spain to search for reality? And how desperately she has searched!

There is no one in Spain who doesn't know of the weird occurrence in Majorca. On that rocky island, on a winding road a thousand feet above the sea, Ava drove her huge Cadillac like the angel of death, and all things living, day after day, fled before it. (Continued on page 67)



A familiar figure at Spanish bullfights, Ava was said by many to be in love with Luis Dominguin (top). Others said this famous bullfighter was only her friend and the man she really loved was Mario Cabre (middle), the matador-poet who had written her sonnets and has killed bulls in her honor. Ava, however, says little. Talking with U. S. Ambassador John Davis Lodge (above photo) Ava may well be discussing her plans to return to the country she left in order to forget her sorrows.

What a
difference
a son
makes!

or how



Fray, the Charmer

changed



Chuck, the Quiet One

by me



Lydia (who adores them both)



November 8th, 1956, will always be an important evening for me. That was the night *The Ten Commandments* had its world premiere at the CRITERION THEATRE in New York and I know how much the evening meant to Chuck. He'd invested three whole years of his time, his thoughts and his energy playing Moses, and when the congratulations came his way, he accepted them with a lift of the eyebrow and a smile, the surprised expression his face wears when he's teased. But his day was made when one of our friends teased, "Fraser's great as the infant Moses. And he's got screen credit too, no less. Watch

out, boy! Competition in the family." Chuck squared his shoulders back the way he does when he's tickled to death, and his eyes lit up the way they always do whenever anyone mentions the baby. "Fraser's a heck of a trouper!"

Chuck and I had been thrilled when Mr. DeMille said, "If the baby gets here in time, I'd like him to play the infant Moses." The baby arrived in February, 1955, and in the picture you'll see the way he looked when he was six weeks old. The comment was enough to start Chuck on his favorite subject these days, Fray. He's always telling our friends what a

terrific ham that child of ours is, and how he'll imitate every one he sees—holding a cup the way I do, flipping a cigarette nonchalantly into an ash-tray the way a guest might, playing with keys the way Chuck does.

Chuck adores the baby. When he gets home from the studio, his greatest joy is a workout with Fray. "Want to go for a walk, old man?" he'll say, and that's Fray's signal. Chuck holds him by the hands, and he steps on Chuck's feet, then up his legs, clambers up his body, and lands on his shoulders. One of our friends was watching Chuck and Fray go through these gym- (Continued on page 77)

the man:
CLIFF ROBERTSON



the scene:
GREENWICH VILLAGE
near the WATERFRONT



the plot:
**THE
STRUGGLE
TO
GROW
UP**



■ Cliff Robertson is an actor who wears good flannels and beautifully built jackets and talks the language 'as she was meant to be spoke.' But if you want to reach him in New York the number he answers is in the cheap little pad he keeps in Greenwich Village and calls 'home.' In Hollywood he lives in Jimmy Dean's old, sparsely-furnished place.

Cliff Robertson is the actor everybody started talking about when he played the rich man's son in *Picnic*.

He's the guy who started out at the end of his junior year at High to find his place in the world, and found out why he's the way he is—a man who could afford almost anything, but lives a life dedicated to his work, to his friends, and to being a man.

He was sixteen-and-a-half, and had twenty bucks, his Grandma's permission—he was orphaned at two—and a one-way bus ticket for Dallas' summer theatre. He stopped off in a town in New Mexico for lunch, discovered a gaming table, and lost the twenty dollars. By that time the bus had gone on, so he cashed the rest of his ticket, lost that money, and walked out of the joint with twenty cents to his name, which was mud.

"And I was scared," Cliff said. "Really scared, for the first time in my life. After all Grandma had done for me, and after all my boasting, I *couldn't* appeal to her. And then I remembered Emmett Blake."

Emmett Blake was the boy next door when they were both nine, that age when blood brotherhoods are sealed with triple oaths and sometimes, too, in actual blood. Well, not much of it—a scratch on the wrist, swearing of eternal friendship, and burying the contract deep in the sand.

But when Cliff and Emmett went their separate ways that evening there was a new seriousness about each, an awareness of a lifelong contract entered into and to be abided by, come hell or high water. . . .

"I remembered that day, the day we'd promised to be lifelong buddies and true friends. I had his address in Maryland, where he had a newspaper job. Would he come through for me, after all these years?"

Cliff took the chance. He wired Emmett collect, asking for a loan, then bought a bunch of carrots with the twenty cents and settled down to wait . . . and wait. "I slept in a freight jungle that night, and finished the last carrot the next afternoon. Without much hope left, I dropped by the Western Union office one last time—and the money was there."

He'd grown out of adolescence in a limited way a few weeks before, during one long sleepless night when he knew he couldn't let his grandmother support him anymore, that he must make his own way as a man, starting with Dallas. Now he had learned, through Emmett's action, a second great lesson on the road to adulthood—that a man, however independent, (Continued on page 82)



Roger Prigent

PRETTY RESOLUTIONS

■ Beauty care can be full of new excitement even though it is surely a must routine. There are always new tricks of beauty, new creams, lotions and make-up that not only do wonders for that glamour look, but are also fun to experiment with. So top your resolution list with brand new ideas about the care of you—your face, your hair, your body. Yes—even your feet. Lovely Shirley Jones, 20th star says, "I always put my beauty resolutions at the top of my list because a career girl must always put her best foot forward. I believe when a girl looks her best and is perfectly groomed she feels her best and therefore presents herself to the best advantage. Somehow even duties and responsibilities are accomplished more easily. As for date times—well that glamour look is just a must."

"Eye and lip make-up are considered to be of top importance. True, they really are. But eyes and lips should never be stressed to the neglect of skin care and make-up."
 "Remember that old adage that a clean and healthy skin is a beautiful skin. Make-up preparations just seem to breeze on when your skin is fresh and clean. True, the make-up will give you even more radiance and beauty—particularly when you use a foundation cream or lotion and powder (or, a combination foundation and powder). Be sure your preparations are not only new and fresh, but also chosen in the smartest fashion colors. The wonderful blush tones are my favorites—pale or vivid. Eye make-up color should be chosen for your particular eye coloring. I prefer blue mascara and eye shadow. I wear my lipstick lighter for daytime—brilliant for evening."

"My second resolution! My hair, of course. It should really be included with the care of the face because a beautiful face and unkempt hair is just no go! First rule is clean shining hair. Frequent washings do the trick with prepared shampoos and special rinses, creams and lotions for softening—sprays for taming unruly locks. A new style for the New Year. One that is not only becoming but so feminine."

"The third resolution—my figure. We all work all the time on diets and exercise to keep our bodies lithe and slim but a new resolution now and then is really good business. I use a softening cream or lotion on my body just as I do on my hands. Cold weather dries the skin and unless you do take care of it regularly it becomes rough and course."

"My fourth and last resolution. My feet! I care for my feet and toenails just as meticulously as I do my hands and fingernails—I always match my toenail (and fingernail) polish to my lipstick color. A career girl is on her feet many hours of the day and night. She has to wear beautiful shoes for dress-up, of course. This means that her feet must not only be relaxed and comfortable for the hours of work, but also they must always be as beautiful as her loveliest shoes and sheerest stockings."

Here are a few basic rules on foot care from the famous foot specialist, Dr. Scholl. Have your shoes fitted properly, wear high heels for dress-up only, alternate your shoes daily, keep your feet clean, keep your toenails trimmed and smoothed.



Arley Jones says "You should groom your skin in the wintertime just as carefully as you do in the summer."



Cleans your skin deeper for a new kind of radiance

New Jergens Deep Cleanser deep cleans your skin—searches out clogging dirt and make-up . . . to reveal the clean, clear sparkle of your true complexion



It starts out with a feeling of instant luxury flowing from your fingertips to your face. Reaching deep . . . deep . . . deep . . . so gently . . . but so insistently.

And suddenly . . . deep, beauty-clogging grime and stubborn make-up are gone. Your face feels as if it had a new kind of clear, clean, almost sparkling radiance. And it does.

Reason: there are 4 times as many cleansing ingredients in new Jergens Deep Cleanser as in traditional cleansing creams. And each is a recognized skin softener as well.

Do you wonder that Jergens Deep Cleanser was preferred 2 to 1 in a recent hidden-name test among hundreds of women? Try it. You love it, too . . . or double your money back. Just **39c** and **69c** plus tax.

are bing and kathy secretly wed?

(Continued from page 29) know this territory you're aware that Los Angeles is as far from Hollywood as at least Kansas City. But there was a lad in the trio named Harry Barris who liked to write songs, sort of torch songs, the kind that couldn't be sung by a trio. And Bing began singing them to plug them. Pretty soon the *Grove* began to fill up nights. The café was on the air about fifteen minutes a night and before long wherever you went in Los Angeles you'd hear the radio tuned in to the program. Every woman in town wanted to hear the new young fellow at the *Grove* sing "I Surrender Dear," or "When The Blue Of The Night."

There is no question about Bing Crosby's disregard of fame during those days. He was really as casual then as he appears to be now. He showed up at the club most nights and sang his songs for his miserable pay and then cut out. He got used to the women at the ringside and paid little attention to them. His best friend was his bootlegger. He sang and he laughed and he belted the stuff flavored with the juice of the juniper—and he cared for nothing else. Until the night that Dixie Lee came in.

Blonde, cool and elegant

They tell a story about that meeting. The women were so mad for Crosby that he used to think about getting an iron tuxedo, but he never gave them a tumble. They were customers, good only for stretching out a booking. The night he sang for Dixie Lee it was different. She was doing well at the old Fox Studio and making something of a name for herself. But that didn't matter. The way she looked did. She was blonde and cool and elegant, with a figure that threatened not to quit. Bing saw her at a ringside table and when the show was over he trucked out front for a change and dropped by the table. He got an introduction from her escort. Bing was more than brash. After a few minutes of conversation he took her hand.

"Look, honey," he said, "I've got to run back and do my chores now. Why don't you give me a call some time?"

Dixie took back her hand and looked him over good. "Listen, mister," she said, "as long as I live I'll never give you a call."

And the way the tale goes, they were married for many years and never once did Dixie Lee Crosby ever call Bing Crosby on the telephone.

An outline of faults

But she did give him ambition. He was in love with her and couldn't understand why she didn't fall right over in a faint. It wasn't because he thought he was handsome, talented devil; it was just that all women who heard him sing did. Dixie gave him trouble. When he asked why she didn't care for him she outlined her faults. In the first place he drank too much. He had no initiative. He seemed content with being just a saloon singer. And she was soooo busy. Bing began taking care of all these matters. He took coffee between shows. He kept Dixie busy on the phone himself that everybody else tore up her phone number account of the busy signals. And he went to his businessman brother, Everett, and suggested they do something about getting him to play the PALACE or something.

And then Dixie married him. There was a week or so after the wedding when things were touch and go. Bing slid a Dixie put on her going-away hat—a Bing reversed his field. And never again did he slide for far or long. He's taken a drink since and he's goofed a day or two but when Dixie and Everett pointed out the road—he travelled it.

In the late twenties fame hit Harry Crosby like a bar towel gets a drinker fly. He'd been signed to sing for fifteen

\$100 FOR YOU!

Fill in the form below as soon as you've read all the stories in this issue. Then mail it to us right away because each of the following readers will get \$10—the one who sends us the first questionnaire we open; the 100th; the 200th; the 400th; the 600th; the 800th; the 1000th; the 1500th; the 2000th; the 3000th. Get it? For example, if yours is the 1000th we open, what do you get? Why, \$10 of course!

Please check the space to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKE BING CROSBY:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say

I LIKE KATHY GRANT:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

2. I LIKE DIANA DORS:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

3. I LIKE BARBARA STANWYCK:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot

☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

4. I LIKE ROBERT WAGNER:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

5. I LIKE JAYNE MANSFIELD:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

6. I LIKE ELVIS PRESLEY:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

7. I LIKE CYD CHARISSE:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

8. I LIKE RORY CALHOUN:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

9. I LIKE NATALIE WOOD:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

10. I LIKE AVA GARDNER:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

11. I LIKE CHARLTON HESTON:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

12. I LIKE CLIFF ROBERTSON:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

13. I READ

☐ all of Louella Parsons In Hollywood
☐ part ☐ none

14. Which male and female stars do you want to read about? Please indicate your preference at the right by writing your first choice next to (1), your second choice next to (2) and your third choice next to (3).

(1) _____ MALE
(2) _____ MALE
(3) _____ MALE

(1) _____ FEMALE
(2) _____ FEMALE
(3) _____ FEMALE

AGE NAME ADDRESS
..... CITY STATE

Mail To: READER POLL DEPARTMENT, MODERN SCREEN, Box 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

MODERN SCREEN POLL PRIZE WINNERS FOR NOVEMBER

Caroline Bitro, New York City; Maria Donato, New York City; Danny Inman, Fort Worth, Texas; Mrs. Malesa, Buffalo, N. Y.; Bernice Schroeder, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Donald Wastreich, Medford, Wis.; Mrs. I. Oquindo, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Helene Kavetschanky, Chicago, Ill.; Ruby Cockrell, Mission, Tex.; Frances Como, New York City.

minutes a night on the radio for CREMO CIGARS from New York. He made the trek full of misgivings. It was all right with the other lads backing him up but he'd never done a single before and he was scared. But from the first night that he unveiled the plea for the blue of the night to meet the gold of the day—from the radio towers all across the country—he was a star. The very next morning he had more offers to sing in public than any singer ever had before. Mack Sennett, then a reigning movie mogul, got on the phone to his Manhattan office.

"Get that guy," he said, "I want him for pictures."

"You must be nuts—SIR," said his New York man, "he's got ears like a goose in flight and he looks like a sad, fat mouse."

"Who asked you?" said Sennett. "We got talkies now and he can sing. And he's got such sex appeal that if he was a girl I'd tell you to ask him to marry me."

Dixie and four sons

Bing Crosby came back to Hollywood after his radio season with a couple of suitcases full of misgivings. But the money was fabulous and he could be with Dixie, who was still at Fox. He never left. As a matter of fact, he let his money ride and at this point people will tell you he owns the town. There is no question about his wealth or his fame. He has long ago stopped caring about either.

That was all many years ago. There were four sons. And Dixie died. There were years when you could have gotten bets that Bing and his wife didn't care a fig about each other. They were apart a lot, but the family was always pretty much together in heart. And if you saw the photographs of Bing's face at her funeral services you know he never really wavered. And after she died, Bing lived in the big house in Holmby Hills with his sons, until one by one they left for school or the army and he was pretty much alone. Columnists were always speculating on if or whom the rich widower would marry, on the basis that a man at fifty-odd is in his prime, and only half a man without a woman. But if he looked at women at all it was with the eyes of a man who had been robbed and was not interested in replacing the property.

And then at PARAMOUNT, a couple of years or so ago, he saw Kathy Grant.

Texas beauty

To understand the relationship between Bing Crosby and Kathy Grant you've got to know the girl. She was born Kathryn Grandstaff in Houston, Texas, twenty-four years ago, and she's been a beauty contest winner since she was in rompers. She was a cute kid until she got into high school, and then she began budding in all directions at once and became a W-O-W type. Not at heart, though. She had the dowdiness but not the nature to go with them, and even though she was chosen everything but *Miss Flash Flood* her heart wasn't in the bathing-suit business. But she was sultry in a Texas sort of way . . . and so well qualified for beauty contests that even if she hadn't entered, as long as she was in the county she got the nod. Like a crooner who used to work at the Coconut Grove a few decades ago, she didn't care much but she appeared destined for some sort of fame.

Naturally she eventually came to Hollywood and decided she'd like to be a serious actress. In a town where pulchritude as common as blonde hair Kathy didn't create anything of a stir. Film Town was overstocked with what the Texans liked, which was all right with Kathy. She got a little job here and there—and professionally, that's the way it has been with her ever since. The only thing that happened

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ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA

of any consequence was that one day she tested for a part in a picture at PARAMOUNT. She didn't get the role, but she was signed to a term starlet contract.

Stage nine and Kathy Grant

The street that houses the star dressing rooms at PARAMOUNT is a block long and an architectural monstrosity. Each dressing room is a different design, reflecting the taste of stars who have had them built over many years. One looks like a dressing room-office combination. It's belonged to Bing Crosby for twenty years. The facade is plain, with an always-closed Venetian blind covering a large picture window . . . and there's a narrow door that's always open. One of Crosby's favorite relaxations is standing in the doorway watching all the folks go by. And one day Kathy Grant walked by.

She stepped out of the administration building and started across the parking lot and toward the dressing rooms. Bing's eyes picked her up there. He was talking to an agent but he stopped. Kathy maneuvered through the cars and quick-stepped up dressing room row on the opposite side of the street. Bing's head swung in an arc as she passed, but if Kathy saw him she paid no heed. When she was out of sight around the corner of a building, Bing went back to the agent.

"Who was that?" he asked.

"A new kid," said the agent. "Kathy Grant. From Texas."

"She looks it," said Bing. "Where's she going?"

"She's working on Stage Nine."

"She should be," said Bing. "Well, see you later."

He slapped the agent on the back and turned into the dressing room where a couple of men were working at a desk.

"I think I'll take a walk," he said.

"Where will you be if we need you?" asked one of the men.

"Stage Nine," said Crosby.

It was a pretty crowded set. Crosby, pipe in mouth and the hat with a feather in it crooked on his head, strolled over to a vantage point beside the camera. He nodded to a few people and leaned against a platform that was beside a chair in which the girl from Texas was sitting. Neither seemed to pay any attention to the other. There was silence while a take was made and an actor bumped into a chair and spoiled the shot. Talk resumed and Bing turned to the girl.

"This is a dangerous business," he said.

Kathy Grant laughed. "I guess it is."

"By the way," said Bing, "my name's Crosby. I'm an old employee here."

"How do you do," said Kathy. "I'm Kathy Grant."

"Well, that's enough small talk," said Bing. "Now let's decide where we're going to have dinner tonight."

"Tonight?" said Kathy.

"Okay, if you're that eager," Bing smiled, "we'll make it lunch."

Not an average date

If the average man meets a girl and likes her and makes a date with her he trots around to her house about seven o'clock with a corsage under his arm, rings the bell and then takes her to the fanciest restaurant in town and maybe gives the head waiter a couple of bucks for a ringside table. But Bing Crosby reads the newspapers and he knows the score. He knew that the first time he appeared in public with Kathy Grant he'd get the works. He'd be reading how the still grieving widower had fallen in love. (In six hours?) He knew they'd tell again about the money and revive all the legends. So Bing operates differently. He called up a pal of his who had been recently married.

"Hey," he said, "I got me a date. What's for supper?"

And most of the courtship was like that. Bing and Kathy Grant met secretly and in the privacy of friends' homes. His kids liked her right away, so she spent a good deal of time in the Holmby Hills mansion. And when Bing went to Pebble Beach or Hayden Lake or to his ranch in Nevada, Kathy generally went along or showed up. Chaperoning was no problem because Bing always travels with a covey of business and social connections.

And that's the way it was for two years. Who's to say when love came? But it did. It must have. On Bing's part they say it was at first sight, and we believe it, because he was constant with Kathy from that first day on Stage Nine. As for Kathy, it had to be. She gave up a lot for Bing. She never wanted to be a contest cutie but she really did want to be an actress and she gave up a lot of parts and opportunities to be with Bing. When she wasn't by his side she was at the other

What does a guy want

his date to be like?

sal mineo tells all

—with pictures—

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luscious kim novak on

the cover.

end of the telephone with her bag packed. It was love all right—and mutual.

The gap of uncertainty

According to the way they tell it marriage was decided upon within the first six months. But there were problems. The main one was the difference in their religions. Bing has always been a devout Catholic and had raised his children in the faith. Kathy was a Protestant. Bing would not marry out of the church, so for a year Kathy took instructions in the Catholic religion—for a long time secretly. When she had accepted the religion as her own Bing began to worry about the kids. He decided that Kathy was a little too young maybe to bring home to mother a couple of 'teenagers, so he suggested they wait until the kids were on their own. And when that day came there was a gap of uncertainty.

What happened when that uncomfortable period of uncertainty passed no man can prove exactly, except Bing, Kathy and possibly a few very intimate friends who won't even discuss the matter. But suddenly there was a rash of press service speculations from Hayden Lake stating that Bing and Kathy had applied for a marriage license. When Bing could be reached for a comment—which was seldom—he replied in typical Crosby double-talk.

"Mr. Crosby," asked a reporter, "is it true that you have applied for a license to

marry Kathy Grant?"

"Don't you think I'm a little old for another round?" Bing replied.

It was like that for several days. When the story hit the gossip columns the issue really became confused. And from a source we value there came to us the story of the parting at Hayden Lake. The told us it was because of a quarrel that couldn't be reconciled. Possibly because Kathy didn't want to wait anymore and Bing didn't like to be pushed. And the gave us the details. Kathy packing alone in the silent house with Bing looking out the big window not wanting to think about what was happening. And then the step on the walk and the car whisking Kathy Grant out of a middle-aged man's life. And Bing cracking up in his quiet way when she was gone.

The happier version

That's one version of the story. But some tell it another way—with a happier ending—and we got the other version from sources as close to Crosby as anyone can get.

The scene is also Hayden Lake, early this past summer. Early one morning an official came to the door with a brief case and was ushered inside to where Bing, Kathy and a couple of friends were sitting. Opening his briefcase, the official began asking questions and filling in the spaces on a marriage license. When it was finished he said, "Sign here, please," and Bing and Kathy signed. He took his leave and when he got back to his office he buried the copies in a file.

That afternoon, according to our happy ending, Bing dressed and walked into the living room where a priest stood beside Kathy and the witnesses. He took his place at the girl's side. The marriage ceremony of the Catholic Church was read and in the proper sequence Harry Lillis Crosby and Kathryn Grandstaff said "I do" and knelt for a solemn benediction. They rose as Mr. and Mrs. Crosby.

Mum's the word

Of course, then, the parting had to be different. The woman sang as she packed and the man sat on the edge of the bed and watched her with happiness in his eyes. Her steps were quick with excitement. And his hands closed the suitcases and carried them to the walk in front of the house.

"It won't be long, Bing," she said. "It will seem long but it really won't be."

"It will be forever," smiled Bing, "but I'll make it."

"Am I doing the right thing?" asked Kathy.

"Go on off and be a movie star like you want," said Bing. "And when the time comes we won't have to keep any more secrets."

"You understand, don't you?" said Kathy.

"I had the same bug myself once," he answered. "Along about your time of life. I understand. See you in Hollywood. Just remember, mum's the word."

The door of the car slammed and then the tires made that rubbery crunch on the gravel in the driveway—and the face of the girl looking back out of the rear window disappeared around a bend in the road and it was quiet—but happy—at the cottage on Hayden Lake.

That's the ending we like best. Not just because it's the happy one, but because it's the one we really believe. **END**

Kathy Grant can currently be seen in Columbia's Reprisal and will soon be seen in Columbia's Guns Of Fort Petticoat. Bing Crosby can currently be seen in MGM's High Society. Watch for him in Man On Fire, also from MGM.

his love destroyed him

(Continued from page 33) of fierce machinery, Jim Dean pulled on his heavy crash helmet and dark racing goggles and tested the safety belt around his waist. His car, a compact rear-engined Porsche Super-Speedster, number 23, was capable of zooming to a top speed of just over 100 miles per hour—and Dean expected to reach the car's limit on the long back straight. He had bought the car earlier that same month and had managed to put a thousand miles on it before entering at the Springs.

Behind the narrow snowfencing, which separated the crowd from the track, hundreds of excited motion-picture fans who had thrilled to Dean's great performance in his first film, *East Of Eden*, strained for a closer look at the controversial young star.

88 days to live . . .

But Dean kept his head down and his eyes on starter Al Torres. Nothing existed for him now except the race. This was his first try in open competition, and he knew that in order to win he'd have to defeat a field of race-wise veterans. He knew also that the other drivers didn't think much of his chances, that they figured he was out for some cheap publicity. But that didn't bother Jim Dean. They were wrong. He was here because he *had* to be here, because he wanted to prove that controlled speed, like fine acting, was an art, and that he could do well in both. He was tired of being referred to as *that speed-crazy kid*. After today, Jim vowed, they'd call him a skilled driver. He'd see to that.

Starter Al Torres ran down the line of poised cars, checking to see that all engines were firing properly. Dean nodded to let Torres know he was ready.

Back at the front of the line again, Torres paused, the green flag waiting in his hand. Another suspense-filled second—and he leaped high into the air, the flag out and free!

Dean jammed his right foot down on the gas pedal and roared away to a perfect Texas start. That is, he managed to amped past a number of other cars by sitting wide around the outside the instant the flag fell.

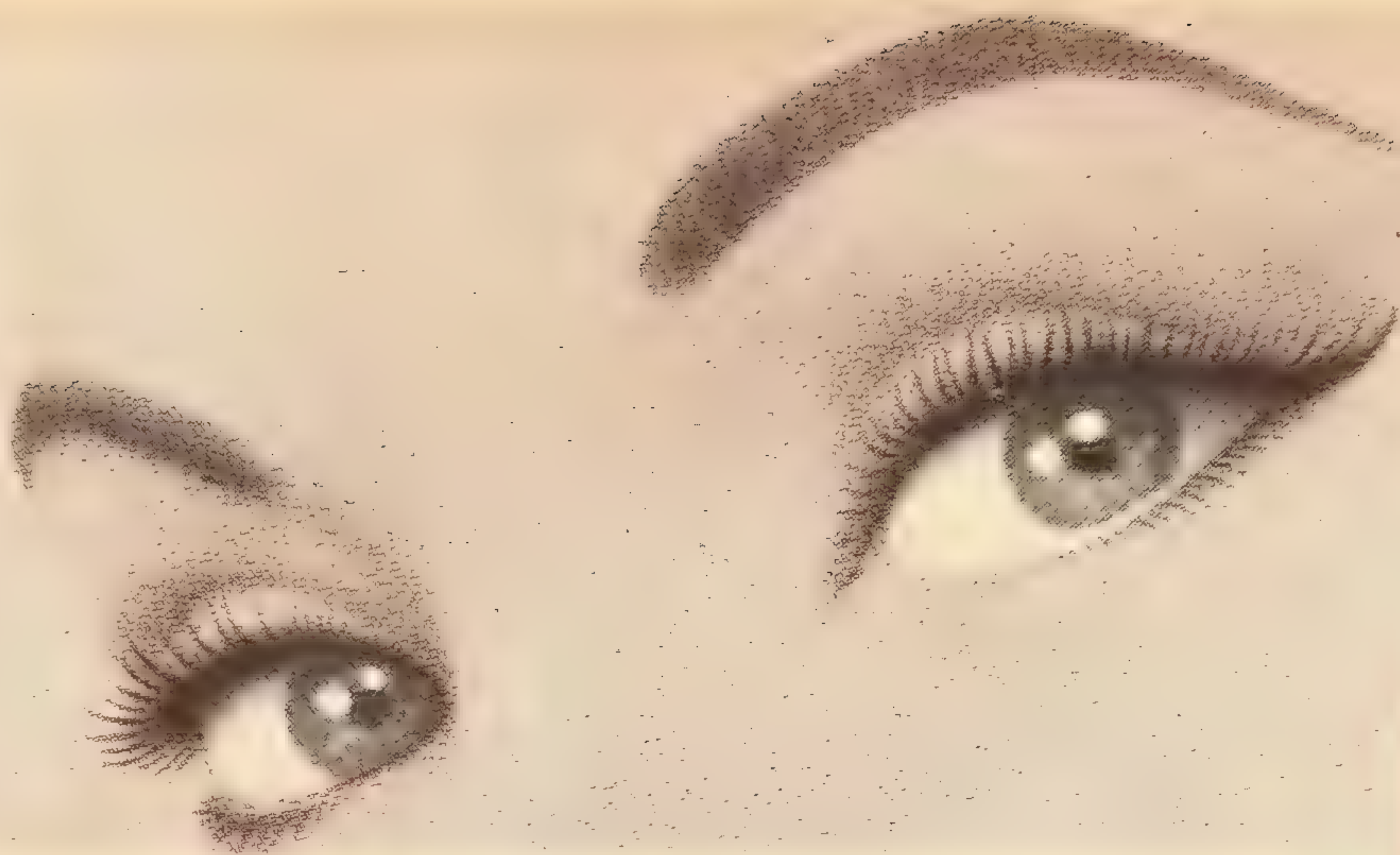
And the drivers knew they had a rough competitor in their midst. Down the first quarter-mile of front straight Dean'sreaking white Porsche was fifth and moving up fast.

Every tire-screaming turn brought him closer to the leaders. The crowds along the snowfence began to shout his name, urging him forward.

Now he was fourth . . . now third. Moving up, up . . . closing the gap between his car and the leaders. He let the Porsche out full down the long back straightaway, and the speedometer needle jumped 105 miles per hour on the dial. Another turn—and he had passed the second-place car and was moving for the leader.

At the end of the first lap, with the crowd half-wild behind the fence, James Dean screamed by his last rival to take the lead past the grandstands.

He did not smile or wave to his crew in the pits; he did not acknowledge the cheering crowd. He drove with his head lowered, his foot hard down on the gas, in the bright fever of the race as he often lost himself in the bright fever of a role. No one could catch him now. For five laps he held the lead, finally taking the checkered flag with almost a quarter-lap to spare between him and the second-place car racing behind the white Porsche.



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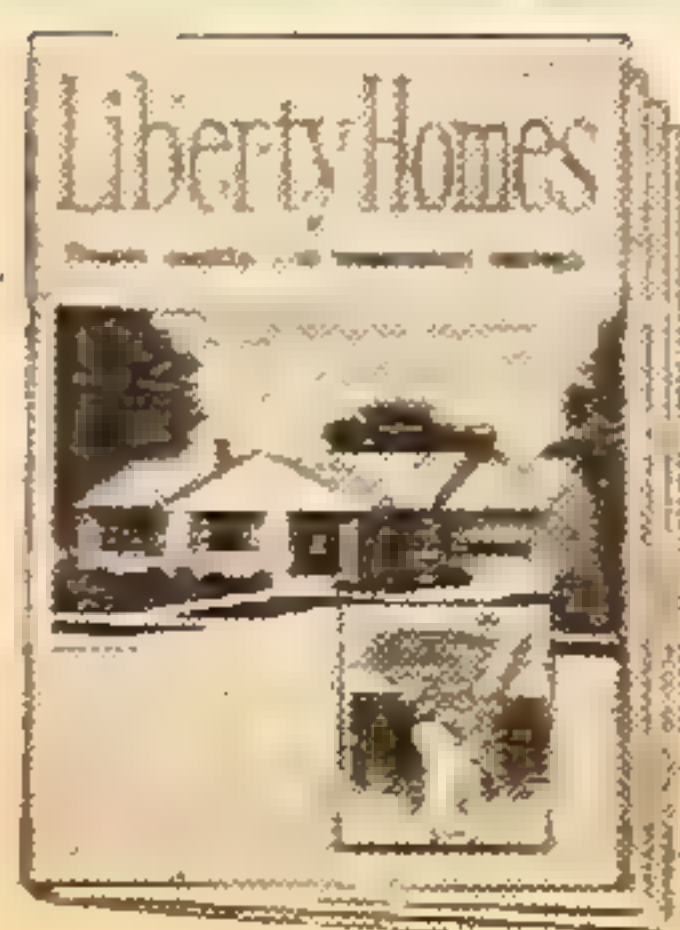
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Dean had proven that speed was another art, and that he had mastered it beautifully. It wasn't just the spectators and the Jimmy Dean fans who went wild; the race experts did, too!

"He was out there to show that he was one of us," said Big Ed Tomerlin, who later piloted a Porsche to victory at Palm Springs. "After today, I don't think anyone will doubt him!"

Racing journalist Wilson Springer was greatly impressed by Dean's initial performance at the Springs. "Nobody expected Dean to go like he did. He went out and left everybody. He was really blasting . . . going like a bomb!"

"The kid fooled us all," admitted one of the veteran drivers Dean had defeated. "He passed me at the most difficult point of the curve, and you have to know what you're doing to get away with that kind of passing."

187 days to live . . .

On the following afternoon of the two-day racing meet, Dean lined up his Speedster with twenty other machines for the semi-main event. His Saturday win had qualified him for this big one-hour race. Many highly-modified specially-built cars were also entered, cars which outstripped Dean's Porsche in gearing and over-all speed, but Jim was shooting for another trophy, and that meant he'd have to finish among the top three cars to get it. And this time he was up against the stiffest competition in the west.

Before the race, Jim waved his friends away. He needed to be alone; he needed, in his own words, to "loosen up." He explained it by saying: "Before I can get in there and drive I've got to unlimber. I've got to be right for it."

He proved, to driver and spectator alike, that he was right for it that Sunday afternoon by coming in second, after twenty-seven laps, behind the greatest driver on the coast, Ken Miles. Ken in his souped-up MG special came in first, and Jimmy got the second-place trophy.

"I never expected to beat Miles," Jim confessed. "I know that car of his can run circles around mine. Besides, he's a great driver—and I'm just a beginner."

Miles, a polished veteran of some ten years of racing in the United States and Europe, was moved by Dean's attitude on the track. "Dean was unique in the game. He was always careful with other drivers. He didn't seem to worry about his own neck, but he refused to take any risk involving another man."

Leonard Pruyn, recognized as one of the finest Volkswagen pilots on the Coast, found Dean's double win truly remarkable. "I still don't see how he did it," says Pruyn. "I've driven the Springs races on more than one occasion, and I know how tough that circuit is for a beginner. Dean was simply a natural. He was good from the beginning."

The beginning, for James Byron Dean, can be traced back to his home town of Fairmount, Indiana, and the small, dusty motorcycle shop of Marvin Carter. The tousle-haired twelve-year-old with the searching blue eyes would come into the shop after school and spend long, silent hours watching Carter assemble the complex parts of racing cycles.

Later, when he got to know Carter, he would amuse the shop owner by standing in front of a fake mike and calling an imaginary motorcycle race, lap by lap.

He begged his uncle Marcus for a cycle, but his uncle told Jimmy that he was too young to own one. Jim finally settled for a Whizzer motorized bike on his thirteenth birthday. He'd ride through Fairmount, losing his eyeglasses whenever the bike hit a bump in the road.

Marcus estimates that he must have bought Jimmy "at least twenty pairs of glasses."

Dean traded in the Whizzer for a real cycle when he was sixteen. During his high school days, he would frighten his relatives and friends by doing dare-devil stunts on the swift two-wheeler. In one of his tricks he lay flat on his stomach across the wide saddle-seat at speeds up to fifty miles an hour.

"If he'd only fallen once, things might have been different," Marcus states. "Trouble is, Jim never got hurt on the cycle. Maybe if he'd had just one fall, he'd have learned to be afraid."

James DeWeerd, pastor of the BAPTIST CHURCH in Fairmount, first taught Jimmy to drive a car. Dean accompanied the pastor to Indianapolis to watch a race at the famed Brickyard, and met the celebrated Cannonball Baker in the pits. All the way home Jimmy talked of auto racing. They discussed the possibility of sudden death on the track.

"I taught Jimmy to believe in personal immortality," Dr. DeWeerd recalls. "He had no fear of death."

When he broke away from Fairmount, in 1949, in order to try his hand at an acting career in California, Dean traveled across the country on his beloved Czech motorcycle. He could have gone by train or bus, but he refused. To Jimmy, the cycle was a necessity, a thing he treasured.

In California, he joined a little theater group and acted under the stage name, Byron James, in a gaudy musical, *The Romance Of Scarlet Gulch*. He detested the play and did not make many friends among the troupe.

During this period he wrote his aunt and uncle: "I could never get along without my little cycle. I guess I'll never sell it. It's like a brother to me. . . ."

He tried SANTA MONICA CITY COLLEGE for awhile, and then UCLA. In 1951, he managed to snare a couple of bit parts in motion pictures, but he wasn't happy with Hollywood. James Whitmore, who was then conducting a small dramatics class, told Dean to go to New York if he really wanted to learn acting.

That meant selling the cycle, but Jimmy did not hesitate to make this sacrifice for a ticket east.

He struck pay-dirt at last in New York when he was accepted into the exclusive ACTORS STUDIO. Several roles in television gave him enough money for a down payment on a new cycle. He bought a Triumph, a British product, and would roar happily around Manhattan from one appointment to another, parking the two-wheeler in doorways and alleys overnight. Jim was always worried that it might be stolen.

The breaks kept coming, and when Elia Kazan decided on Jimmy for the moody role of Cal Trask in his film, *East Of Eden*, Dean knew that this was his big chance, the one he'd been hoping for.

But the week that Kazan signed him for the picture, Dean had a close call with the cycle, and the director told him to "get rid of it." Jimmy had planned on cycling back to California, but Kazan refused to let him take the chance. Jim compromised; he stored the Triumph and flew back west. "I'll send for her later," he told the garageman. "Just keep her shined and ready."

Upon reaching Hollywood, his salary was set at \$1,000 a week. This meant that Dean could now fulfill an old ambition: he could buy a sports car. In May of 1954, Jim purchased a used MG roadster and drove the swift-cornering little machine zestfully around the film capital. He also sent for his cycle in New York,

and added a Lancia motor scooter to his stable. In those days, his one luxury was speed.

"You'd see him zipping around the Hollywood hills," relates one of Jim's friends. "Some people thought he'd broken his neck, but we didn't worry about him. One thing about Jimmy, he possessed an amazing set of reflexes and his coordination was perfect."

Dean only kept the MG for six months. It lacked the go he was beginning to demand in a car and, in March of 1955, decided to buy a Porsche.

Nicholas Ray, who was then directing Jimmy in his second film, *Rebel Without a Cause*, thought buying the Porsche was a good idea. "Jimmy wanted to race, I encouraged him," says Ray. "I thought it would be good for him to do something on his own with clarity and precision."

Dean began to practice at once with the white car on the winding curves of Mulholland Drive, a mountain road separating Hollywood from the valley. Two weeks later, with 1,000 miles on the car, he entered the Palm Springs race.

Jim's double win at the Springs whetted his appetite for more racing. He began to subscribe to overseas sports car journals, and planned to compete in the savage 2,000-mile Mexican Road Race in late 1955. The race was subsequently called off.

Dean entered his Porsche in the airport races at Bakersfield set for the first Sunday in May. His goggles had been replaced by a helmet visor, which gave him better vision, since he always wore his glasses when he drove.

Lew Bracker, a very close friend and one of Jim's pit crew, accompanied him to Bakersfield. Bracker knew how much sports car racing meant to the young actor, how serious Dean was about it. "His respect for his machine and the skill required to drive it well was incredible," says the expert on car racing. "The seriousness, his constant study of the top drivers, plus his tremendous competitive spirit combined to launch him on the road to what unquestionably would have been a great racing career."

152 days to live . . .

Dean's race was the second of the day, the six-lap, San Luis Rey Trophy run. This race was for both production cars—which means a car which hasn't been changed in any way from all the other cars that come off the factory production line—and for souped-up cars. Again Jim's car was severely outclassed by larger machinery, with at least five of the nineteen car field having engines that were 25% larger than Jimmy's Porsche.

This time, however, Dean was not taken lightly. He was listed as "a serious threat" in local papers, and much discussion went on in the pits about his chances of finishing among the top three cars.

When the green starting flag fell, Jimmy booted his car through the massed pack, driving steadily, passing faster cars on the tight corners, giving the Porsche everything on the straights. By the end of the sixth lap, when nineteen miles had been covered, Dean got the checkered flag! He had won! His car had come in third of all the cars, and first in his class of car. A pair of highly modified souped-up cars had beaten his production Porsche home, but Dean's third place win was considered a major victory by the track experts.

Charles Beaumont, a leading pilot who has driven his own Porsche Speedster over the Bakersfield course, had this to say: "Dean was not what you'd call a spectacular driver from an observer's

andpoint. He wasn't one of those wild men who are on the ragged edge constantly. Like the European greats, he drove very smoothly, so smoothly he almost seemed to be 'dogging it.' The thing was, he was winning!"

In three races, Jim had won three trophies which, for a beginner, was almost unheard of. He was very happy about his success on the track. Dean felt that he was showing his critics that he was a fine driver, who understood the art of fast driving as clearly and as genuinely as he understood the art of fine acting.

25 days to live . . .

The Santa Barbara road races came next, in late May, and Dean had his entry ready.

"I saw him at technical inspection," says Dave Watson, whose own hot chinned Jaguar was undergoing a safety check. "He was a loner, off to the side by himself. But, he was very interested in the other cars. I could tell he didn't miss anything."

As luck would have it, Dean drew a very bad starting position.

Pushing hard from the outset, he snaked his white Speedster through the field, passing car after car in his relentless drive for the leaders.

Then, a near disaster! Without any warning, another Porsche cut suddenly to the left, directly in front of Dean's hurtling machine. In order to avoid a crash, Jim cranked the wheel and sideswiped two of the packed haybales lining the course. His car bounced off the bales, skidded for several feet, and then straightened. Dean's quick reflexes and clear thinking had paid off.

Immediately, he resumed his former pace—and by the fifth lap he had moved his Porsche into fourth overall! Now even the drivers in the pits were on their feet cheering. Could Dean catch the third-place car and snare another trophy with only a single lap remaining?

Jim never got a chance to answer that question. He was closing rapidly when his straining engine dropped a valve, and he coasted to a halt by the side of the track. Grimly, he watched the bright sea of cars he had worked so hard to pass pass by him. His old rival from the springs, Dale Johnson, took first place with another Porsche.

And though he didn't know it at the time, this was Jimmy Dean's last race.

Director George Stevens wanted Jim for lead role in his big production of *Giant*, and that meant location work in Texas. He missed the Hansen Dam races in June and the Torrey Pines contest in July. On the chance that he might be able to run the Santa Barbara over Labor Day, he sent his entry. But his luck stayed bad.

25 days to live . . .

He managed to attend the races, but only as a spectator. His car was still undergoing repairs in Hollywood; parts trouble had caused the delay.

Dean was gloomy and silent that evening when he met some of his racing buddies in the TALK OF THE TOWN restaurant in Santa Barbara.

He didn't have much to say," relates one of them. "Jim wanted to whip his bad luck at this track, but he just couldn't seem to do it. When he spoke of doing well in a race he told us: 'It's the only way I feel whole.'"

On location in Texas, Dean talked constantly of his racing plans. They included buying a variety of cars.

All the time we were in Texas," said Bob Hinkle, the dialect coach on *Giant*, "he kept talking about the big Mexican Road Race that he was going to enter."

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This race, properly called the Carrera Panamericana Mexico, is generally considered to be the most rugged contest for man and car in the world. Five Carreras were run in all, the last in November of 1954, and the greatest drivers of Europe and the U.S. competed. The 2,000-mile race, over the Pan American highway, was run in stages over five days, and simply to finish was an achievement in itself.

Dean had two cars in mind as possible mounts for the race. He would either drive a 550 Porsche Spyder or a modified Lotus with an Offenhauser engine. Before he left for Texas, Jim had made a down payment on the Lotus. He intended buying the engine at a later date.

"Dean's greatest ambition was to drive a Maserati on the Grand Prix circuits of Europe," says Gus Vignolle, the noted editor and sports car authority.

Starlet Lori March, visiting the set of *Giant*, found Dean pre-occupied with future competitive plans. "He told me that within six months he planned to take a minimum of a year off from WARNERS in order to race," she said.

Studio officials were not happy with Dean's love of speed. They saw in him a rich potential, and requested time and again that he give up the sport. Dean met them half-way by agreeing not to race while he was making a motion picture, but that was as far as he would go. During *Giant*, he wanted to bring his Porsche out to Texas and hunt jack-rabbits from the car, but Stevens turned thumbs-down on this idea.

Jim told one friend that he planned to sponsor a special track for teenagers who wished to learn sports car racing. He figured that this would be a good way to help combat juvenile delinquency in addition to contributing to the sport.

10 days to live . . .

Lew Bracker met Jimmy when he returned to Hollywood. He was plainly excited. "Listen, Jim," he said, "I spotted a new 550 Spyder in a car dealer's window today. It's for sale."

"How much?" asked Dean.

The next day, when they met again, Jim was smiling broadly and carrying a new Porsche manual. "Follow me," he grinned, "and I'll show you something."

It was the Porsche Spyder. Jimmy had traded in his Speedster and shelled out an extra \$3,000 to get it. He told Bracker that he was entering it at the Salinas races set for the first week in October.

Dean's new car, the most advanced and fastest of the famed Porsche line of precision machines, was capable of a top of 150 miles per hour, and could accelerate with the best cars in Europe. Here, at last, was the car Jimmy had dreamed of owning.

Salinas was a long way up the coast, and Dean did not want to drive the Spyder that distance on open highway. "It's too dangerous," he said. The body of the 550 was made of very thin racing aluminum and the car lacked bumpers and a windshield. It had been designed strictly for the track.

Jimmy didn't want to drive the car up . . . he didn't want to be on that road that was destined to be his death-trap . . . but it was as if the fates were conspiring to have Jimmy and Death meet.

5 days to live . . .

The week before the races, Jim arranged to have the Spyder towed up on a trailer behind his Ford station wagon, but the eggshell-thin body was dented accidentally and the 550 was sent to the shop for body repairs. Unless the engine were properly broken in, racing it could cause serious damage. With only 800 miles

on the odometer, Dean knew that the only thing to do was drive it up to Salinas.

The decision made, Jim wondered which friend he should ask along. The 550 could only carry one passenger, and Dean decided to ask his mechanic, Rolf Wuetherich, to keep him company. Then, if any trouble developed, Rolf would be around to fix it.

And so, a series of accidents placed Jimmy behind the wheel of his car on a road he never wanted to drive.

1 day to live . . .

He had his racing number, 130, painted in black on the body, and impishly added a nickname on the rear of the car: *The Little Bastard*.

3 1/2 hours to live . . .

They left for Salinas around 2 p.m. on the afternoon of September 30th; Jim hoped to reach the track a day early and get in some pre-race practice with the

WAS JIMMY DEAN'S SPORTS CAR JINXED?

Just before Jimmy Dean started on his last drive, he painted his race number on the back of the new Porsche that was the apple of his eye.

Hours later he lay pinned behind the steering wheel, both he and the car mangled wreckages.

But though Jimmy Dean's breath had been stilled forever, the car was destined to continue its wave of destruction. Because parts of the Porsche were salvaged . . .

According to the story revealed by Gil Stratton, sports newscaster for CBS-TV Station KNXT of Los Angeles, the wreck's engine was used by Dr. William Eschrich in his own Porsche, at the Pomona Sports Car Races.

● *Dr. Eschrich's car was completely smashed, and the doctor seriously injured.*

The rear assembly was used in another Porsche in the same race, by Dr. Troy McHenry.

● *Dr. McHenry was killed.*

Was there some fatal jinx or hoodoo following James Byron Dean and his passion for speed . . . even beyond the grave?

Spyder. Photographer Sanford Roth and Bill Hickman followed in Dean's station wagon.

"I never saw Jim so happy," says Wuetherich. "He was singing and whistling and asking me question after question about the car."

2 1/2 hours to live . . .

At 3 p.m., near the top of the twisting Ridge Route, they made a brief coffee stop. Dean was too nervous and excited to eat, and he kept talking about how well he thought the Spyder would do that week end.

"I told him not to try to win the first time out," says Rolf. "It was a big jump for him—from the Speedster to the 550, and I told Jim to try for a third. He agreed to follow my pit signals."

2 hours to live . . .

A little later, Dean received a speeding

ticket for going 65 in a 45 zone. The Spyder seemed to strain forward under his hands; it was difficult to keep down its speed.

They had planned a dinner stop in Paso Robles just as darkness would be setting in. On the long, silent straights between Bakersfield and Paso Robles, Dean's foot pressed harder on the gas pedal; the silver-gray Spyder leaped ahead, the speedometer climbing up to 100. Jim eased off, smiling, enjoying the raw power of this sleek machine beneath him. Now he was happier than he had ever been in his life.

1/2 hour to live . . .

At 5 p.m., they stopped for the last time for coffee at Blackwell's Corner, a small roadside cafe. Dean met a fellow-driver there, Lance Reventlow.

"He talked a blue streak about the 550," says Lance. "He sure seemed to love that car."

Back in the Spyder's snug cockpit, Dean waved at Reventlow and accelerated away into the thickening dusk.

Highway 466 was long and straight and empty. Jim let out the Spyder a bit, squinting his eyes against the setting sun. They were headed west, toward the Pacific, and the day's heat was still intense.

Suddenly, at the narrow intersection of highways 466 and 41, a black-and-white 1950 Ford sedan began to turn into Jimmy's path.

Dean saw that the Ford was not going to stop; he cried out and his foot darted for the brake. Too late. The cars met almost head-on at the intersection.

The ripping, tearing impact threw Rolf Wuetherich nineteen feet into the roadside grass, breaking his hip.

The driver of the Ford, Don Turnipseed, received only minor scratches. After the accident, he kept shaking his head and murmuring: "I didn't see him. I swear I just didn't see him."

Time runs out . . .

James Dean, trapped in the low cockpit, was killed instantly.

For the restless twenty-four-year-old boy from Indiana, it was the end of the beginning. Death had come for him at the wheel of the car he loved best; it had robbed him of his future and extinguished his dreams.

"Jim was a very fine driver," says Rolf Wuetherich. "I watched him in all his races and he was one of the best in California. When he drove, he drove with his whole being. He could have been great."

Although films like *East Of Eden* and *Giant* had given Dean a chance to prove his greatness as an actor, the chance to prove his greatness as a driver had been denied him.

On September 30th, at dusk, on a lonely road to Salinas, the final checkered flag had fallen for James Byron Dean. **END**

Jimmy Dean can currently be seen in George Stevens production of *Giant*, a Warner Bros. release.

PHOTOGRAPHERS' CREDITS

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please ava, please—come home!

(Continued from page 52) Still, one day, some farmers in a donkey cart blocked the way. There was no hope and the farmers crossed themselves and gave themselves up to God . . . but the auburn-haired witch turned the wheels toward the sea . . . and had those wheels not hit a boulder that the natives insist had not been there before, the farmers are convinced that Cadillac would have flown into the sea.

We Americans are possibly too prosaic. We can only say that the car would not have flown . . . that the boulder *was* there and had it not been, Ava would have surely died in the Mediterranean. The Spanish ask, reasonably enough, "how do you know?"

We and the Spanish ask different questions. We'd ask not what supernatural force saved her, but what was it she was running away from . . . what is it that she's still running away from that she drives at such a speed . . . lives at such a speed? Ava has answered that question. "I haven't long to live," she has said.

We don't accept it as an answer, even though we're convinced she believes it.

The bull ring

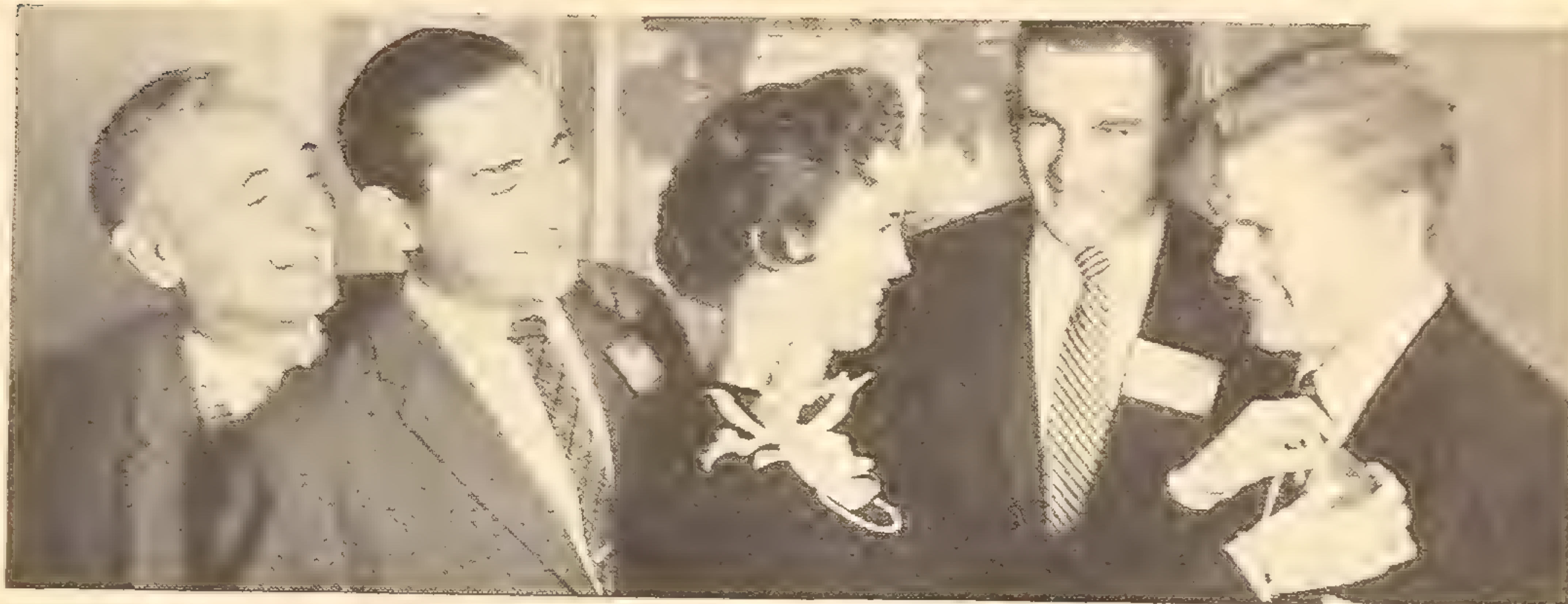
That feeling that death will come soon, that death is in fact an old friend, is what has drawn Ava irresistibly to the home of death itself . . . the bull ring. There she has met others like herself.

With her beautiful red hair flying in the wind, Ava became a familiar sight in the area around Madrid as she sped to the bull farms of the neighborhood to join the matador Chamaco Silveti, or the American matador Harry Whitney. But most often it was Dominguin. . . . Dominguin, whose art it is to draw the empassioned bull closer and closer to his body till it seems theirs is more an act of love than of blood. Dominguin, the senior-bud of the arena, death's closest friend, a man of fiery temperament, who some said he loved, but who, at all events, she followed to all the bullfights of Spain. If he was only a friend, he was one so beautiful, so calm, with a smile so cruel that he hurt to even catch his glance. But he was a friend less sentimental than Mario Abre, the matador-poet who has written her almost as many sonnets as he has killed bulls in her honor. Once she loved him too. He wrote, "Your hair is like a golden treasure. Your lips are like the roses of the morning on the arena wall." But we are Americans. We write fewer sonnets, and perhaps it's our shame, for she is no less beautiful to us than she is to the men of Spain. But to us she is a mysterious goddess. We find it no easier to explain her behavior than they, but we tend to feel that there are real and tangible answers . . . if we could only find them.

Her attempts are useless

The attempt to get these answers from her herself is useless.—When we saw her in Spain, she wouldn't or couldn't answer. She had learned to shake her head in defiance. She wouldn't talk of her house or the secrets of her house. She would not talk of Frank Sinatra. She had come to Spain to avoid questions, because Spanish people let her alone. But even in Spain the questions kept coming. Trying not to talk, not to think, she lived life as something to be drained in a second. She would often sleep away the days in order to spend the nights in the streets with Robert Sicre, or stage de-

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signer Herbert, or Portuguese actor Virgilio Teixeira, and mix with the singers and dancers, and make fun of her own reputation, and end the evenings at the famous *museum of drink* or the ZAMBRA, her favorite bar, where she seemed endlessly to be drowning her past sorrows.

But even though people stopped asking them, the questions were still there and the effort of holding them back showed, not in her beauty or her cat-like grace, but in the tremble of her fingers as she lit a new cigarette from the embers of the old . . . finally Ava would break away and the huge Cadillac would roar back to the 'house of the witch' and the gates would close . . . and no one could say what happened inside.

What is truth . . . what is fiction?

We suspect we know. She removed her shoes as she always did, and paced the floor, part *Barefoot Contessa* and part herself, from mirror to window, back and forth, trying to separate truth from fiction, her life from her acting roles: gypsy . . . witch . . . goddess . . . enchantress . . . little girl from North Carolina . . . public curiosity . . . public scandal. They were all the same . . . they were all her, and none of them were her.

Her whole past made so little sense. She had left home a child, angry, unsure of herself . . . her photograph was placed in a store window . . . a movie contract came of it. She couldn't act to save her life, yet suddenly she was a star. As a sequence of events, it had no meaning.

Her marriages made even less sense. First there was Mickey Rooney, who treated her like a child. Then there was Artie Shaw, who treated her like an illiterate. She could almost forgive herself the two of them . . . at least, she could speak of them calmly. But Frank Sinatra was another matter. Not only couldn't she speak of him at all, she couldn't really divorce him from her life. The name on her passport remained *Ava L. G. Sinatra*.

As she paced the rooms of her house, she couldn't forget Frank as he was when she first met him: a youth owned by the world, bored with New York, run down, thin as a rail, nervous, careless about his

clothes, one moment tender, the next violent—restless, foolishly sweet, aloof but yet irresistible. It was at a party in Palm Springs, that she said to him, "If I were a man like you I could not love me."

Now it seemed he did not. When he arrived in Madrid he did not call. And Ava remained alone in the house of the witch . . . sick and uneasy, chain smoking, drinking, remembering. When finally she came out again it was with the same old formula on her lips and she cried it on the shoulders of her intimate friends: "one house, one husband, a child."

That this husband would never be Frank . . . nor would the house be shared with him . . . nor the child his, was forever in her mind . . . the house was a place to mourn, to pretend . . . a tomb where she could be haunted in peace.

The outside world

But life was still strong in Ava. There were films to be made, if for no other reason than to provide money for this false but enormously expensive life.

So she regretfully closed the shutters over the windows of the house and the gray Cadillac roared down the gravel drive taking Ava back into the world.

The film was being made in Rome. It was called *The Little Hut* and was to be a comedy. That was fine with Ava. Life was a joke, wasn't it? So she set to work with a grim determination to be funny. Still, something was wrong. She had learned a sophisticated cynicism over the years and it showed in her work. Life was a joke, but an unpleasant one. If she couldn't learn to laugh again, really laugh, the film would be ruined.

And just as death had once been foremost in her mind, just as she had sought out matadors, now she sought out clowns.

Walter Chiari, handsome, charming, and very much *not* Frank Sinatra, is one of the top comedians of Italy. Once he was engaged to Lucia Bose, a young lady who ended up marrying Ava's old hero, Dominguin. But most important to Ava is that his profession is laughter.

That Ava wants him, to a degree, is clear in the fuss she made to get him a part in *The Little Hut*. That she wants him only

to a degree is clear in that she still plays Frank Sinatra records while on the phone. Chiari himself was at first wary. A reputation is that she is bad luck. In fact, clear enough to all, was that nerves were taut as piano wires. There was no way to predict what she might do.

Perhaps a witch . . . hardly a wife

But Chiari grew to like her eccentricities: the way she kicked off her shoes on the dance floor . . . the way she arrived at a party in a dress that looked more like a priest's cassock than anything else. And that received a command from the Roman religious authorities. To mix sex and religion, it seemed, is the work of a witch. Chiari even liked the way she could curse like a stevedore, fight like a demon—once she actually threw him out of her car onto the hard Roman pavement. This is all grounds for laughter, but it is also the wild beast of Spanish speak of . . . perhaps a witch, hardly a wife.

But Chiari has told friends that a wife is exactly what she will be, that he will take her to the altar and there she will be as docile as she was in his parents' home the day she met them. Ava does not bother to say *yes* or *no*.

But there is good reason for us to hope that Ava will leave her strange Spanish life and come home. Here, in the United States, is where Ava's problems start and here they still exist.

To return home and face the past—pick up her divorce papers and admit that the old life is dead and begin clearing the way for a new one will be the first step in the formula she's dreamed of: "one house, one husband, a child."

To pour out her witch's brew, and begin this new life will be difficult, but if she can direct her own strength and emotions, she can do it. If she can accept the millions of friends here in the United States who want to help her, that job of building will be half done, and the house in Madrid with the cast-iron witch turning in the wind may some day soon be only an exciting, strange, bad memory.

Ava Gardner can soon be seen in MGM's *The Little Hut*.

how natalie handles boys

(Continued from page 51) white Porsche, on a rainy day when they were working on *Rebel Without A Cause*. "Sit on the hood, Nat, and keep the windshield wipers going," he teased her, "and I'll give you all the castles in my kingdom, and I'll throw in a bucket of jewels." And the rain had come pouring down, but inside the car it was warm and safe and full of laughter. When she was with Jimmy she felt and thought and was the kind of girl that Jimmy wanted to be with—and he was what she wanted.

Then there was a night they'd been working late and, afterward, they'd taken off for the Planetarium. "I hope it's clear up there," he'd said. "If it is, we'll be able to see the whole city, it'll be like we're sitting on top of the world."

Like real rebels, they'd broken down the chain with the big sign *Planetarium Closed* that shut off the road ahead, and they'd driven across the fallen chain to the top of the hill. "If I didn't love him before that night," Natalie says, "I certainly did from the moment he started talking there." His voice had been soft, and he'd recited a mile of poetry, and most of the words she's forgotten—but not the night, not his face.

68 A while ago, she made a sentimental

pilgrimage back to the Planetarium. It was another wet day, and she found herself caught by a sudden thought. "I wonder if it's raining in heaven today, and if it is I wonder if Jimmy is getting as wet as I am." And she laughed at herself, and then she started to cry and couldn't stop. "It's the loneliest time," she kept whispering, "it's the loneliest time—"

What might have been . . .

What might have happened between Jimmy and Natalie is no subject for speculation. They weren't a romance in the usual sense of the word, and many girls adored Dean as much as Natalie did. Natalie, however, achieved what many girls did not. A real understanding of a boy who often preferred to be misunderstood, a real friendship with a boy who made few close friends.

Today she carries a snapshot of his headstone in her wallet. To her, it's not macabre; she carries it the way she'd carry a soldier's dog tag or a faded letter, to remind her not to drive too fast, to remind her of a richness, and a loss.

With Jimmy Dean, Natalie was inclined to be reverent, to listen respectfully; with Nick Adams, she's more an equal, and their relationship has been mostly for fun. He calls her *Chort*, which means *little devil* in Ukrainian. They're both of Ukrainian descent. They share a

tendency toward moodiness and unpredictability. They've read Thomas Wolfe together; they've given joint interviews to *MODERN SCREEN* in which they admit they adored each other; they even came terribly close to getting married.

It happened in Las Vegas. The two of them and another couple had driven out to the desert, seen Judy Garland's show at the NEW FRONTIER, posed for innumerable publicity photographs—that was the real reason for the trip—and swayed, danced, laughed. On their last day in Las Vegas, Natalie came down from her hotel room in a white dress, found Nick waiting for her strangely spruced up in a silk jacket and white slacks, and the next thing they knew they were standing in a wedding chapel telling a lady with gray hair that they wanted to get married.

Only the complications of licenses and witnesses stopped them. Once their hearts stopped pounding long enough so they could think about the practical side of things, they were suddenly seized with misgivings.

"Maybe—" Nick began, studying her face.

"Maybe we'll wait?" she finished it for him, and sighed with relief.

The magic moment passed

There's a time and a place for everything, and somehow that wasn't the

or their place. Not that they hadn't been broken of marriage before. Back when Natalie was seventeen she'd told Nick, "You're the only person I could live with!" and he'd allowed that he'd given the matter some thought, and he felt pretty close to her too. The magic moment may have passed for Nick and Natalie, but they'll always care about each other.

And if you have any doubts that Natalie's a girl who is all things to all men, listen to Nick Adams:

"I don't know any man who has ever said a bad word to say about Natalie," I'll tell you. "She's like a little puppy, just enjoying life and dating so much that you get a lift out of hearing her talk about it. You laugh a lot when you talk about Natalie—and you laugh with her, not at her."

Well, for a heartbeat, in Las Vegas, Nick Adams had hoped the prankish puppy might suddenly grow up and be all his, but he's no longer brooding about it.

Right now, both Nick and Natalie are inclined to deny the whole Las Vegas episode. They point out that they're Catholic, that if they'd been in a marrying frame of mind they'd have done it up right at a church ceremony and families present. It's a perfectly convincing story, and you're free to believe it. Yet most of the evidence suggests that a Las Vegas impulse did indeed carry the couple to the edge of the altar.

An acquaintance, trying to sum up Natalie's attraction, the charm which keeps her interested, put it this way. "She's a ham. She loves to act, off-screen as well as on. So she relishes playing different roles with different men. But she doesn't act like different types—she feels like she is different with different men. One night she's a bundle of fun with Nick Adams, the next night she's being elegant and sophisticated with Nick Ray or Raymond Burr."

What about Nick Ray and Raymond Burr? Well, it's like this . . .

Not-so-silly story

Nick Ray directed Natalie in *Rebel Without a Cause*. Her family says her relationship with him has been strictly professional, that he introduced her to acting techniques and that she shipped his ability and went to him for advice and encouragement.

She can't be bothered denying every story that links her name with Nick's," says Natalie's mother. But there are those who've thought some of the stories weren't quite silly. There were even rumors that it had taken the full power of the studio to break up the romance between Natalie and Nick, a romance that was considered unsuitable because the director was a good twenty years older.

Whatever the truth of the situation, Natalie once more handled the matter skillfully. She and Ray are good friends, even though they don't date any more.

The same goes for Natalie and Raymond Burr, another older man. In March of last year, one reporter announced that Raymond and Natalie would marry. Another reporter asked the public to pay no attention to talk of Natalie and Tab Hunter because "her real heart is Raymond Burr."

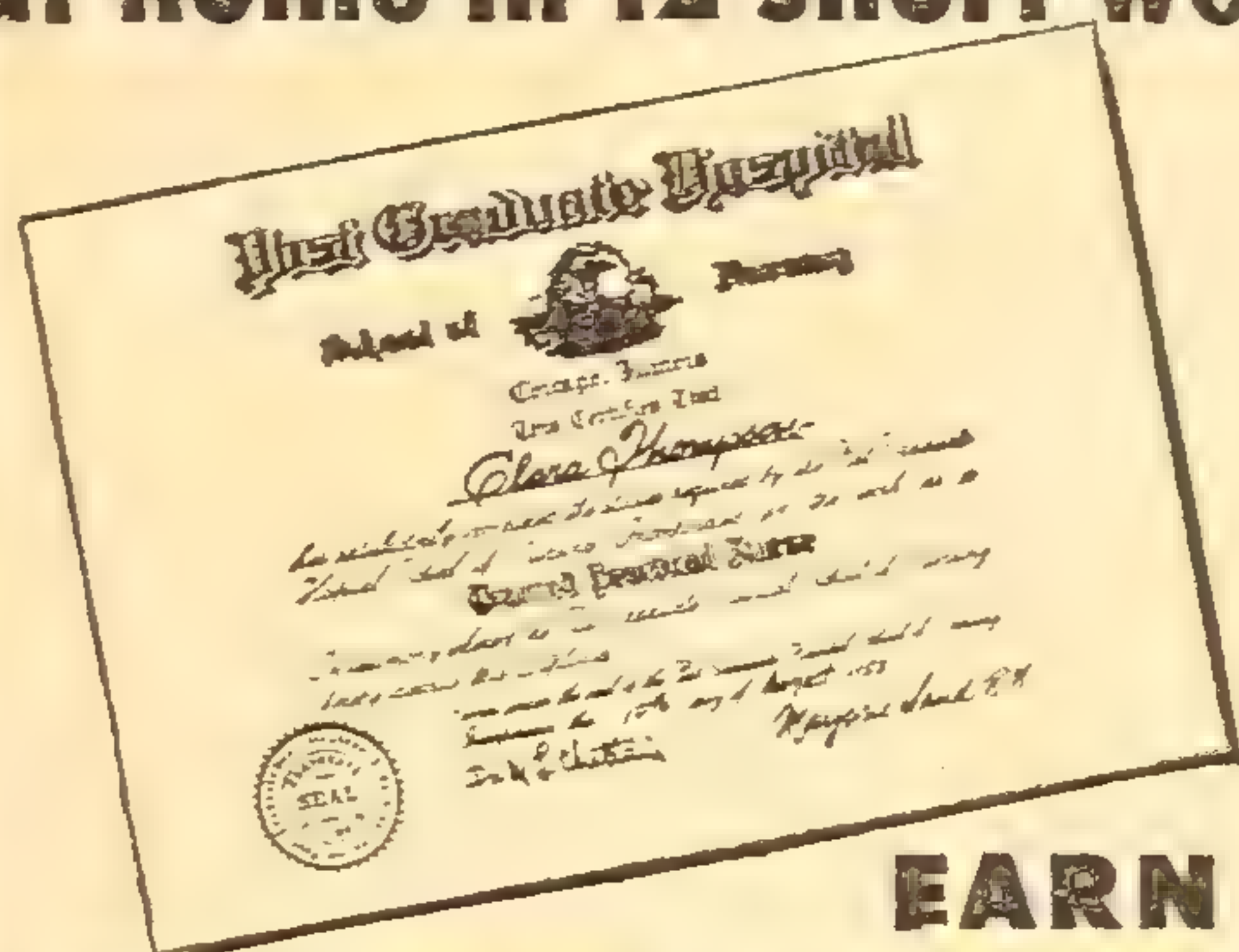
In April, Natalie made a not-altogether-legible speech. Raymond would visit her when she went to Honolulu with her mother after she finished *The Burning*, and she would go to Korea with Raymond at Christmas. "We have an understanding for the future, but I don't want to marry before I'm twenty-two."

Two days later, she amended her story. She had been learning a lot from Raymond, she said—but about acting, not about love. What was Raymond's attitude? Nobody knew. He didn't speak for publication,

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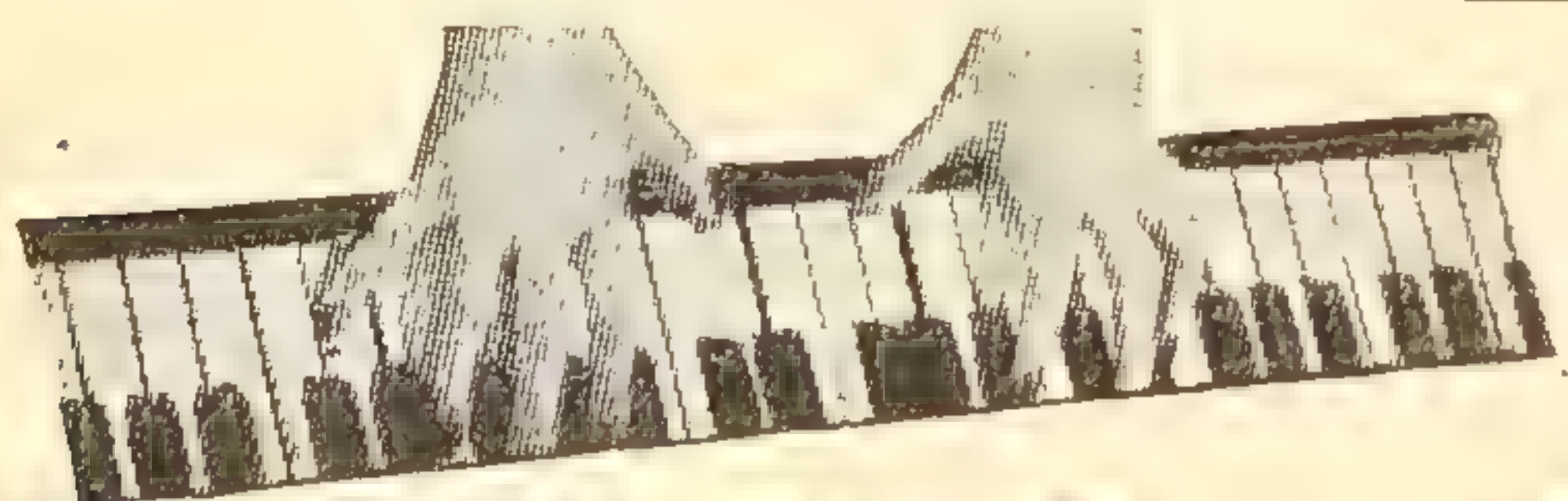
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but he kept right on 'phoning the girl, as if to bear out the theory of one of Natalie's friends. "Because she's growing into adulthood so fast," said this friend, "every man who goes out with her finds himself wanting to guide her and take care of her. This distinctly feminine quality is one reason for Nat's amazing popularity."

An M.D.'s wife?

When you come right down to it, Natalie's still popular with the very first boy she ever had a serious date with. His name is Brett Howard, and he's serving in the army, in Germany. He's handsome, he's a pre-med student, and he's not engaged. To Natalie, at any rate.

They first met, Brett and Natalie, when she was fifteen, and she wasn't allowed to go out during the week. Brett took her to the movies on a Friday night; they stopped later to get something to eat, and talked until past twelve. When they got back to Natalie's house, all the lights were blazing, and her parents were in a panic.

The astonished Natalie was impressed. And from that day, she's never gone out on a date without 'phoning home during the evening. Friends, catching the sudden 'phone-booth gleam in her eye, snap to and cry, "Pass the hat, she's off again!"

Although that night was an awful beginning for her friendship with Brett, the friendship endured. Natalie's mother freely discusses Howard and her daughter's future. "He's the kind of boy any mother would choose to have her daughter marry. Nice-looking, intelligent, kind, responsible. But he's going into medicine, and I'm afraid Natalie won't ever consider marrying anyone who isn't working in some phase of the theatre. Brett's also been away for over a year. He writes and sends cute presents, but my daughter is a terrible correspondent."

Advice to Tab

So much for Brett Howard . . . and on to another pal, Tab Hunter. Tab and Natalie first became an item, courtesy of WARNER BROTHERS. They co-starred together, and they liked each other. They became friends. Tab poured out his worries and hopes to Natalie, and she listened. That's a sure way to keep a boy coming back for more, whether or not Nat is aware of it—consciously! What are his worries? "He feels his career's in a rut," Natalie says. "He feels he's growing out of those boy-next-door roles, and his studio ought to find a real gutty sort of role for him. I think he ought to fall in love. It's easier to work out your life if there's someone really close to you—someone besides your family."

It's obvious that while Natalie thinks Tab ought to fall in love with someone, she doesn't consider herself a candidate for the honor. Still, she enjoys Tab, and marvels at him. They did a personal appearance tour with *The Burning Hills*, and the screaming fans, the interviews, exhausted Natalie, exhilarated Tab. "He thrives! And do the kids ever mob him. If I didn't like him so much, I'd be jealous!"

Sal Mineo is another boy whose friendship and affection Natalie has won by being a buddy. He says she's the most attractive girl in Hollywood. She's thankful that he thinks so, but roars if you mention romance. "Why, I'm older than he is!"

Lightning strikes with Elvis

But she wasn't older than Elvis Presley when he first appeared on the Hollywood scene, and for about two weeks Natalie and Elvis were inseparable. They went to the premiere of *The Bad Seed* together.

"He's a pixie," said Nat, "with a wonderful little boy quality," and newspapers predicted that lightning had struck, that this would be another Eddie-Debbie af-

fair. Natalie enjoyed the fuss. If the shoe fit, she was going to put it on right in front of everybody. "Are you in love with Elvis?" a reporter would ask, and Natalie would look cherubic. "All the girls in the country are, why should I be different?"

Opinion varied. Some people vowed that Natalie and Elvis were only fooling. After all, they were seldom seen without Nick Adams. Then came the story that Elvis had put the question to Nick. "Is she your girl? If she is, I don't want to date her."

Nick's reported answer: "I hope she's single." Natalie's next action was to announce that the only thing she was serious about was her career. Whom did she love? "My mother!" After which, in early November she flew to Memphis. Why? To visit Elvis and his parents. A new flock of elopement rumors, and a final word from Elvis: "I'd be crazy to get married now. I like to play the field."

Since this in general is Natalie's own view, you can see why they'd get along.

Youth can be grim

"Natalie likes Elvis, but I don't think she takes him seriously," says Natalie's mother, and adds a bit of personal philosophy. "This easy freedom that young girls have in working and playing with boys gives them an opportunity to know me better than we ever did in my day. Having so many boy friends should help Natalie know what she likes in a man, and she should be able to choose the right one for her—" But, the thought of choosing 'the right one' terrifies Natalie.

Take her latest trip to New York. She stayed in a hotel room which was crowded with flowers sent by Nick Adams and Scott Marlow, with whom she's also been reported "blazing," "quarreling," and "smoking from the same cigarette." Natalie was perplexed. "I love them both," she wrote in her diary. "Except that you can love two people at one time, can you? Can you? Sometimes I think being young is pretty grim—"

If you can't love two at once, you surely can't love three, and where does Elvis fit in? It doesn't matter. Whatever Natalie feels about her various suitors, she'll go on being instinctively right in the way she treats them. She'll go on being feminine, fatale, pal, puppy, sophisticate, whichever is right at the time. The proof of the pudding is in the telephone, which never stops summoning her to this party, that movie, a concert, a walk, a talk.

Natalie's secrets

Ask her if she hasn't got one teeny secret she'd share with other girls, so they too may handle boys brilliantly, and she says she gave her secret to MODERN SCREEN months ago. But in case you missed it—

"When I was little, and went to the movies, I noticed the kissing scenes. Every time the leading lady was kissed, she'd look shocked, then haul off and slap the leading man. At the age of five, I talked a small boy into kissing me. Then I smacked him. I don't do that any more."

Don't smack 'em, don't bore 'em, don't marry 'em in a moment of recklessness. Be amused at their jokes, care about their troubles. Read enough books so you've got a conversation of your own, stay close to your family—Natalie decided against moving into an apartment of her own—because a family can furnish advice as needed and love enough to keep a girl from doing anything foolish out of loneliness.

That's about all there is to the Wood system, and you don't have to be a movie star to make it work. You just have to be the kind of girl Natalie is, and it all comes naturally.

Natalie Wood will soon be seen in the Warner Bros. film *Bombers* B-52.

ex can be a handicap!

Continued from page 31) looks is what sells tickets, and you can't give them enough of it. . . ."

Diana made the most of hers, and knows. But she's frank enough to admit that an appearance like hers can have its drawbacks—professionally, as well as in her private life.

This had already become increasingly evident in school. Diana was born in Swindon, a railroad town southwest of London, twenty-four years ago. Contrary to report, she was not raised in a railroad man's attic. Her father was a comparatively well-off minor executive for the GREAT WESTERN RAILROAD, who could afford to send his daughter to a private school. "And that's where my troubles started," says Diana.

Any girl who could win a pin-up contest at thirteen, as Diana did when she lied about her age and enrolled at the annual Weston-Super-Mer Beauty Contest, obviously had an eyeful to offer. Unfortunately, her school grades at the time were quite poor in everything except reading and composition. The headmistress and some of the teachers dismissed it by putting Diana into the general category of dumb blondes who couldn't concentrate on anything long enough to learn anything. Actually, her lack of attention, her constant talking in class and prolonged absences were simply from a lack of interest in school that amazed even her father!

One afternoon when she came home with an unusually poor report card—even for her—he took her into the study, closed the doors . . . always a sign of an impending, serious talk . . . and demanded to know why she couldn't do better. Her answer frankly floored him. "I think school's a waste of precious years," Diana answered matter-of-factly.

"And I suppose you know all the answers!" he cried out.

"All that I need!" Papa gave up. "Everything's been too easy for you. But mark my words: you'll receive all that's coming to you. . . ." Diana agreed. Only her interpretation was slightly different. She didn't have the slightest doubt that this would include a swimming pool, a Rolls Royce, maids, chauffeurs and acclaim the world over. . . .

our good times are over"

Fortunately for Diana, her mother was on her corner—and not just as a passive bystander. While papa turned purple at some of the goings-on, mama was pushing her daughter in what she considered 'the right direction.' It had been Mother's idea to have Diana enter the Weston-Super-Mer contest, let her quit school at fourteen and go to London and study at the ACADEMY OF MUSIC AND DRAMATIC ART. In that her Mother was definitely for every way and means to get what she wanted as soon as she wanted it. This included going out with fellows "and having a good time because once you're married your good times are over. . . ."

Asked whether it held true in her case, Diana admitted, "Marriage has its advantages and disadvantages. . . ." She doesn't talk about it much, but it's obvious that one of the disadvantages of marriage is based on that handicap of sex bit. Diana's interpretation of mama's advice 'make the most out of each opportunity' put her into some pretty tense situations. That she considered innocent reactions were interpreted quite differently by members of the opposite sex. Like the two who whistled appreciatively as they passed her on Swindon's main street one morning. Diana turned around, beaming. Wonder they made a prompt about-

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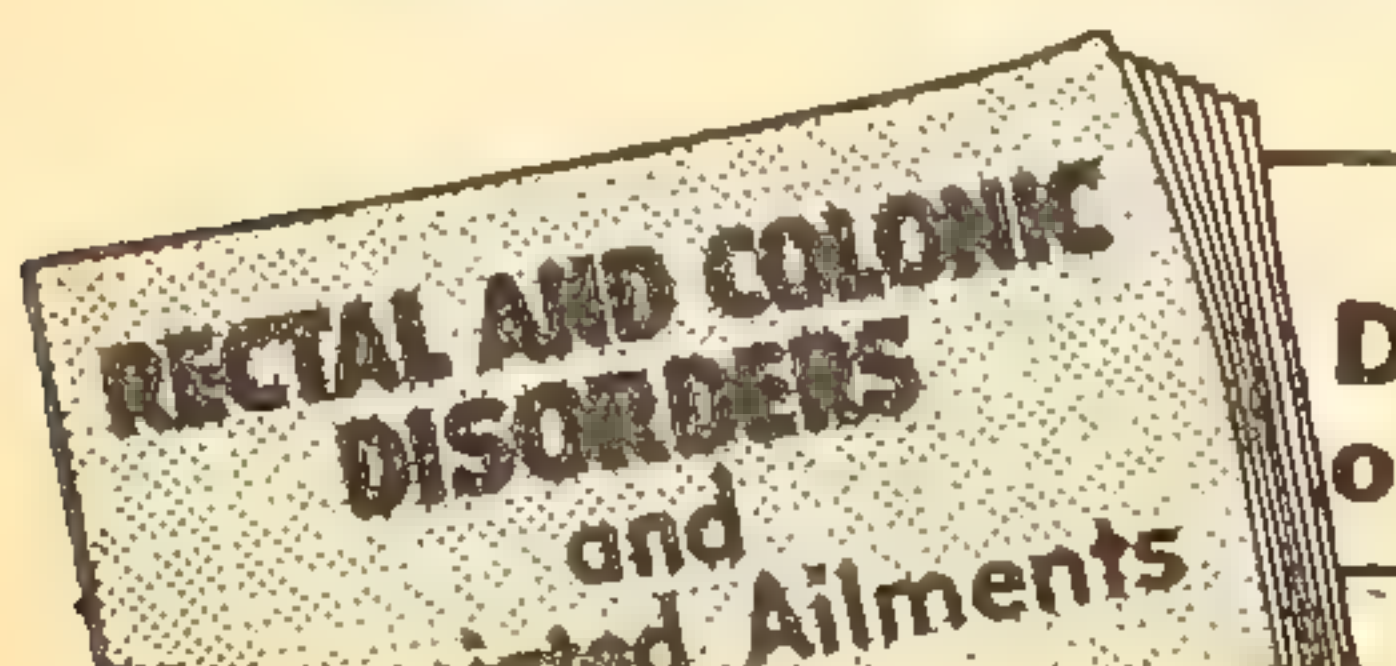
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face and followed her clear to the house!

That was not an isolated case. Her enthusiastic response to such appreciation made her the most whistled-at girl in town! And when her father insisted this was "no way to behave," and she tried to take his advice, it proved next to impossible. A figure like hers—and this was at fourteen, mind you—was an open invitation for wolf calls.

Since Diana was mature beyond her years, it wasn't surprising that boys asked her for dates earlier than they might have otherwise. And it's safe to assume that this was responsible for her becoming engaged at fourteen and finding out the meaning of heartache before most girls that age ever get kissed.

She had met the GI from Texas a few months before the war was over. He was nineteen. Of course he didn't have the faintest idea how old she was. By then she was so used to passing for seventeen, half the time she believed it herself.

Engaged

"We met, dated a few times, and before I knew what had happened, I was engaged to him," Diana recalls.

When the war ended, he was sent back to the United States, discharged, and returned to college.

Diana will never forget the first letter she received after he was out of uniform. As always, she had met the mailman half way down the block, practically torn the letter out of his hand and started to read it before she ever got back to her house.

It was the usual, emotional love note which got her in the usual tizzy. He wanted to marry her more than ever—but first he had to finish pre-medical school. That would take four more years.

"He might as well have said forty!" she recalls today. "At that age, a girl can't wait for years. Sure we wrote one another. But gradually the letters fizzled down to nothing. By the time the four years had elapsed, I was Mrs. Dennis Hamilton."

She failed to add that she'd also been engaged to a director in between.

Her move from Swindon to London to study dramatics helped her forget her first unhappy love affair. It brought her new friends, new interests, new ambitions and the same old problem of having to prove that she was more than a sexpot.

It's easy to see why—as she grew older—fellows took to her more and more like ducks to water. Yet few of them gave her credit for having brains, and fewer cared.

Type casting

Of course, the fellows who got to know her better—particularly her classmates at school—soon found out that she was one of the smartest cookies to get into the ACADEMY. They had no doubt that she'd succeed in anything on which her heart was set, professionally, and that they'd better be on the ball themselves if they wanted to keep up with her, intellectually.

Diana admits that she wasn't really too bothered about what men thought of her privately. If sex was a handicap, it had ample advantages, too. But with her career it was a different story, at least in the beginning.

Once she got into the ACADEMY, she thought, her problems would be over. They had only just begun.

Her first role was that of a vamp. So was her second, third, and all the others. Everytime they wanted a girl to bat her eyelids the director cried out, "This is Dors!" She never got a chance to do anything else. It was the same story after she got into pictures.

A casting director for the J. ARTHUR RANK ORGANIZATION saw her in a school performance, gave her a screen test, signed her to a ten-year contract, and promptly

assigned her the role of a dumb blonde in a thing called *The Shop At Sly Corner*.

One part followed another in quick succession and they were always the same—hussies. Not till she did *Yield To The Night* a year ago did she get a chance to show that she could act.

Because of the same, eye-filling handicap, Diana also had a tough time with the press. From the day she was first brought to their attention, the questions put to her were remarkably alike. Reporters cared little about her family and dramatic background, less about what she had read and where she had travelled. But they were uniformly interested in her measurements, her opinions on sex, men, anything else that was 'good copy.' But remarks like "What do you expect from a girl like her?" were not uncommon.

That pool dunking affair

As a matter of fact, the only smart thing with which she was credited was the incident which, Diana claims, wasn't her doing at all—the famous dunking affair when, at a party at her Beverly Hills estate, she was pushed into the pool by a photographer who was promptly chased and beaten up by husband Dennis Hamilton. "I'd never stage such a cheap trick," Diana insists, but agreed that it certainly hadn't hurt her cause to have her picture on the front page of practically every newspaper in the country the following morning!

She got her first taste of fame in London—and found the recognition rather pleasing. But after a while she got her fill of it. "There's a limit to how much attention a girl wants. . . ." And after her marriage, her husband's limit was the cause of many a jealous argument.

Wherever she went, male heads swished around in her direction. At restaurants, theaters, on the street, every place, all the time, she was the center of attraction as hordes of admirers closed in on her. And some were more outspoken than others!

The situation didn't change any after she became Mrs. Dennis Hamilton, following a five-week courtship. While her career had temporarily sagged—without Hamilton, she might have chuckled it altogether—her fans certainly hadn't forgotten her. They waited for her to leave her tiny apartment in London's Kensington district, followed her on the streets and showed signs of appreciation in all sorts of ways.

Just a hideaway

As could be expected, this became worse as her career picked up again. At least with the money Diana earned, she and Dennis could now afford a hide-away—if there had been such a place.

Dennis, who'd been active in the real estate business for a number of years, surprised her one evening with the announcement that he had found "the perfect place, away from everything."

"Where?" she cried out excitedly.

He wouldn't tell her. "I'll take you there tomorrow morning."

She didn't sleep the better part of the night, dreaming of the little cottage he had picked somewhere in the vicinity of London. Her face lit up in pleasant surprise the following day when they drove through the gates of a fashionable, fifteen-acre estate on the banks of the Thames River. It was so isolated, no one could possibly find it without detailed directions—they thought.

Three days after they moved in, Diana got into her car and headed for the gate. She had planned to get out to open it. It wasn't necessary: two fans who'd been patiently waiting since early morning were happy to oblige.

The next time she left the house, there were more than just a few peering over

the fence, and the number steadily increased till she couldn't take a walk in the garden without eyes popping up from some vantage point.

How to dress

Another problem for a girl with provocative measurements, says Diana, is the manner in which she can dress. She solved her problem by acquiring a 'double' personality. In private, she goes overboard in simplicity. No tight sweaters, low-cut tops, or other thought-provoking garments that might stimulate hard-to-control emotions. That, however, doesn't eliminate a complete about-face for 'career situations'—and it's a calculated move to draw every bit of attention to herself "when the situation warrants it" says Diana—which means every time she faces more than two people who aren't relatives.

When she was invited to the Venice Film Festival last year, for instance, she was "convinced that the press expected me to appear in something startling." After searching all week for a garment that would do the trick, she came up with a design all her own: a mink Bikini that had more than the desired effect: a detachment of his Majesty's Royal Marines on leave in Venice got into a fight to see who could get closest to her, and three natives got so excited that they fell into the Grand Canal as she floated by on top of a gondola.

Quite often, Diana wails, her actions have given her a reputation for brainlessness where quite another trait should have been blamed. She was referring to her habit of spending money like a drunken sailor on a three-day pass.

How she has it—now she doesn't

She bought her first car at eighteen—a week after she'd lost her movie contract. It was a tired, broken-down Ford V8 that moaned and groaned. But Diana thought that a future movie queen should have transportation, and she acquired it by way of a time-payment plan.

Somehow she managed to scrape enough together for the first and second installments, then the money gave out. And then payment number three became due.

When she left her flat the morning after the deadline, she noticed that the air had been let out of all four tires of her car, courtesy of a loan company representative who wanted to keep her from using it.

If the tires could be fixed, Diana reasoned, she would be able to move the car to a place where the loan company couldn't find it, till she managed her payments again. Her idea was promptly put to action with the help of an admiring young neighbor, who fixed the last of the

flats just as the man from the loan company walked up. "Thanks," he said, got into the car, and drove it away.

This taught her a valuable lesson: it's just as easy to owe a lot of money on an expensive car as a small amount on a cheap one. And so she bought a Rolls Royce when she didn't even have enough money to assure the second payment!

The salesman who finalized the deal shook his head in amazement. "Blondes!" he mumbled to a fellow employee.

"What are you worried about?" was the laconic reply. "You still get your commission on the down payment."

The only one who wasn't worried was Diana. So what if other girls became successful first and then lived like stars? Somebody had to be different. . . . Besides, it would bring her luck. And it did. One day after the car was delivered, she was signed to a new contract.

More success—less money

Her financial dealings have by no means become more conservative with success. Last year, Diana and Dennis went to the South of France to try their luck at gambling. Within two days they lost every penny they had. Another twenty-four hours later they lost everything they could borrow. Luckily they met a kind soul who financed their trip home.

Far more amazing than these comparatively isolated spending sprees seems her manner of living, from her Rolls Royce, to her 400 birds, and over a dozen servants—while constantly being in debt! To many of her associates this is further proof that sex and brains seldom go hand in hand. But are they right?

Before making up one's mind, it might be smart to take into consideration that this girl has become a star and world celebrity at twenty-four!

You listen to Diana Dors—and you look at her—and you think, *so what's the beef? So there are men making with the wolf calls all the time. And all they look at is the face—and the (WHISTLE-WHISTLE) rest of her—and never think there could be something upstairs that makes it interesting to talk to this dish? Soooooo? So what's so tough about that for a gal to take?*

So sex is a handicap—but hasn't Diana made it pay off over and over again? Sure.

Except in her personal life. There, the sex-queen of them all got what she wanted—but her blonde loveliness did as much to lose it for her as it ever did to get her the man she loves.

Yes, sex can be a handicap. **END**

Diana Dors will soon be seen in RKO's *I Married A Woman* and *The Lady And The Prowler*.

My love life

Continued from page 39) break as well. Married young, at sixteen, but unfortunately it didn't work out, and the scars are still with me.

Meanwhile, there's a wonderful man in my life named Mickey Hargitay. He makes me feel that I've never been really completely loved before and it just seems so near to me to have someone's love like this. Even with all the talk about it, all the things written about it, love is a funny thing when it hits you. If it hasn't happened to you, you just don't know what person is talking about when she says she's fallen in love!

I don't think I'm the fickle type, but I always thought Director Nick Ray was the man until the night I met Mickey. It was during the Broadway run of *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?* Mae West was playing at the LATIN QUARTER. I

wanted to see her act, having always been an admirer of hers.

My producer, Julie Styne, took me over to the LATIN QUARTER after the evening performance of the play. Mae came on stage flanked by a line of men with super torsos wearing white shorts.

I saw Mickey standing there at one end of the line. He kept looking and looking at me. Naturally, I reacted. He was a beautiful man.

The end for Jane

Turning to Julie I grinned, "Julie, you get me a steak for my dog and that one on the end for me!" I was kidding, of course.

So what happened after the show? There came Mickey down into the audience and right over to our table. He was so big—terrific shoulders, broad chest, and just about the slimmest waist. It embarrassed me to have him standing there all of a sudden so close to me. Just to say

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something, I asked, "What do you eat to keep your muscles like that?"

He didn't think that was funny. He's very shy about his physique. "Look, I don't want to talk about it," he cut me off.

A little later we all strolled out of the club together and went our separate ways. Julie and I had scarcely reached my apartment in the HOTEL GORHAM when the phone rang and the maid said, "Miss Mansfield, there's a man on the phone."

It was Mickey. I told him I was saying good night to Julie and asked him to call back in ten minutes.

After Julie left, I changed clothes, got comfortable, and waited for Mickey's call. We talked on and on for what must have been hours. It was like we were old friends and not two people who had met barely an hour before.

"I'm going up to Syracuse in two days with the show," Mickey told me. "Can I see you before I go?" I told him to come over to the apartment in the morning, suggesting that he go with me on a publicity jaunt to Brooklyn.

Mickey was there bright and early and off we went with Philip, my little chihuahua. Something happened to us that day, the kind of spontaneous thrill that catches a couple up to the clouds. It wasn't what we did. Or said. It was just really discovering each other and finding that we were already terribly fond of each other.

Mickey minus Mae

Mickey was gone two weeks and when he came back he was without a job. Mae West and he did not see eye to eye so he decided it would be best to leave her show.

The week end Mickey came back to New York found me in a grand mix-up with men. They'd caused a real crisis in my young life. I thought I'd just die. At this point I was still dating Robbie Robertson, the handsome airlines pilot I'd known all the previous winter.

Before coming to New York I'd seen a lot of Nick Ray and now suddenly came word from Nick that he was arriving Sunday. Mickey was due back Monday. You don't know what I went through trying to figure out how to avoid hurting these three men.

Saturday night I went out with Robbie to El Morocco and told him that I was going to have to see my other friends, too. Sunday night I went out with Nick. It was a very special kind of night and I really wasn't sure that I was not in love with him. I was really mixed up!

But the next morning when I went out to Idlewild Airport to meet Mickey, he was so sweet that my feelings for him rushed back on me. What confusion! Which one was it?

The problem was solved, temporarily at least, when both Nick and Robbie left town. From that point on, Mickey and I went together until my return to Hollywood last fall. It was the longest period I've ever dated steady in my life, almost six months.

To Hollywood and Nick

When I flew back to Hollywood with my six-year-old daughter Jayne Marie, Mickey came along. He's hoping to get into pictures too, or he may open a physical training gym in Hollywood.

The other morning Mickey came by the house about nine. I was choked up and cried when I found what he'd done. He'd taken my record player to get it fixed without even telling me. That to me was so wonderful. He's always doing something for me and thinking of ways to smooth out any little problems that may come along.

Then he began describing how a built-in dresser should be put into the bedroom in

my next house. While we were talking about it, he glanced at the clothes in closet and said, "I love every dress, every sweater, every piece of clothing you have."

Mickey himself had an unhappy marriage, but this, he says, is really the first time he's been in love. He thinks perfect. I'm not, but that's love. I think he'd do literally anything for me.

My personal discovery with him has been that a younger person can also be mature. I always have liked maturity in men, which explains Nick, who is four or five, and Robbie, who's thirty-eight. Before Mickey, I'd never considered dating anyone younger than that. But Mickey is just twenty-six.

Oh, I dated Lance Fuller, Hugh O'Brian, Race Gentry and boys like that when they first came to Hollywood. But those were ice-cream-parlor sort of dates—nothing more than pleasant friendships.

The five year plan

I'm not thinking of marriage anytime soon again. Not for at least five years. I'm working hard to build my career.

I'm aiming for the top in motion pictures. There's such a feeling of accomplishment resulting from my work.

I've always followed my heart with men. Before Mickey, Nick Ray always seemed to be the most important man in my life. I had dated him since signing my first studio contract at WARNER BROS. He was making a picture on the lot when he first arrived and we got to know each other over lunch in the commissary.

I went with Nick a lot and liked him tremendously. He is quite a bit older than I, mature and sensitive. He's successful, knows what he is doing and where he is going.

Old reliable Robbie

Robbie Robertson and I became acquainted on a return flight from a Texaco personal appearance tour. I was sitting in the back of the cabin with three or four other pilots waiting to land as we came in over the mountains. They called Robbie on the intercom system and said, "You better get back here Robertson. There's something you shouldn't miss." In a few minutes he came wandering back and the first thing I noticed was his stunning charcoal-gray hair.

We discovered we both drove sports cars. He had a white Thunderbird. I had a pink Jaguar. So we bet a dinner race. CHASEN's that my car would outrun his. We never did have that race, but out of that meeting came a lot of fun for us.

Robbie is a nice, romantic character. I used to call him Old Reliable, he was so sweet. He'd walk my dog in the snow at Madison Square Park during my first months in New York when I had just a couple of little rooms in the MADISON SQUARE HOTEL.

At that time I thought I'd only be staying in New York for two or three months then I'd be able to get out of my contract and back to Hollywood. So there we were in this tiny place—Jayne Marie, my mother, Esther, my great Dane, three cats and Philip, the chihuahua, and me.

I thought I loved Robbie pretty much then, more than I ever did at any other time. He always wanted to run away and get married in Mexico. He offered me a six carat diamond ring for my birthday. But I turned it down. Robbie knew my feeling for Nick. He was always top man on the ladder.

The society kick

Many other men hung around me in New York but I didn't love any of them. One of them—I won't name him—was a typical wealthy Manhattan bachelor type with the most fabulous penthouse on Park

venue. There were original Renoirs on the walls, carpeting about a foot thick and a real live butler just like they have in the movies.

For a short while I was on a society kick and dated Oleg Cassini, who used to be married to Gene Tierney. Socialites and blonde actresses and we are readily accepted into the group. We'd all go to El Morocco for dinner and dancing. Very chic and très gai. I wore black until it came out of my ears.

But it was more the thought of doing more than really going that had the biggest appeal.

I followed my heart and went out with Robbie again. He had never seemed so sweet. The real me can't go for the snob routine. I value a person's friendship for his personality and his inner being, not for what he does or how he makes his living.

My ex-husband, Paul

These men that I've come to know since leaving Hollywood and New York are quite different from the Texas boy I married when I was sixteen.

I met Paul Mansfield on New Year's Eve in Dallas. My girl friend, Joyce Wheeler, and new Paul and introduced us. We were tremendously attracted to each other at once.

He was a student at NORTH TEXAS AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE in Arlington, a town near Dallas. That didn't stop him from getting in to see me from then on.

We were secretly married a month and three days after we met. Because it was a secret marriage, we both went on living at home. It was terribly difficult with my parents asking me to be in every night by ten and a husband waiting outside for me. I didn't know a thing about babies or boys. I began to get morning sickness and, not knowing what it was, got a medical book to help explain my symptoms. When I found out I was pregnant, I told my parents. They were kind and forgiving, but my mother wanted us to be remarried because she'd always wanted to see her only daughter wed.

So three months later, on May 6, 1950, we went to the same little marriage chapel in Fort Worth where we were married originally, and had the ceremony repeated for our parents' benefit.

My college education

Then Paul was ordered to report at Camp Gordon, Georgia, for summer training. He'd been in ROTC in college. My parents didn't think it was right for me to go along because of my pregnancy. I was still pretty much of a child, then. Of course, if I had it to do over again, I'd go. I stayed home with my parents that summer while Paul was gone and knitted potpies and quilts for the baby. When Paul returned he enrolled at the UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS in Austin, but I stayed with my folks until the baby arrived on November 8.

She was a perfect little thing. We named her Jayne Marie.

I came home with the baby, and after a few months I joined Paul at TEXAS U. We didn't have any money, so we arranged to have our classes staggered so that one of us baby-sat while the other was in class.

In addition to taking care of the baby, getting our meals, keeping the apartment reasonably clean, and carrying twenty hours of courses, I held down two jobs at the same time to bring in a little more money.

I modelled in the mornings from eight to eleven at the TEXAS FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS. Jayne Marie went along in her buggy. From eleven to five I attended classes. Then dinner, making the baby's formula and folding diapers—and finally

I worked from seven to eleven p.m. as a receptionist in a dancing studio. I lasted for three months before practically falling on my face.

Jayne's stage career begins

On week ends, at every opportunity, I worked on the stage. I played a lady-in-waiting in a Shakespearean production, and Paul and I did some work with the AUSTIN CIVIC THEATER. We did song and dance routines between acts and I played Fanny Morgan, the drunkard's wife, in *Ten Nights In A Bar Room*.

We had an interesting life in those days. We were very much in love, or at least we thought we were.

But Paul and I were striving for two different things. He had his own ambitions and I had mine. He didn't feel my education was necessary. If you're not like I am, it's difficult to understand how necessary it is. Now I have three and a half years of college behind me and a bet for a \$5 steak dinner with a New York columnist that I get a degree some day. I will too, by completing that final half year at UCLA one of these days.

After Paul graduated from college, he had two years of army service to fill. He returned to Camp Gordon, and this time I went with him. We lived in the most destitute of places—an old army barracks on the post which was on its last feet.

I had promised Paul I wouldn't work, so he let me take ballet lessons. First thing I knew, this got me in trouble. I used to practice out in the back yard in a black leotard. There were always squads of soldiers marching around the post in drills and they'd stare and stare at me.

The Officer's wife

One afternoon an officer's wife paid me a call. She was all dressed up, even in that humid summer heat. She wore gloves, a hat and smart gown. She explained that I was distracting the soldiers and that the ballet lessons should not be practiced in the yard. Honestly!

The officers' pool on the post was not too attractive, so I used to ride on the bus 'most every afternoon to the enlisted men's pool in town. It was much larger and nicer. Generally I wore my leopard-skin bikini, which made quite a hit.

I might have known it. In a few days, the officer's wife was back again, hat, gloves and all. She explained that it wasn't proper for an officer's wife to swim in the enlisted men's pool. I gave that up too.

One day the order came through that Paul and I had been fearing, ordering him to overseas duty in Japan and Korea.

It wasn't long after Paul came home from the army that we headed for Hollywood. And it wasn't long after that that I knew our marriage was breaking up. One night I came home and told Paul I was going to get a divorce. I knew it was tearing him apart the way we were going and there just didn't seem any sense to continuing it.

My love life . . .

I've dated many men. But the big four who have most affected my life to date have been my ex-husband, Nick Ray, Robbie Robertson and Mickey Hargitay.

I won't get my final divorce decree for a year and don't plan to remarry for at least five years. I'm only twenty-three now and can have babies until I'm forty. Mickey understands all this. He is wonderful. In fact, I guess I could say that I find just about everything in life these days pretty wonderful. But it's been a long hard climb, the road to Mickey and happiness.

END

Jayne Mansfield can currently be seen in the 20th Century-Fox film, *The Girl Can't Help It*.



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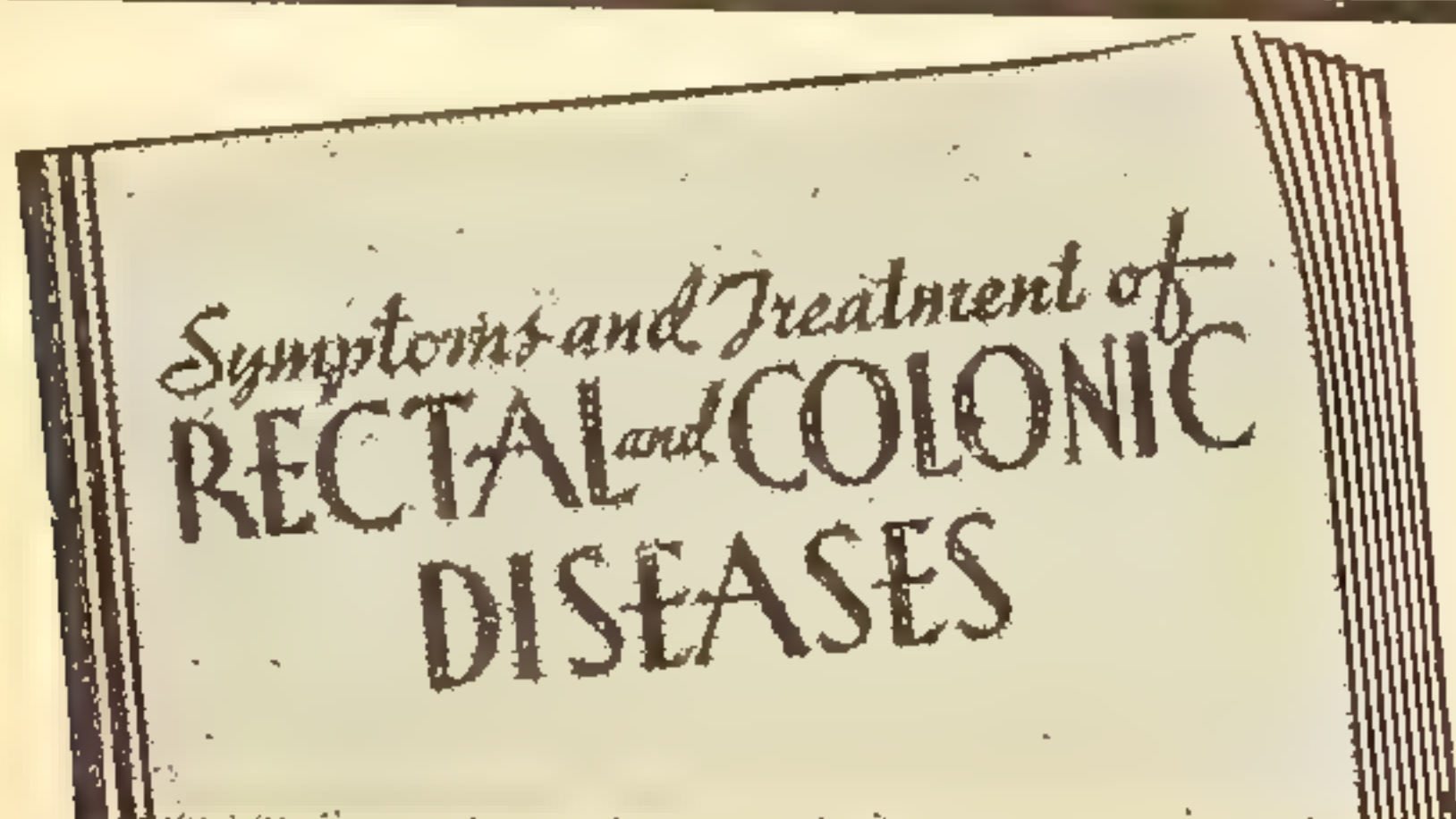
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what dancing can do for you

(Continued from page 47) takes you out of yourself as much as dancing does. It isn't just a matter of the exercise which your muscles are getting; there is something to movement in rhythm which is a tremendous source of inner satisfaction.

I have two sons. Nick is fourteen, the other is Tony Jr. and he's six. My husband is always either preparing to leave for one of his tours or has just returned from one. We haven't too large a home and it doesn't take much, as in most households, to disrupt daily routine. There have been mornings when I have hated to get out of bed and face the day, but these, I always know, are the very mornings when I must not miss my practice at any cost.

Five minutes after I have stretched myself about a little I am beginning to feel better. Bit by bit, as my blood begins to circulate and my head clears I start to come alive. A dance teacher once explained this well. "Too many of us use our bodies only as shells within which we crouch and stew, instead of letting them function as they were designed, letting them skip and leap and whirl until we fairly sing inside with the fun of it!"

What he meant is that you don't have to learn anything when you dance... you gain just in the dancing! You don't dance to become professional—you dance for enjoyment only.

Something good happens

For instance it did wonders for a friend of mine, a mother of two small children, who realized one day that she was coming apart... in more ways than one. Her hips were spreading, her flesh softening generally, and her very attitude towards her role as a wife and mother becoming dull and apathetic.

When I suggested dancing class she shrugged her shoulders indifferently. When I actually got her to show up at the studio her muscles fairly creaked as she tried a few steps and she protested that she couldn't possibly continue. But I kept after her, and she came back, and finally it began to mean something to her.

"I don't know how to put it," she told me, "but it's just as if I am sure something good is happening to me."

Something good was. There was a weight reduction and she became sleeker, firmer. "I never thought I'd ever look like this again," she said. And something else... she gained in contentment. Periods of boredom which she used to experience came more infrequently, and this resulted in a general contentment with her lot.

Join a class

When I am not working in a picture and have to dance my hour and a half a day for exercise, I never do it just at home and alone. It would work out just as well if I could, but I can't. I plain need company. So I always attend a class, any class. There will be children there, some older girls, and a few professionals who must stay in shape. I also like to attend class because it seems to give the whole idea of my dancing more meaning; I have a place to go and something to do when I get there. I would earnestly suggest that, if possible, anyone turning to dancing for personal help join a class rather than try it alone. It helps to be with a group and it helps to be trying to learn something... especially when there has been achievement.

Like when Fred Astaire and I were rehearsing for our routines in *Silk Stockings*. Every so often he'd come in and an-

nounce that he planned to stop early came to learn that this never meant thing. "Today we'll stop at three," he say. But at three we would be so involved in some new routine which he was originating that there'd be no mention of quitting! On we'd dance... and love because we were accomplishing something.

Dancing—a matter of spirit

There are many ideas about dancing that just aren't true, like the idea that it's a matter of strength and muscles isn't, of course. It's a matter of the spirit—you'll get all the muscles you'll need you have the spirit of dance. And do ever be afraid that dancing will give you misshapen muscles. If your build a leg form is a nice one, dancing will no way enlarge or overdevelop them. In proper training and overwork can do that of course. Sometimes the result is knobby calf muscles and thick thighs, but it is unlikely. Most important is the fact that you have a good figure to begin with dancing will enhance it—and if your build is not as shapely as you'd like it to be dancing will help make it so.

The body moves best in dance when it's streamlined, and this is the direction towards which dance exercises and movements tend to develop you. The muscles grow where you need them; they contract off where you don't.

Friends of mine who have girls always ask if I approve of ballet lessons for them. Of course I do. It's the best training for youngsters. As in the case of adults the benefits go far beyond the dancing. For instance, because they are being exposed to one of the arts the pupils usually become interested in other forms of art. Interest is aroused in music, painting, literature, because these are so much part of the great classical ballets. They become fascinated, in many cases, by the costumes, their designs, and in general they become aware for the first time of the magnificence of the cultural world around them.

The secret of beauty through dance

Next, and of course of tremendous importance, the little girl who starts a ballet course learns grace of movement and that great secret of beauty—posture. Not long ago I saw the renowned dancer Ulanova, in a film version of *Romeo and Juliet*. Ulanova, who is forty-seven, played the seventeen-year-old Juliet, and moved as if she were seventeen! This is the magic which ballet training had brought her.

Sometimes I am asked how old a girl should be to begin ballet work. Personally I think she should not begin until she is at least six, preferably not until she is eight. With the smaller tots the coordination necessary for ballet is lacking. They look cute but they are not learning. By the time they should be learning they have often lost interest because there hasn't been any progress.

Choose a reputable school. Choose a good teacher. Dance magazines list a number of fine schools and teachers in all parts of the country. It isn't difficult to find either. After all, I grew up in what would seem to be a pretty improbable place for a girl who wanted to learn ballet—Amarillo, Texas. Yet I found a superb teacher there who could teach me the fine traditions of the dance.

I wish to repeat only one 'rule' here... the most important: move and stand only in grace.

This is what dancing can do for you... whether you ever learn to dance or not!

Watch for Cyd Charisse in MGM's *Silk Stockings*.

What a difference a son makes

Continued from page 55) nastics, and she said, "Oh Chuck, you're so uninhibited." That's not what everybody thinks," Chuck replied.

But as a matter of fact, the baby has changed Chuck. Once, before the baby came, Chuck didn't like a picture he was making, and people around him called him *God's Angry Man*. I couldn't imagine anyone saying that about Chuck now. No matter what the cares or the tensions of the day have been, just a few minutes' playing with Fray when he gets home and he's his old, carefree self again.

And Chuck is much more outgoing and friendly these days—just because the baby is here. We're both not much for the small talk that goes on at parties. We both like people, and enjoy small gatherings of about 10 people or so. But big parties, with hundreds of a hundred or more, are something else again. Time was when the playing Chuck used to do would be to seek out the nearest actor friend of his and sit off in a corner and talk about Shakespeare. These days, things are different. My Curtis is a brand new father too, and all someone has to do is mention the word *baby* and Chuck and Tony are in a corner together, comparing notes. My baby is older: he'll be two in February, and of course that makes Chuck quite an expert.

One of the stories Chuck tells could be called *Fray the hooper*. While we were in stock this summer, we took Fray to a rehearsal of Martha Wright in the road-show company of *South Pacific*. He hasn't been the same since. All we have to do now is turn some popular music on the hi-fi or tune in on the radio, and he'll go into a song-and-dance routine. "If we aren't careful," says Chuck, "we'll have a hooper on our hands."

5 days apart

We've always had a happy marriage—Chuck and I. I don't think a baby could ever help a marriage that wasn't good to start out with. But on the surface, the boy has transformed ours. At least, he's changed our way of living.

Two years ago, before the baby came, Chuck and I sat down once with a calendar and figured out that according to his arithmetic and my memory we'd spent 205 days apart out of 365. While Chuck was making *Horizons* in Hollywood, I played *The Ten Year Itch* on the Chicago stage. While I took the play on tour, Chuck took *Yarn Yesterday* and *Macbeth* to Bermuda. And it wasn't too long before that that MODERN SCREEN had written a story about commenting on the fact that during 10 years of marriage, we'd never been able to take a vacation together. It was called, *Hi Honey, So Long Dear*—and its theme was very *à propos*. But then, Chuck and I had been used to separations.

My early years

We were married in 1944, and were separated by the war till Chuck got back from the Aleutians and I got back from NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY. We'd met at NORTHWESTERN'S School of Speech in our freshman year—and hadn't had time for anything much aside from school, acting and each other: we were both working our way through, and it took so much time just being there. After Chuck got back from the Army Air Corps, we starved together in a tiny Hell's Kitchen apartment in New York. We could just about support ourselves in those days, and a baby was economically out of the question. Then our careers went into high, and there didn't seem time for anything at all.

Before the baby came, Chuck was in the habit of saying, "Sure we want kids, but . . ." But he dropped the *but* from his vocabulary fast. When the baby gave notice that it was on its way, as babies do, Chuck couldn't get over it for days. "Imagine . . ." he'd sigh, "after ten years of marriage . . . I'm going to be a father . . . you're going to be a mother. This is it!"

Fray made a big change, even before he ever got here. I'd been planning to go with Chuck to Egypt while he made *The Ten Commandments* on location. It would have been the first trip we'd made together since we'd both made the grand tour of Europe for *The Greatest Show On Earth*. But the doctor said "No."

A baby and a career don't mix

Of course, I've given up my career. Before Fray came along, I had achieved some success as an actress but I haven't been acting since the baby came, simply because I think the most important full-time job in the world is that of being a wife and mother. It's soul-satisfying too—though I must admit that occasionally I miss the lift and outlet that a creative profession like acting gives you.

A friend of ours was running the stock company at the Newport Casino last summer, and asked Chuck to do a play there. Chuck wanted to take *Detective Story* there because it was a play he'd wanted to do for a number of years, and because he wanted to get it out of his system. It happened to be a play I'd starred in on Broadway.

"How'd you like to do it with me, honey?" Chuck asked. "Of course as part of *Heston, Incorporated*," he smiled, "I won't be able to pay you the salary you were earning in New York. But still . . ."

Fray and I were down on the rug, playing with a set of blocks one of our friends had made for him. It's a huge wooden square with big bold crayon-colored letters that fit into it, spelling out Fray's name. I stopped for a minute and said, "Sure. But you'll have to talk to my agent first: Fray."

Fray started to gurgle and that seemed to settle it. "I guess it will be okay," I said.

Together every minute


I loved getting into greasepaint again for the summer, and Chuck is fond of telling people that doing *Detective Story* was an inspired choice. "We did the best business in the circuit," he says with a grin, and looks at me.

So we 'rented' a new station wagon from ourselves. It was one we'd bought for our own real estate company in Michigan. And with a couple of two-by-fours, some boards, and two air mattresses, Chuck built two berths in the wagon that looked like Pullman sleepers. Chuck has always been handy with tools. He once built all the furniture for our Hell's Kitchen apartment, you know. When he'd finished, I thought the whole idea was smart enough to warrant a patent. Chuck and three actors travelled in the station wagon—two men taking turns at the wheel, and the others sleeping in the bunks when they were off duty.

Mabel, our maid, Dr. Spock, my medical adviser via *Baby And Child Care*, the baby and I travelled by plane or by train, and would meet Chuck and the rest of our troupe in time for the next booking.

Our itinerary sounds like a program for "See America First"—for we got to Newport, Syracuse, Hinsdale (near Chicago) and Sacandaga Park (near Albany) with *Detective Story*, and then returned to Newport, where Chuck did *Mr. Roberts*. *The Traveling Hestons* did between 300 and 800 miles between stops, and the baby was a trouper about it all. He once fell

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asleep just before the third-act curtain on a Saturday night in Syracuse, and didn't wake up till it was almost time for rehearsals on Sunday afternoon in Hinsdale.

It turned out to be the most marvelous summer we'd ever spent in our lives: Chuck and the baby and I—together every minute of the day and night! To ordinary people in an ordinary marriage that might not seem like very much—but to us, it was a great deal. Chuck played tennis every day. I don't play, but the baby and I would get down to the courts after he'd been playing awhile, and then Chuck would stop the game for a few minutes while Fray picked up all the balls and handed them to his Daddy. Very occasionally, Chuck would get a chance to do some horseback riding or play some polo—it's a game he'd learned to enjoy while he was in Egypt for *The Ten Commandments*—and Fray would follow him down the field, trying to catch a chucker. After that, we'd all go down to the beach.

No shy baby

Since the summer, not a week goes past but that I receive a television offer, sometimes to act with Chuck, but it's fun saying no. For the time being at least, Fray needs me much, much more.

Don't misunderstand that *needs me* part. Even as an infant, Fray wasn't a shy baby—turning away from strangers the way some babies do. Whenever I'd take him over to someone new, his face would light up with that eager, bright little smile of his, and he'd reach out to say "Hello." Ties on strangers enticed him, and so did buttons on blouses. He'd stretch out his arms and all the person had to do was respond, and they'd be great friends.

Chuck likes to take his time about getting to know people. We have a good many trusted and loyal friends—in Hollywood, New York, Chicago, and points

north and south. Some of them are actors, and a good many of them are people we've known from college days. But striking up a conversation with strangers is something that has taken Chuck a little getting used to. Not so with Fray. If you were to come into our house, he'd warm up to you like a little cocker spaniel, handing you an ashtray or a magazine after you'd said "Hello," and if he were to give you one of his toys—well, then you'd know you *really* rate.

Another story about my two men that I love to tell has another character in it: Shakespeare. One day, Chuck took a copy of *Macbeth* and sat down to read it to Fray, complete with waving arms and all the extravagant emotional gestures of 19th Century Shakespearean productions. A few days later, Fray saw that copy of *Macbeth* on the coffee table and picked it up, pretending to be reading from it. Raising his arm toward the ceiling in the lordly gesture of the ill-fated King, he started making all sorts of murmuring, gurgling sounds, raising his voice and flailing his arms about. It was all we could do to keep from doubling up with laughter. I don't know which is funnier, Fray doing an imitation of Chuck reading *Macbeth* aloud—or Chuck doing an imitation of Fray doing an imitation of Chuck!

What true happiness is

The other evening we were out in a rather plush restaurant with a group, and Chuck started to give his impression of the Fraser Clarke Heston version of Shakespeare, complete with gestures. I looked up and saw several people in the restaurant staring at us, wondering what was going on, but Chuck continued, completely oblivious, spontaneous, and happy. And I thought to myself with tremendous pleasure, "This is *my* Chuck? How nice!"

Chuck is a very *real* person: he's kind and honest, thoughtful and decent. I know

it—I should, after fourteen years of marriage—but he reminds me of it all the time. The other evening we were out with a group of our friends in show business and one of them, Anne Marie Gayer, who's radio and tv actress, was bubbling over. "Chuck, I just can't help name-dropping about you. I told a friend of mine, 'I'm going out this evening with an old friend. He's a movie star. Charlton Heston.' She screamed 'You mean you know Charlton Heston?' I nodded a yes—and I tell you, Chuck, I was *made*."

Chuck smiled and leaned forward, telling the rest of our friends, "What Anne Marie doesn't say is that she was the first person in our group to turn professional. I'll never forget the time she landed her first radio job and came up to our place in that pink suit. Lydia asked Anne Marie where she got it, and she buried her head in her lapel—like this—and whispered *Hattie Carnegie*."

I could see Anne Marie's smile of satisfaction, and I thought, "How thoughtful of Chuck to repeat that story." It was a little thing—but then, life is made up of so many little things.

If our Fray grows up to be a man with his father's appreciation of other people's feelings, and a knowledge of what's real living—then I'll feel we've both done a good job.

Right now, as I look at Chuck playing with the baby, and watch the smile of pleasure that spreads across his face, and sense the relaxed and happy feeling which pervades our home, my heart fills to overflowing and I think, "This is what happiness is. It isn't fame, or glory, or money, or six Cadillacs, or fan letters, or applause. It's love, and the joy and fulfillment that comes with being a loved wife and a loving mother."

Charlton Heston can currently be seen in Paramount's *The Ten Commandments*.

he kisses and doesn't tell

(Continued from page 36) His shrewdness in this respect is the result of a painful education he acquired after he startled the movie town with his portrayal of a shell-shocked soldier in *With A Song In My Heart*. The preview cards weren't half in when 20th realized they had a new star on their hands. The publicity department shifted its gears into high and prepared to give R. J. the royal headline ride to stardom.

And Wagner, a bewildered but elated eager beaver, cooperated above and beyond the manner called for in his contract.

He was seen with every lush young starlet in town. He toured the nightclubs, ploughed through the premières, granted interviews to any writer who looked his way, posed for pictures until he called the corps of movie photographers by first names—and squired pretties until he knew every shade of lipstick on the market.

But the interviews are what taught him the real lesson in the romance department.

"I remember the first time it happened," Bob said wistfully. "She was a doll. Terrific figure, sparkling eyes, a wonderful laugh that made you feel good and a sense of complete understanding about the male animal."

"She was career-conscious, too. It was the day after our third date. I had an interview that morning with a columnist from one of the local papers. The lady writer, eager for something newsy, asked me how I felt about her."

"I said, 'I think she's wonderful.'"

"The lady writer's eyes brightened."

78 Then: "Is she the kind of a girl you'd like

to marry?" I should have known better, but I didn't. So I said, "Of course. A man would be lucky to have her for a wife."

"The next morning one of the studio executives called me in and a sterner look on the face of a man I've yet to see. He threw the early edition of a newspaper in front of me and said, 'I hope you can explain this!'"

Front page news

"*'This'* was a front page story announcing my engagement and impending marriage to the girl I had so casually discussed the day before. 'She's wonderful,' I was quoted, 'I want to marry her.'"

"I told the front office I'd take care of it. When I got back to my dressing room the phone was ringing. It was the doll. She crackled in that receiver like a short circuit. What did I mean we were engaged? The nerve of me saying we were going to be married. Did I know that I had practically alienated the guy she really wanted to marry, a man I didn't know. And besides, she added with a quiver, 'You didn't even ask me to marry you.'"

"It took nearly a half hour to assure her that the story was all a mistake, the result of an over-enthusiastic reporter and a not-so-sharp young actor named Wagner. No, we didn't date any more."

Wagner, incidentally, possesses a peculiar reverse-action kind of appeal for women of any age. For instance, there's an exceedingly beautiful and aloof young actress, who shall be nameless. She is unmarried and something of an attraction herself. The conversation got around to Hollywood's eligible bachelors.

She mentioned a few she thought were dream-boat material. Bob was mentioned

to her as a possible marital candidate.

At the sound of his name she threw up her hands and said, "For heavens' sake don't mention him when you write about me! I can't stand him."

Asked if she had ever met him, she said, "No, but from his pictures and what I've read, my instincts tell me he's the last man in the world I want to date. He's too darn handsome and I've never met a good-looking man yet who didn't suffer from conceit."

A few weeks later, of course, the couldn't-stand-him girl had a date with Bob.

The secret code

When she was asked about it, she gave a dreamy smile, her eyes went a little limp, and she said, "I wish I had met him a long time ago. We've been out together three times in the last ten days and I can't wait for him to ask me again. He's wonderful."

"How is he wonderful?"

To that one all she'd say, with a coy and slightly impish smile, was, "Please. Those are things a girl never tells anybody."

Wagner won't tell either. It's a code with him now.

Sources of the limited revelations of R. J.'s love life are, oddly enough, a number of girls who are just a little bitter because of Wagner's nimble exit from the wedding-date situation.

One of them:

"It isn't fair. He doesn't say anything about his intentions. But what the devil can a girl think when Robert Wagner's arms are around her? He told me I was beautiful, a lot of fun and intelligent. And honestly, if you could have heard him you

uld have known he meant it. Most of time I was with him I kept trying to h my breath. He overwhelms a girl. d if she's not careful that's disastrous." another:

It was our second date. I wanted to go CRO's and the MOCAMBO, but Bob looked me and shook his head sadly. 'Honey,' said, 'those are public places! How can have any fun there? And you look so ely tonight that I'd be afraid to take to a night club. Everybody would stare ou.'

So instead we went to a small restau- t that I'd never heard of before. We had most sumptuous dinner. He knew all continental entrées, the vintage years all the wines. Later we drove up the ific Coast. It was beautiful. The moon full and Bob made me feel as though ere a princess. And when he told me I s irresistible—well, I believed him. He's very persuasive person. But I guess I st have been resistable!"

ls are too emotional

ut Bob's got the answers to such state- mts.

I always make it clear that we're dating laughs. I like the girls I date and I want m to like me. But that's as far as it s. Of course I avoid discussing my dates public. And for the very reasons I ex- ined a few minutes ago. Everyone thinks t marriage is important to me. It is, but now. If it gets around that I'm seeing particular girl, people assume we're nming *Here Comes The Bride*. I don't d the stories myself. I'm used to them. t it's always embarrassing for the girl

and I usually lose the girl as a friend."

Wagner engagement stories have not al- ways lost him friends, however. At times R. J. has been reported betrothed to Deb- bie Reynolds, Terry Moore, Susan Zanuck, Debra Paget, Mona Freeman, Natalie Wood. All are still his friends principally because as actresses they understand how false romantic rumors originate with gos- sip columnists.

But girls in Detroit, Phoenix, New York, Chicago and San Francisco are still sighing over the memory of a *Wagner Whirl*. Their attitudes can be summed up in the remark of one, "He's a man in boy's clothing and when he tells you what a beautiful figure you have, you could be shaped like a broomstick and still believe him."

Pressed for further details on any of his girls R. J. will raise his eyebrows in mock astonishment, shake his head and say: "Who? Me?"

But he'll add, "I'm not trying to ration- alize or justify or complain or explain. It's just that when R. J. Wagner and the girl he loves decide to make it double harness we'll announce it together. That's a promise!"

"It may be true, as the song says, that 'Married I Can Always Get,' but don't you think I ought to meet as many girls as possible before I decide?"

R. J. asks the question with an expres- sion of perfect innocence. Or was there just the bare trace of a smile in the cor- ner of his mouth?

END

Watch for Bob Wagner in the 20th Cen- tury-Fox film *The True Story Of Jesse James*.

Confessions of an expectant father

Continued from page 49) fit every time I e home with a package—or a deliv- truck—but I just can't help it. I see stuff, and I remember how much of it didn't have, and I buy it. If the kid sn't like it, I'll play with it. Some of the ks I didn't pick myself, I must admit; I can hold Debbie Reynolds directly possible. Debbie buttonholed me one on the street and I never heard such eady stream of talk about how she was brand-new mother, and Eddie hadn't e to fatherhood school!

Fatherhood school?" I asked.

Of course," she said impatiently. here they teach you how to hold the y and bathe it and comfort your wife en she gets new-mother blues, and at to do when the baby cries—and rything. You have to go."

m an easy mark; everyone knows that. ny didn't Eddie go?" I asked weakly. Debbie stamped her foot. "Don't ask

I talked and talked and practically down on my knees and begged, but he thought he knew instinctively what to when the time came. But he's sorry," she added.

Why?"

Because I get to bathe the baby. I w how!" She smiled at me encour- gly. "Go, Rory. Everybody—except ie—goes."

o the following week I enrolled in erhood school.

he's going to be a boy"

ll be honest. I'd like a boy. Everyone s they don't care, but I do. I'd like on to put in jeans and take hunting. I talk to frankly and honestly about rything. You talk to a kid and that kid sn't turn into a juvenile delinquent.

ut if it's a girl I'll love her just as h. By the way, her name would be ron, only of course she's going to be

a boy and his name will be Rory. And he'll have to learn to rough it. A kid shouldn't grow up in a city. A kid should get out in the air and the woods. You don't get into trouble if you're fishing or hunting—because you don't want to. You've got something better.

Well, I don't know where I get all the time for this analyzing of what the kid will do and get and be. So far I haven't got a kid. I've got a pregnant wife, and if that isn't enough to keep a guy occu- pied, I don't know what is. For instance, one night Lita grabbed me excitedly. I woke with a start, at three in the morning, all ready to drive to Beverly Hills for dried pomegranates or whatever.

"Rory," she shrieked, "it's the baby!"

"My God," I gasped, "it can't be. You're only three months pregnant!"

"No, Rory, I mean he's moving!" She took my hand and placed it on her stomach. "See? Feel?"

So I looked. I felt. And there was noth- ing! "You're imagining things," I told her. "Go back to sleep."

Five minutes later she shook me again. "He's doing it, Rory, really. Hurry up, you'll miss it!"

I missed it, all right. All night long, up and down, waiting for my son to kick. And nothing.

"Meet your son, Mr. Calhoun"

By the third month I was convinced the boy didn't like me, that he was avoiding me. Then one day after I drove her to the doctor and was sitting in the waiting room till she got through, the nurse came out and called me. I went inside and there was Lita, draped in a sheet with her tummy sticking out, and the doctor with a stethoscope on it. He stood up, took the earplugs out, smiled at me. "Mr. Cal- houn," he said, "I would like you to make the acquaintance of your son." He put the

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ear plugs in my ears and placed the stethoscope on Lita's tummy. I listened. Silence. "What am I supposed to hear?" I ask.

The doctor looked puzzled. "Heartbeats," he said.

Heartbeats? Ok, I listened some more. "But I don't hear anything," I said.

The doctor gave me a funny look.

He took the stethoscope from me and listened. "They're there," he said finally. "Try again."

I tried again. After a few minutes I started moving the stethoscope around, Lita watching anxiously, the doc very puzzled. Then I heard it. *Thump-thump, thump-thump, thump-thump!* "I hear it!" I cried.

"Don't move!" said the doctor, all excited. He took the instrument, keeping it in exactly the same place, and listened. Then his face broke into a wide grin. "That's not your baby, Rory," he laughed. "That's Lita."

So now I know. My own kid, and when I come near him, not only does he not kick, but he has to hold his breath too!

It went on like that till the sixth month, I want you to know. Then one day Lita hollered and I came running, and darned if the kid didn't practically kick my hand off. It was great. *Great!* Now at least I know we're on good terms. Kickin' cousins, you might say.

A woman can't tackle it alone

Besides getting his fair share of the kicks, I think a father-to-be should go through about as much of the pregnancy as he can along with his wife. Like the diet bit. I've been eating the same things as Lita and not eating the rest. Lots of milk. No candy. Calcium pills. If I grow an extra set of teeth, who cares? A guy's got to do his bit. This pregnancy business is no job for a woman to tackle alone. Not only is it too much for them, but if you don't keep after them, they don't do it right.

Take the long walks for instance. Now with my own ears I heard the doctor tell Lita she was supposed to walk. Every day I'd come home from the set and my wife

would be sitting in a chair, eating something. "Did you walk?" I'd ask.

"Sure, dear."

"Where?"

"Oh," she'd say vaguely, "around."

I finally figured out where "around" was. It was around to the kitchen to get something to eat. So I took over. I started coming home early, and we went for walks. Up hills, down valleys, to visit friends—distant friends. Lita gripes that she's not supposed to be doing road work, but the doctor and I know better. When the time comes for the birth, that baby'll stand up and walk out, from months of practice. Then Lita will be grateful.

Minks have babies

But there are limits to what a husband can do. Where I draw the line is shopping for maternity clothes. The couple of times I got dragged into going along with Lita it was all a bunch of women chattering at each other, "Feel this material," or "How do you like the color?" or "Isn't the line divine!" I don't know which was worse, sitting by and listening to it all, or having to do some talking myself. What do I know about material? I'd feel a dress and say, "Great, take it," and Lita would give me this look that meant, "You idiot, that's burlap, I wouldn't be caught dead in it!" And there I'd be, with egg on my face. Colorwise I don't know mink from champagne from ecru—I didn't even know there were such colors, so how am I supposed to pick one? They all look like brown to me.

The only time I ever really had something to say it didn't go over so well, either. That was the time Lita came parading home with this swatch of white all over her and a price tag you never saw the likes of dangling off it. "What is it?" I gasped.

"This is a white mink maternity stole!"

Well, I hit the ceiling. A white mink maternity stole—whatever heard of anything like that? When I came down from the ceiling, Lita was still wearing it, looking like the Queen of England. So I tried tactics. First I explained to her about finances, which had no result. Then I told

her I don't like white, which just made her giggle. Finally I told her it was sheer cruelty to go chopping up innocent little minks for fur scarves. It was pretty inconsistent, considering I go hunting all the time, but by the time I got to the place where that mink probably had babies of her own, she was sniffing. The next day the mink went back. Not to her babies—was kind of late for that—but to the store which was all I wanted. To make up Lita I went out and bought her a pair of earrings. That's good economy. I mean earrings are practical. If you get tired of them you can give them to your grandchildren or sell them or make buttons out of them. But just try getting rid of a second-hand white mink maternity stole sometime, boy. That's a horse of a different color.

A well-ordered pregnancy

Anyway, I've got no complaints. Some women spend their nine months lying in bed complaining. Lita and I spend ours enjoying them. We're going to get a kick out of the kid when it comes, and we're getting an early start liking him before he's here too. I guess most people haven't got a record of adoptions that fell through after pregnancies that didn't finish, the way we have. And I don't recommend it, either, but it does make you appreciate what you've got when things are going right.

And the next time Lita gets pregnant I'm going to be even better at this whole business. The first thing I'm going to do (besides whooping, of course) is I'm going to go out and buy this big crate, see. And then I'm going to fill it full of dried apricots and peaches and pears. And then I'm going to spend nine months sitting back and laughing while Guy Madison and Tom Curtis and Eddie Fisher and the rest of them are chasing around in the middle of the night after pickles and strawberries. Pickles, indeed! When you want to know how to run a well-ordered pregnancy, you just come to the Calhouns!

Rory Calhoun can currently be seen in U.A.'s *Flight To Hong Kong*. Watch for him in U.A.'s *The Big Caper* and Columbia's *Utah Blaine*.

how to be more beautiful at 49

(Continued from page 34) day after day—under the sustained tension of depicting mounting terror.

This is the fact of her hair silvering. It was an impressive example of the depth of reality Barbara puts into her work.

When she had time to look at herself in the mirror, she found to her delight and surprise that she liked her hair . . . turning into a silver cap, on her small neat head. That's when all her business associates moved in on her en masse. They insisted she must dye or be dead, box-office wise.

Defiance doesn't come easily to Barbara, as it doesn't to most very feminine women. So she started by doing the most feminine of things: she compromised. She consented to wear a wig, a wonderful wig, auburn as an autumn maple leaf.

She wore the wig, but it made her feel hot and uncomfortable, unclean and completely artificial. Her next picture was for the same producer. She went to the producer. "Let me wear my own hair," she begged. "Let me test for it. I know it'll photograph more flatteringly than the wig. False hair, that's all that is. I can't believe the public will reject me for honesty. The public reacts to honesty in a performance, in speech. Why not to honesty in my shade of hair? Please let me test it?"

"Okay," her producer answered, "test it!

But only for black-and-white. For color pictures, the wig!"

Stany agreed, fast.

She tested—and won. She won more than she counted on, for her fan mail started rising in volume, grateful letters from mature women who thanked her for this particular type of beauty courage.

Well does she know that her un-tinted hair puts her at the opposite pole of mature beauty from many another mature Hollywood charmer who has cheated the calendar . . . whose hair color may change with the seasons and whose gowns remain as revealing as they were twenty years ago.

However, this isn't Barbara's beauty scheme. She has developed herself into a woman of the smart, sophisticated world. Her clothes are very chic, but not spectacular. Her make-up she can pack in her smallest evening purse. Still, she doesn't carry her naturalness to an extreme. The curl in her hair is there strictly by grace of three permanents a year. The perfection of her figure is no accident, either. A long time ago, Barbara made up her mind about the type of beauty she intended to be today, and therein lies the first of her beauty rules.

No secrets to beauty

With Barbara, you can't call them beauty secrets. There's nothing secret about

them, nothing that any girl can't do if she will. But beauty facts they are, and a pretty 'teenster of today who wants to be a truly beautiful woman in, let's say, 1949 will be a very smart doll if she starts living according to the rules right now. Nineteen-seventy isn't nearly as far away as you think.

Or, better, flash back for a moment. The year is 1932 and Stany was just getting established as a star. Garbo was the big personality of Hollywood then. Dietrich had just been introduced. Mary Pickford was the social leader, Norma Shearer was the most influential girl, and the reigning beauty was Dolores del Rio.

So today—with the exception of Marlene, who's on the night club circuit—they're all in retirement, while Stany keeps hitting the top box-office brackets and the top ten on magazine polls, more vivid than she was at the beginning. Recently, the news came out of South America—where the native-born del Rio has retired, a rich and wealthy woman just as she was born a rich and wealthy girl—that Dolores was still very, very beautiful. The only thing was, the news story added, she never went out in the sun . . . or even in daylight. She spends her days in bed, to preserve her beauty; eats virtually nothing but chicken; never drinks, never smokes. Only at night, magnificently gowned and jeweled, does she appear.

The night that yarn was printed, Miss Barbara was at a party, dancing a jitter-

her cheeks glowing, her eyes shining. had brought along her own bottle of light, dry wine that is all she ever takes (she doesn't like to make special hands on hostesses), and she was having a ball! "I'd rather look like a baked apple than have to live without having fun," Barbara will tell you.

Barbara in 1932

Barbara has always lived completely, there has been many a time it wasn't. Back there in 1932 I wrote of her, "I couldn't begin to tell you what it is about Stanwyck that fascinates us so. She is so exotic, and she isn't foreign. There's a mystery in her dark, blue eyes. Maybe that's it. She's so natural. Born in a tenement in Brooklyn, an orphan when she was four years old, boarded out with various families, she has risen above everything, the greater actress, the great woman for it all. Ruby Stevens is her name but Frank Fay, her husband, calls her Red. She is five feet five inches tall, weighs 120, has auburn hair, doesn't wear rouge, and has a mole on the back of her neck.

You'll please notice I didn't say she was beautiful, for she wasn't. Not then. She was cute, young and pretty.

Barbara in 1957

Today Barbara weighs 114, still doesn't wear rouge. Mr. Fay has long since departed from her life, her hair is silver and she has the tiny mole on the back of her neck. But she is beautiful. When she enters a room, she really enters. When she walks, she looks like a panther, and there is no accident. She never has a hair out of place, even if this means three times a week at the hair-dresser. She works, when shooting, twelve hours a day and lies another two or three hours in the limo. But she's never tired, because she eats a steak for breakfast. She wears pearls. Her fur coats are fabulous, but don't call her lucky. Luck has nothing to do with it. None of this just happened. Stanwyck planned it all this way, the long, hard, beautiful way. How did she get this way and how does she stay this way? By exercise, by diet, by grooming and by squarely facing up to life with a humor and a tolerance that she has learned, as everyone else does, through suffering and growing up, and through an diligence diligently cultivated.

An eye on the scale

Her first rule of beauty has always been to put on extra weight, for well she knows nothing is as aging; the skin, on her face and figure, has never been stretched and dieted back, stretched out again, and back until it has lost its natural elasticity. Stany is no recluse. She doesn't stay when she is making a picture—she is there three, sometimes four times a day—but the rest of the time she's a cat-owl, watching tv, reading, seeing friends. And she's been known, when in New York on a visit, to stay out all night dancing. Yet there isn't a line in her face nor the faintest shadow of a circle under her eyes. And her figure is taut as an athlete's. This is the reward of her menu and her swimming. She swims every day the year around. She loves the ocean, but doesn't think she's a vigorous enough swimmer to master it so she has a pool at home. She loves swimming not only for its own sake but also because she is a fanatic about personal cleanliness. She loves to take baths, just for bath's sake, and often two or three a day. She brushes her hair four or five times a day. She likes the feeling of a cold shower, and she knows that every swimmer soon learns—that you swim and stay tense.

What to eat—and why

She eats for energy, health and a clear skin. She's naturally a meat-and-vegetables girl and has never liked desserts or sauces, so staying at her preferred weight is no hardship for her. But the matter of steak for breakfast is her own idea, particularly when she is working and wants to keep her energy high. She usually loses three or four pounds on a picture. If her weight ever should edge up a quarter of a pound—it hasn't in seventeen years—she'd trust her protein and meat diet. Steak for breakfast. Lunch time, raw hamburger. She believes that a great energy-diet item is a package of unflavored gelatin whipped into a glass of skim milk or orange juice, since gelatin keeps nails long, too. She eats all vegetables, and masses of salad, with any sort of dressing she immediately desires. She adores shrimp and lobster cocktails with 1,000-Island sauce. At the pace she keeps, she can consume 2,000 calories a day without adding an unwanted ounce. For midnight supper, after parties, she'll go for steak Tartar, which is no more nor less than raw hamburger. Stany goes the whole way on it, with onions and loads of salt and pepper.

Staying on a happy mental keel, however, is something else again. Naturally a woman of temperament and passion, Barbara has had to learn this the hard way. For she did grow up in a poor section of Brooklyn, quite literally with no mother to guide her. She fought her way up on Broadway, first as a chorus girl, then the overnight sensation of the hit plays, *The Noose* and *Burlesque*. She was still in her teens when she fell in love with Frank Fay, and married this man with the most fatal charm. He was then a very great star, and had always had a complete lack of responsibility.

No worries, no wrinkles

Nothing so ages the face, nothing so ravages a soul, as bitterness, heartbreak and suffering. Today Barbara never mentions her nearly fatal love for Frank Fay, since not so much as one hour does she live in the past.

A child who has grown up lacking the love of a mother and a father is often too generous with love when it finally comes. This was true with Barbara. Frank Fay was her first love, her great love. She didn't stop to think that he could charm the birds out of the trees, when he chose to. It was enough for her that she should be permitted to adore him, and so she did.

It must have been brutal. Oddly enough, very great stage actor though he was, Frank Fay never clicked in pictures, and his career was going downhill as Barbara's rose. Maybe it was because of this that he choose so often to humiliate her and make her suffer. I remember once seeing her on a Hollywood street corner as I was going for lunch. She said she was waiting for Frank. I had my lunch and came back, two hours later, and Barbara was still standing there, still waiting.

You can multiply that incident with a hundred more serious. Like the time Barbara made a \$125,000 investment of her own money in a play on Broadway for Frank—and he just walked out on it. Barbara lost the \$125,000.

Now many a lesser woman would have let that break her spirit, line her face, and corrode her heart. Barbara took it. She rose above it, and finally she got over it. Then she fell in love again, with handsome Bob Taylor, and married him.

Barbara talks even less about Bob than she will about Frank.

But the evolution of her chic, her personal style, her maturing beauty—which had started after she left Frank Fay and married Bob—came into full flower after the Taylor divorce.

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Beauty at 49

The fundamental difference between mature beauty and kid beauty is the mental and spiritual quality involved. It's enough for a sixteen-year-old to have wonderful glowing skin. For mature beauty, the glowing skin must be combined with a glowing mind and personality, very outwardly expressed.

For example, in Barbara's creed, while a 'teenager can get by with being sloppy, a smart woman never can. Neither can a smart woman ever look dated. This important fact was practically hurled in Bab's face by the great, smart designer, Irene, when Missy Stanwyck reported for *B.F.'s Daughter*.

Like many of us who fall in love with some special look we have created for ourselves, Babs had long been in love with her seventeen-inch bob, a first in Hollywood. Originally, it had been very lovely. But by the time *B.F.'s Daughter* came along, the high-style women of the world were abandoning hair worn below shoulder length.

Irene, however, in her own charming way, is a bit of a dictator—as well as a superb designer. When Stany came for her fittings on *B.F.'s Daughter*, Irene casually asked her when she was having her hair cut short. Missy said she wasn't. Irene just said "Oh?" Then she got out her block of paper and starting sketching.

"What are you doing?" asked Barbara.

New clothes for a 'new' Stany

"Designing your new outfits," said sly Irene. For she knew that Stany had gone into raves over the Irene suits and eve-

ning gowns, the sketches of which had already been submitted to her. Now, by implication, Irene would throw them out.

Like all of us, caught in any sort of a jam, Barbara started justifying herself. She explained how a make-up man a few years back had explained to her that since her eyes slant faintly upward, she needed the long downward line of her bob to counteract this.

"Oh," said Irene again when Stany finished. Then she waited and said, "But eyes slanting upward a bit are very distinctive. The short hair would emphasize it. In Paris . . ." She let the idea drift, while she busily sketched an outfit that looked just like every other outfit Barbara had been wearing too long.

There are turning points in personal beauty, just as much as there are turning points in life, and Barbara's curiosity wouldn't let her resist this turning. Two hours later she was wildly happy with her new very short hair-do. It was so chic!

With her short locks, she got Irene's new, tight-skirted line. With her short locks, she got a wider mouth make-up. She had always needed this, for her lips are a bit on the thin side. But she hadn't noticed the need for the lower part of her face balancing the upper half so much until her hair was so perky. Actually what had happened to Stany was what happens to smart women the world over, once they get a real comprehension of chic dressing. Style is always personal and the more highly personal, the more chic it is. To be personal, with polish, means a certain deliberate emphasis—which in a

sort of way is a deliberate artificiality. Like real cleanliness. Nobody gets clean by staying perfectly natural; teeth don't scrub themselves, nor nails nor hair glisten.

'Natural' beauty—no such thing!

But for Barbara, who had had such a fetish about being perfectly natural, this was an important realization. It was a mature realization, and one that very few young girls ever comprehend . . . which is why the French insist no woman under thirty can be smart. Actually smart in the French sense, does mean being smart in the brainy sense, too, for how can you wear your clothes and your make-up faultlessly if you are a dope?

This is another of the reasons why Barbara let her hair stay silver when it happened. It was actually a smart thing to do in both meanings of the word. It also meant that in contrast to her undyed hair she could wear startling colors—pinks, yellows which she had never worn before.

Any young girl can let herself grow into such future beauty. Or any mature beauty can copy this, if she has the strength to diet, exercise, and never let a hair get out of place.

P.S. About that panther walk of Stany's. She learned it. Where? From the panther in the zoo? Who knows—but she learned it, and that's the way the cat swings. Simple, isn't it—simple if you are smart.

Barbara Stanwyck will soon be seen in U.A.'s *Trooper Hook and Crime Of Passion*.

the struggle to grow up

(Continued from page 57) sometimes must depend on friendship; and that when the chips are down he will usually find it.

With Emmett's loan, he got to Dallas and got his job with the playhouse. By the end of the summer he had enough for train fare home. So when the train stopped off in Denver, he found a working slot machine, and this time lost everything he had but fifteen cents.

He wired Emmett again, but this time he didn't pout around Denver working up a good case of despair while waiting for the money. He hitch-hiked to the foot of Pike's Peak, climbed it to the top, and then hitch-hiked back to pick up Emmett's loan. "I had a friend; I knew it; I didn't have to worry about it."

During his senior year at High School, he became a lobster fisherman to make enough money to go to Ohio's ANTIOCH COLLEGE—Emmett was going there—but by the time commencement rolled around he was too restless to think of college for awhile.

By now he was old enough, with Grandma's permission, to get a seaman's ticket and a job on a beat-up can of a freighter out of 'Frisco, for the Philippines.

"One December night," Cliff remembers, "I came off my watch and looked up to see a plane come along and start to drop bombs on us. That was in 1941, of course. The plane thought we were done for, but we managed to scrunch along until we hit Australia."

Months later, he got back to the States. "And now, for a time at least, I was ready for a little peace and quiet and study."

"But a year at ANTIOCH and again I was jumpy with energy and the old restlessness." He enlisted in the Navy.

A man must have his work

It was a long and exciting experience, 82 for what was left of the war: the South

Pacific, the North Atlantic, the invasion of Italy, and, after VJ day, nearly another year on a cargo passenger boat. As much as he loved the sea, the more abiding siren song of the stage was still with him, and it was time to make a change. That was when Cliff learned another important fact—that fun and adventure and exotic ports are only fun and adventure. But a man must have his work, and he must do his work. Cliff's work was acting, to be the best actor he knows how. His life became learning his job.

New York had to be the place. The scene, a room in the Village near the waterfront; the time, 1946; and the plot: struggle. "That was when I served my five-day stint as a waiter, finally got fed up with a boor of a captain, and threw a tray of loaded dishes around the place as my swan song to that profession."

He became a stevedore. He worked as a private eye and as a bodyguard. He played in a revival of *The Drunkard* with Jack Lemmon, and did the summer theaters, and got a few bits in radio and television. He spent two years eating decently and living in an aura of security in the road company of *Mister Roberts*. And finally, when he was twenty-five years old, he got up enough courage to apply at the ACTORS STUDIO in New York, where they allow hundreds of earnest aspirants to try out—and eventually accept two or three.

He made it.

He made it in spades.

"It gets relaxing"

Cliff began to smile. "It gets relaxing from here on in," he said. "There were about a hundred good television roles. Then the *Wisteria Tree* with Helen Hayes. And while I was doing that COLUMBIA thought I might be right for the rich boy in *Picnic*." But he was supposed to replace Ben Gazzarra in *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof*. Elia Kazan gave him two months to make up his mind—a lead role in a top

play on Broadway—or should he risk the plum on a try at Hollywood?

"In the end I chose *Picnic*, and you know the rest." The rest was *Autumn Leaves* in which Joan Crawford worked so hard and with such unselfish zeal to help him do the job he did so well.

Cliff's contract with COLUMBIA calls for two pictures a year, their option on a third, his choice of an outside movie each year, and his freedom in other media—as such salaries as you wouldn't believe. So when he could afford penthouses and Jaguars and housemen in starched white coats, why was he living very much as he had lived for years—in Jimmy Dean's sparsely-furnished efficiency near Hollywood, and the tiny place in New York's Greenwich Village?

Why boil his own shrimps and chicken pie for supper when he could have it catered from THE COLONY? Why wasn't he in a dinner jacket doing the clubs with a starlet?

"For the same reason," Cliff explained, "that I'll spend most of tomorrow at the ACTORS STUDIO trying to find out why I loused up the role in *Picnic*."

The critics loved him in *Picnic*!

"I didn't like me in *Picnic*," Cliff says, looking at you—while you know that the only things he is seeing are the rushes of his performance, weighing and analyzing and criticizing.

"I'm comfortable the way I am. When I get married and have kids, I'll get a good house and live it up. But now, I've got a job to learn."

And that's it, the way Cliff thinks: be a man . . . have the courage to let those who love you, help you . . . find your place in the world . . . and have the integrity to work at doing your work right.

"Go Hollywood?" smiles Cliff, "not me—I haven't got the time to spare for that bit of nonsense!"

Cliff Robertson will soon be seen in RKO's *The Girl Most Likely*.

venue. There were original Renoirs on the walls, carpeting about a foot thick and a real live butler just like they have in the movies.

For a short while I was on a society ship and dated Oleg Cassini, who used to be married to Gene Tierney. Socialites and blonde actresses and we are readily accepted into the group. We'd all go to Morocco for dinner and dancing. Very chic and très gai. I wore black until it came out of my ears.

But it was more the thought of doing more than really going that had the biggest appeal.

I followed my heart and went out with Robbie again. He had never seemed so sweet. The real me can't go for the snob routine. I value a person's friendship for his personality and his inner being, not for what he does or how he makes his living.

My ex-husband, Paul

These men that I've come to know since reaching Hollywood and New York are quite different from the Texas boy I married when I was sixteen.

I met Paul Mansfield on New Year's Eve in Dallas. My girl friend, Joyce Wheeler, knew Paul and introduced us. We were tremendously attracted to each other at once.

He was a student at NORTH TEXAS AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE in Arlington, a town near Dallas. That didn't stop him from writing in to see me from then on.

We were secretly married a month and three days after we met. Because it was a secret marriage, we both went on living our home. It was terribly difficult with my parents asking me to be in every night by myself and a husband waiting outside for me. I didn't know a thing about babies or boys. I began to get morning sickness and, not knowing what it was, got a medical check to help explain my symptoms. When I found out I was pregnant, I told my parents. They were kind and forgiving, but my mother wanted us to be remarried because she'd always wanted to see her only daughter wed.

So three months later, on May 6, 1950, we went to the same little marriage chapel in Fort Worth where we were married originally, and had the ceremony repeated for our parents' benefit.

College education

Then Paul was ordered to report at Camp Gordon, Georgia, for summer training.

He'd been in ROTC in college. My parents didn't think it was right for me to go along because of my pregnancy. I was a pretty much of a child, then. Of course, if I had it to do over again, I'd go. I stayed home with my parents that summer while Paul was gone and knitted ties and quilts for the baby. When I returned he enrolled at the UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS in Austin, but I stayed with my folks until the baby arrived on September 8.

He was a perfect little thing. We named her Jayne Marie.

I came home with the baby, and after a few months I joined Paul at TEXAS U. I didn't have any money, so we arranged to have our classes staggered so one of us baby-sat while the other was in class.

In addition to taking care of the baby, cooking our meals, keeping the apartment reasonably clean, and carrying twenty dollars of courses, I held down two jobs at the same time to bring in a little more money.

Modelled in the mornings from eight to ten at the TEXAS FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS. Jayne Marie went along in her baby. From eleven to five I attended classes. Then dinner, making the baby's formula and folding diapers—and finally

I worked from seven to eleven p.m. as a receptionist in a dancing studio. I lasted for three months before practically falling on my face.

Jayne's stage career begins

On week ends, at every opportunity, I worked on the stage. I played a lady-in-waiting in a Shakespearean production, and Paul and I did some work with the AUSTIN CIVIC THEATER. We did song and dance routines between acts and I played Fanny Morgan, the drunkard's wife, in *Ten Nights In A Bar Room*.

We had an interesting life in those days. We were very much in love, or at least we thought we were.

But Paul and I were striving for two different things. He had his own ambitions and I had mine. He didn't feel my education was necessary. If you're not like I am, it's difficult to understand how necessary it is. Now I have three and a half years of college behind me and a bet for a \$5 steak dinner with a New York columnist that I get a degree some day. I will too, by completing that final half year at UCLA one of these days.

After Paul graduated from college, he had two years of army service to fill. He returned to Camp Gordon, and this time I went with him. We lived in the most destitute of places—an old army barracks on the post which was on its last feet.

I had promised Paul I wouldn't work, so he let me take ballet lessons. First thing I knew, this got me in trouble. I used to practice out in the back yard in a black leotard. There were always squads of soldiers marching around the post in drills and they'd stare and stare at me.

The Officer's wife

One afternoon an officer's wife paid me a call. She was all dressed up, even in that humid summer heat. She wore gloves, a hat and smart gown. She explained that I was distracting the soldiers and that the ballet lessons should not be practiced in the yard. Honestly!

The officers' pool on the post was not too attractive, so I used to ride on the bus 'most every afternoon to the enlisted men's pool in town. It was much larger and nicer. Generally I wore my leopard-skin bikini, which made quite a hit.

I might have known it. In a few days, the officer's wife was back again, hat, gloves and all. She explained that it wasn't proper for an officer's wife to swim in the enlisted men's pool. I gave that up too.

One day the order came through that Paul and I had been fearing, ordering him to overseas duty in Japan and Korea.

It wasn't long after Paul came home from the army that we headed for Hollywood. And it wasn't long after that that I knew our marriage was breaking up. One night I came home and told Paul I was going to get a divorce. I knew it was tearing him apart the way we were going and there just didn't seem any sense to continuing it.

My love life . . .

I've dated many men. But the big four who have most affected my life to date have been my ex-husband, Nick Ray, Robbie Robertson and Mickey Hargitay.

I won't get my final divorce decree for a year and don't plan to remarry for at least five years. I'm only twenty-three now and can have babies until I'm forty. Mickey understands all this. He is wonderful. In fact, I guess I could say that I find just about everything in life these days pretty wonderful. But it's been a long hard climb, the road to Mickey and happiness.

END

Jayne Mansfield can currently be seen in the 20th Century-Fox film, *The Girl Can't Help It*.



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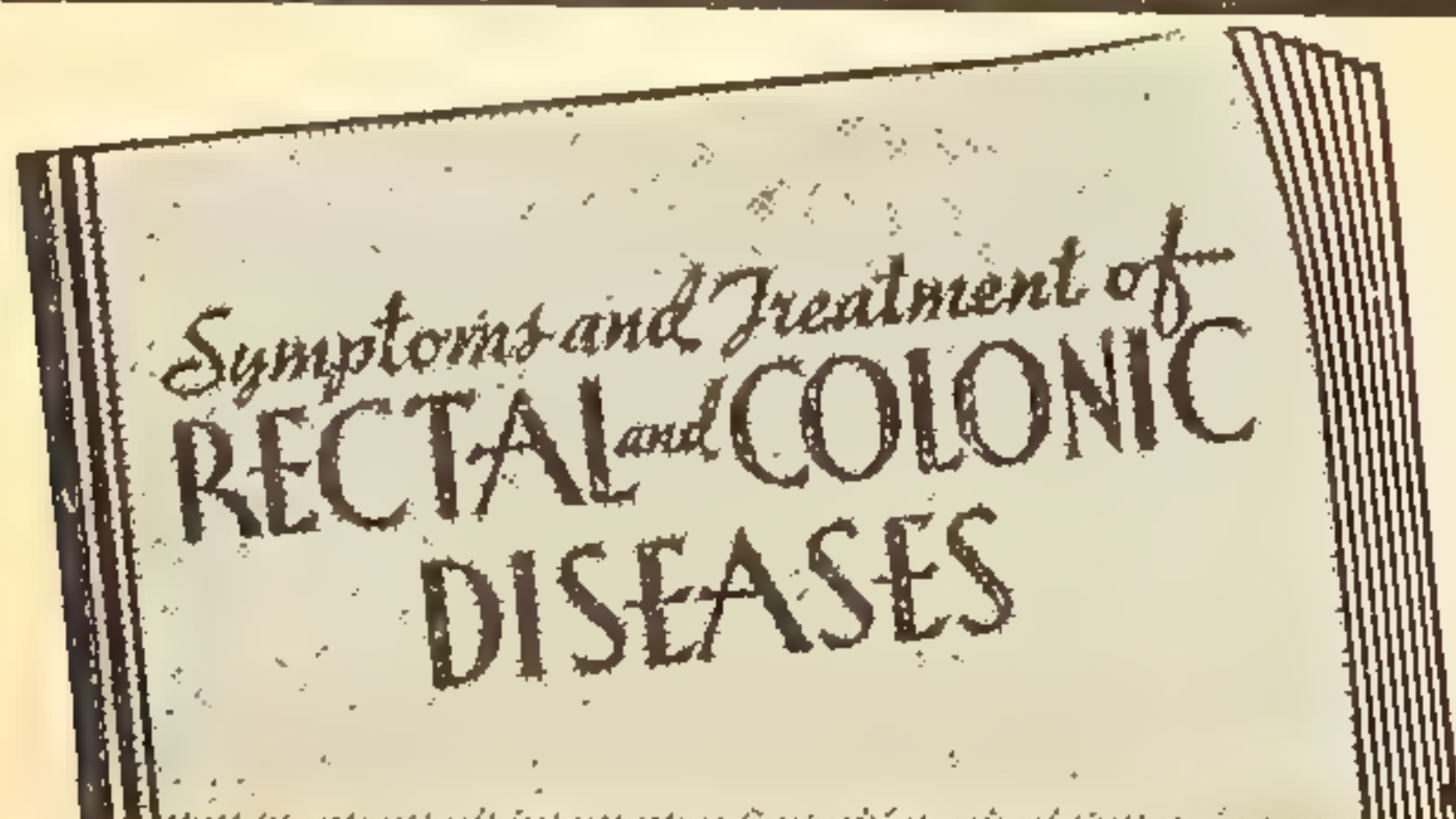
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what dancing can do for you

(Continued from page 47) takes you out of yourself as much as dancing does. It isn't just a matter of the exercise which your muscles are getting; there is something to movement in rhythm which is a tremendous source of inner satisfaction.

I have two sons. Nick is fourteen, the other is Tony Jr. and he's six. My husband is always either preparing to leave for one of his tours or has just returned from one. We haven't too large a home and it doesn't take much, as in most households, to disrupt daily routine. There have been mornings when I have hated to get out of bed and face the day, but these, I always know, are the very mornings when I must not miss my practice at any cost.

Five minutes after I have stretched myself about a little I am beginning to feel better. Bit by bit, as my blood begins to circulate and my head clears I start to come alive. A dance teacher once explained this well. "Too many of us use our bodies only as shells within which we crouch and stew, instead of letting them function as they were designed, letting them skip and leap and whirl until we fairly sing inside with the fun of it!"

What he meant is that you don't have to learn anything when you dance . . . you gain just in the dancing! You don't dance to become professional—you dance for enjoyment only.

Something good happens

For instance it did wonders for a friend of mine, a mother of two small children, who realized one day that she was coming apart . . . in more ways than one. Her hips were spreading, her flesh softening generally, and her very attitude towards her role as a wife and mother becoming dull and apathetic.

When I suggested dancing class she shrugged her shoulders indifferently. When I actually got her to show up at the studio her muscles fairly creaked as she tried a few steps and she protested that she couldn't possibly continue. But I kept after her, and she came back, and finally it began to mean something to her.

"I don't know how to put it," she told me, "but it's just as if I am sure something good is happening to me."

Something good was. There was a weight reduction and she became sleeker, firmer. "I never thought I'd ever look like this again," she said. And something else . . . she gained in contentment. Periods of boredom which she used to experience came more infrequently, and this resulted in a general contentment with her lot.

Join a class

When I am not working in a picture and have to dance my hour and a half a day for exercise, I never do it just at home and alone. It would work out just as well if I could, but I can't. I plain need company. So I always attend a class, any class. There will be children there, some older girls, and a few professionals who must stay in shape. I also like to attend class because it seems to give the whole idea of my dancing more meaning; I have a place to go and something to do when I get there. I would earnestly suggest that, if possible, anyone turning to dancing for personal help join a class rather than try it alone. It helps to be with a group and it helps to be trying to learn something . . . especially when there has been achievement.

Like when Fred Astaire and I were rehearsing for our routines in *Silk Stockings*. Every so often he'd come in and an-

nounce that he planned to stop early. came to learn that this never meant thing. "Today we'll stop at three," he say. But at three we would be so involve in some new routine which he was originating that there'd be no mention of quitting! On we'd dance . . . and love because we were accomplishing something.

Dancing—a matter of spirit

There are many ideas about dancing that just aren't true, like the idea that it's a matter of strength and muscles. It isn't, of course. It's a matter of the spirit—you'll get all the muscles you'll need if you have the spirit of dance. And don't ever be afraid that dancing will give you misshapen muscles. If your build and leg form is a nice one, dancing will in no way enlarge or overdevelop them. Improper training and overwork can do that, of course. Sometimes the result is knotted calf muscles and thick thighs, but it is not likely. Most important is the fact that if you have a good figure to begin with, dancing will enhance it—and if your build is not as shapely as you'd like it to be, dancing will help make it so.

The body moves best in dance when it is streamlined, and this is the direction towards which dance exercises and movements tend to develop you. The muscles grow where you need them; they come off where you don't.

Friends of mine who have girls always ask if I approve of ballet lessons for them. Of course I do. It's the best training for youngsters. As in the case of adults, the benefits go far beyond the dancing. For instance, because they are being exposed to one of the arts the pupils usually become interested in other forms of art. Interest is aroused in music, painting and literature, because these are so much a part of the great classical ballets. They become fascinated, in many cases, by the costumes, their designs, and in general they become aware for the first time of the magnificence of the cultural world around them.

The secret of beauty through dance

Next, and of course of tremendous importance, the little girl who starts a ballet course learns grace of movement and that great secret of beauty—posture. Not long ago I saw the renowned dancer Ulanova, in a film version of *Romeo and Juliet*. Ulanova, who is forty-seven, played the seventeen-year-old Juliet, and moved as if she were seventeen! This is the magic which ballet training had brought her.

Sometimes I am asked how old a girl should be to begin ballet work. Personally I think she should not begin until she is at least six, preferably not until she is eight. With the smaller tots the coordination necessary for ballet is lacking—they look cute but they are not learning. By the time they should be learning they have often lost interest because they haven't been any progress.

Choose a reputable school. Choose a good teacher. Dance magazines list a number of fine schools and teachers in all parts of the country. It isn't difficult to find either. After all, I grew up in what would seem to be a pretty improbable place for a girl who wanted to learn ballet—Amarillo, Texas. Yet I found a superb teacher there who could teach me the fine traditions of the dance.

I wish to repeat only one 'rule' here . . . the most important: move and stand only in grace.

This is what dancing can do for you . . . whether you ever learn to dance or not!

Watch for Cyd Charisse in MGM's *Silk Stockings*.

What a difference a son makes

Continued from page 55) nastics, and she said, "Oh Chuck, you're so uninhibited." That's not what everybody thinks," Chuck replied.

But as a matter of fact, the baby has changed Chuck. Once, before the baby came, Chuck didn't like a picture he was making, and people around him called him *God's Angry Man*. I couldn't imagine anyone saying that about Chuck now. No matter what the cares or the tensions of the day have been, just a few minutes' talking with Fray when he gets home and he's his old, carefree self again.

And Chuck is much more outgoing and friendly these days—just because the baby is here. We're both not much for the small talk that goes on at parties. We both like people and enjoy small gatherings of about 10 people or so. But big parties, with hundreds of a hundred or more, are something else again. Time was when the thing Chuck used to do would be to seek out the nearest actor friend of his and go off in a corner and talk about Shakespeare. These days, things are different. My Curtis is a brand new father too, and all someone has to do is mention the word baby and Chuck and Tony are in a corner together, comparing notes. My baby is older: he'll be two in February, and of course that makes Chuck quite an expert.

One of the stories Chuck tells could be called *Fray the hoofer*. While we were on stock this summer, we took Fray to a rehearsal of Martha Wright in the road-show company of *South Pacific*. He hasn't been the same since. All we have to do now is turn some popular music on the radio or tune in on the radio, and he'll go into a song-and-dance routine. "If we aren't careful," says Chuck, "we'll have a hoofer on our hands."

Days apart

We've always had a happy marriage—Chuck and I. I don't think a baby could help a marriage that wasn't good to start out with. But on the surface, the baby has transformed ours. At least, he's changed our way of living.

Two years ago, before the baby came, Chuck and I sat down once with a calendar and figured out that according to his arithmetic and my memory we'd spent 205 days apart out of 365. While Chuck was making *Horizons* in Hollywood, I played *The Ten Year Itch* on the Chicago stage. While I took the play on tour, Chuck took *Yesterday* and *Macbeth* to Bermuda. And it wasn't too long before that that *Modern Screen* had written a story about commenting on the fact that during 10 years of marriage, we'd never been able to take a vacation together. It was called, *Hi Honey, So Long Dear*—and its theme was very *à propos*. But then, Chuck and I had been used to separations.

Early years

We were married in 1944, and were separated by the war till Chuck got back from the Aleutians and I got back from Northwestern University. We'd met at Northwestern's School of Speech in our freshman year—and hadn't had time for anything much aside from school, acting and each other: we were both working our way through, and it took so much time being there. After Chuck got back from the Army Air Corps, we starved together in a tiny Hell's Kitchen apartment in New York. We could just about support ourselves in those days, and a baby was economically out of the question. Then our careers went into high, and there didn't seem time for anything at all.

Before the baby came, Chuck was in the habit of saying, "Sure we want kids, but . . ." But he dropped the *but* from his vocabulary fast. When the baby gave notice that it was on its way, as babies do, Chuck couldn't get over it for days. "Imagine . . ." he'd sigh, "after ten years of marriage . . . I'm going to be a father . . . you're going to be a mother. This is it!"

Fray made a big change, even before he ever got here. I'd been planning to go with Chuck to Egypt while he made *The Ten Commandments* on location. It would have been the first trip we'd made together since we'd both made the grand tour of Europe for *The Greatest Show On Earth*. But the doctor said "No."

A baby and a career don't mix

Of course, I've given up my career. Before Fray came along, I had achieved some success as an actress but I haven't been acting since the baby came, simply because I think the most important full-time job in the world is that of being a wife and mother. It's soul-satisfying too—though I must admit that occasionally I miss the lift and outlet that a creative profession like acting gives you.

A friend of ours was running the stock company at the Newport Casino last summer, and asked Chuck to do a play there. Chuck wanted to take *Detective Story* there because it was a play he'd wanted to do for a number of years, and because he wanted to get it out of his system. It happened to be a play I'd starred in on Broadway.

"How'd you like to do it with me, honey?" Chuck asked. "Of course as part of *Heston, Incorporated*," he smiled, "I won't be able to pay you the salary you were earning in New York. But still . . ."

Fray and I were down on the rug, playing with a set of blocks one of our friends had made for him. It's a huge wooden square with big bold crayon-colored letters that fit into it, spelling out Fray's name. I stopped for a minute and said, "Sure. But you'll have to talk to my agent first: Fray."

Fray started to gurgle and that seemed to settle it. "I guess it will be okay," I said.

Together every minute

I loved getting into greasepaint again for the summer, and Chuck is fond of telling people that doing *Detective Story* was an inspired choice. "We did the best business in the circuit," he says with a grin, and looks at me.

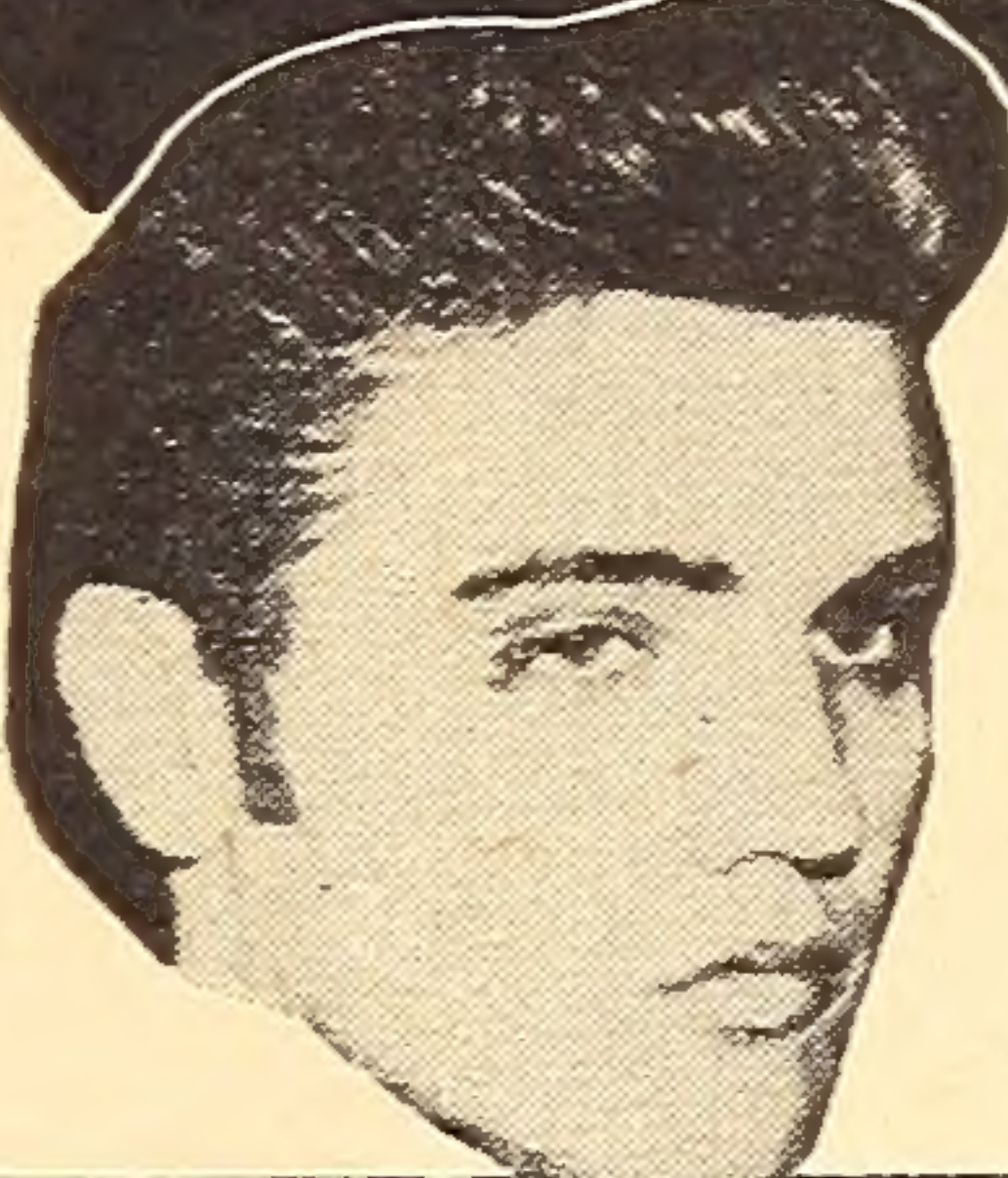
So we 'rented' a new station wagon from ourselves. It was one we'd bought for our own real estate company in Michigan. And with a couple of two-by-fours, some boards, and two air mattresses, Chuck built two berths in the wagon that looked like Pullman sleepers. Chuck has always been handy with tools. He once built all the furniture for our Hell's Kitchen apartment, you know. When he'd finished, I thought the whole idea was smart enough to warrant a patent. Chuck and three actors travelled in the station wagon—two men taking turns at the wheel, and the others sleeping in the bunks when they were off duty.

Mabel, our maid, Dr. Spock, my medical adviser via *Baby And Child Care*, the baby and I travelled by plane or by train, and would meet Chuck and the rest of our troupe in time for the next booking.

Our itinerary sounds like a program for "See America First"—for we got to Newport, Syracuse, Hinsdale (near Chicago) and Sacandaga Park (near Albany) with *Detective Story*, and then returned to Newport, where Chuck did *Mr. Roberts*. *The Traveling Hestons* did between 300 and 800 miles between stops, and the baby was a trouper about it all. He once fell

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asleep just before the third-act curtain on a Saturday night in Syracuse, and didn't wake up till it was almost time for rehearsals on Sunday afternoon in Hinsdale.

It turned out to be the most marvelous summer we'd ever spent in our lives: Chuck and the baby and I—together every minute of the day and night! To ordinary people in an ordinary marriage that might not seem like very much—but to us, it was a great deal. Chuck played tennis every day. I don't play, but the baby and I would get down to the courts after he'd been playing awhile, and then Chuck would stop the game for a few minutes while Fray picked up all the balls and handed them to his Daddy. Very occasionally, Chuck would get a chance to do some horseback riding or play some polo—it's a game he'd learned to enjoy while he was in Egypt for *The Ten Commandments*—and Fray would follow him down the field, trying to catch a chucker. After that, we'd all go down to the beach.

No shy baby

Since the summer, not a week goes past but that I receive a television offer, sometimes to act with Chuck, but it's fun saying *no*. For the time being at least, Fray needs me much, much more.

Don't misunderstand that *needs me* part. Even as an infant, Fray wasn't a shy baby—turning away from strangers the way some babies do. Whenever I'd take him over to someone new, his face would light up with that eager, bright little smile of his, and he'd reach out to say "Hello." Ties on strangers enticed him, and so did buttons on blouses. He'd stretch out his arms and all the person had to do was respond, and they'd be great friends.

Chuck likes to take his time about getting to know people. We have a good many trusted and loyal friends—in Hollywood, New York, Chicago, and points

north and south. Some of them are actors, and a good many of them are people we've known from college days. But striking up a conversation with strangers is something that has taken Chuck a little getting used to. Not so with Fray. If you were to come into our house, he'd warm up to you like a little cocker spaniel, handing you an ashtray or a magazine after you'd said "Hello," and if he were to give you one of his toys—well, then you'd know you *really* rate.

Another story about my two men that I love to tell has another character in it: Shakespeare. One day, Chuck took a copy of *Macbeth* and sat down to read it to Fray, complete with waving arms and all the extravagant emotional gestures of 19th Century Shakespearean productions. A few days later, Fray saw that copy of *Macbeth* on the coffee table and picked it up, pretending to be reading from it. Raising his arm toward the ceiling in the lordly gesture of the ill-fated King, he started making all sorts of murmuring, gurgling sounds, raising his voice and flailing his arms about. It was all we could do to keep from doubling up with laughter. I don't know which is funnier, Fray doing an imitation of Chuck reading *Macbeth* aloud—or Chuck doing an imitation of Fray doing an imitation of Chuck!

What true happiness is

The other evening we were out in a rather plush restaurant with a group, and Chuck started to give his impression of the Fraser Clarke Heston version of Shakespeare, complete with gestures. I looked up and saw several people in the restaurant staring at us, wondering what was going on, but Chuck continued, completely oblivious, spontaneous, and happy. And I thought to myself with tremendous pleasure, "This is *my* Chuck? How nice!"

Chuck is a very real person: he's kind and honest, thoughtful and decent. I know

it—I should, after fourteen years of marriage—but he reminds me of it all the time. The other evening we were out with a group of our friends in show business and one of them, Anne Marie Gayer, who's radio and tv actress, was bubbling over "Chuck, I just can't help name-dropping about you. I told a friend of mine, 'I'm going out this evening with an old friend. He's a movie star. Charlton Heston.' She screamed 'You mean you know Charlton Heston?' I nodded a *yes*—and I tell you Chuck, I was *made*."

Chuck smiled and leaned forward, telling the rest of our friends, "What Anne Marie doesn't say is that she was the first person in our group to turn professional. I'll never forget the time she landed her first radio job and came up to our place in that pink suit. Lydia asked Anne Marie where she got it, and she buried her head in her lapel—like this—and whispered *Hattie Carnegie*."

I could see Anne Marie's smile of satisfaction, and I thought, "How thoughtful of Chuck to repeat that story." It was a little thing—but then, life is made up of so many little things.

If our Fray grows up to be a man with his father's appreciation of other people's feelings, and a knowledge of what's real living—then I'll feel we've both done a good job.

Right now, as I look at Chuck playing with the baby, and watch the smile of pleasure that spreads across his face, and sense the relaxed and happy feeling which pervades our home, my heart fills to overflowing and I think, "This is what happiness is. It isn't fame, or glory, or money, or six Cadillacs, or fan letters, or applause. It's love, and the joy and fulfillment that comes with being a loved wife and a loving mother."

Charlton Heston can currently be seen in Paramount's *The Ten Commandments*.

he kisses and doesn't tell

(Continued from page 36) His shrewdness in this respect is the result of a painful education he acquired after he startled the movie town with his portrayal of a shell-shocked soldier in *With A Song In My Heart*. The preview cards weren't half in when 20TH realized they had a new star on their hands. The publicity department shifted its gears into high and prepared to give R. J. the royal headline ride to stardom.

And Wagner, a bewildered but elated eager beaver, cooperated above and beyond the manner called for in his contract.

He was seen with every lush young starlet in town. He toured the nightclubs, ploughed through the premières, granted interviews to any writer who looked his way, posed for pictures until he called the corps of movie photographers by first names—and squired pretties until he knew every shade of lipstick on the market.

But the interviews are what taught him the real lesson in the romance department.

"I remember the first time it happened," Bob said wistfully. "She was a doll. Terrific figure, sparkling eyes, a wonderful laugh that made you feel good and a sense of complete understanding about the male animal."

"She was career-conscious, too. It was the day after our third date. I had an interview that morning with a columnist from one of the local papers. The lady writer, eager for something newsy, asked me how I felt about her."

"I said, 'I think she's wonderful.'"

"The lady writer's eyes brightened. Then: 'Is she the kind of a girl you'd like

to marry?' I should have known better, but I didn't. So I said, 'Of course. A man would be lucky to have her for a wife.'"

"The next morning one of the studio executives called me in and a sterner look on the face of a man I've yet to see. He threw the early edition of a newspaper in front of me and said, 'I hope you can explain this!'"

Front page news

"*This*' was a front page story announcing my engagement and impending marriage to the girl I had so casually discussed the day before. 'She's wonderful,' I was quoted, 'I want to marry her.'"

"I told the front office I'd take care of it. When I got back to my dressing room the phone was ringing. It was the doll. She crackled in that receiver like a short circuit. What did I mean we were engaged? The nerve of me saying we were going to be married. Did I know that I had practically alienated the guy she really wanted to marry, a man I didn't know. And besides, she added with a quiver, 'You didn't even *ask* me to marry you.'"

"It took nearly a half hour to assure her that the story was all a mistake, the result of an over-enthusiastic reporter and a not-so-sharp young actor named Wagner. No, we didn't date any more."

Wagner, incidentally, possesses a peculiar reverse-action kind of appeal for women of any age. For instance, there's an exceedingly beautiful and aloof young actress, who shall be nameless. She is unmarried and something of an attraction herself. The conversation got around to Hollywood's eligible bachelors.

She mentioned a few she thought were dream-boat material. Bob was mentioned

to her as a possible marital candidate.

At the sound of his name she threw up her hands and said, "For heavens' sake don't mention him when you write about me! I can't stand him."

Asked if she had ever met him, she said, "No, but from his pictures and what I've read, my instincts tell me he's the last man in the world I want to date. He's too darn handsome and I've never met a good-looking man yet who didn't suffer from conceit."

A few weeks later, of course, the couldn't-stand-him girl had a date with Bob.

The secret code

When she was asked about it, she gave a dreamy smile, her eyes went a little limber, and she said, "I wish I had met him a long time ago. We've been out together three times in the last ten days and I can't wait for him to ask me again. He's wonderful."

"How is he wonderful?"

To that one all she'd say, with a coy and slightly impish smile, was, "Please. Those are things a girl never tells anybody."

Wagner won't tell either. It's a code with him now.

Sources of the limited revelations of R. J.'s love life are, oddly enough, a number of girls who are just a little bitter because of Wagner's nimble exit from the wedding-date situation.

One of them:

"It isn't fair. He doesn't say anything or fib about his intentions. But what the devil can a girl think when Robert Wagner's arms are around her? He told me I was beautiful, a lot of fun and intelligent. And honestly, if you could have heard him you

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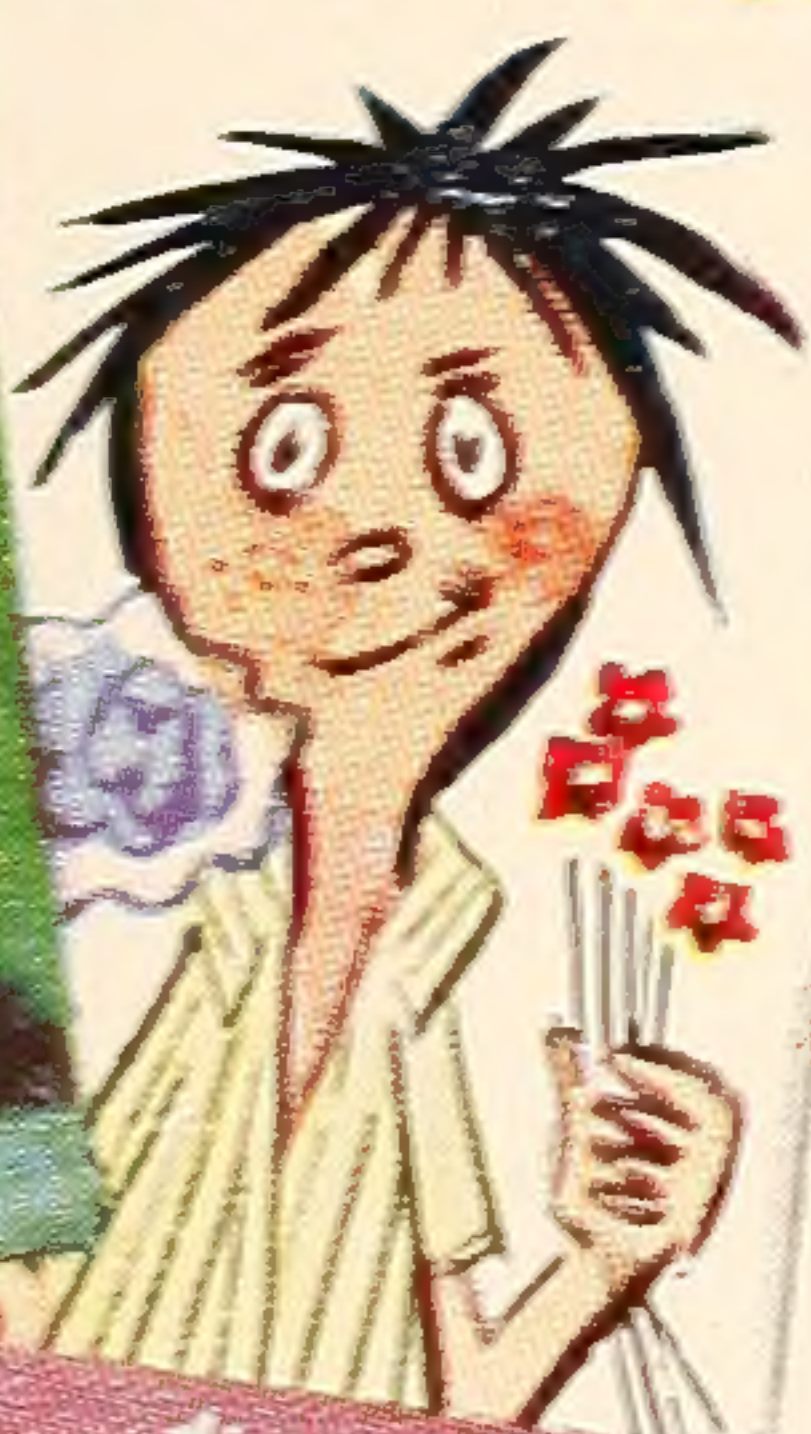
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